

The Australian
**WOMEN'S
WEEKLY**

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August 13, 1958
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Fashions*

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AUGUST 13, 1958

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Our cover

• The romance of spring is captured in our cover photograph this week. The youthful ballgown of white tulle with a hemline of multi-colored spring flowers was designed by Paris couturier Maggy Rouff. See spring fashion section, pages 33-48.

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The Weekly Round

• Artist Arthur Boothroyd always takes great trouble to ensure accuracies in his story illustrations, and his drawing of "The Ispahan Rug" (pages 24 and 25) is an instance.

HE visited the house of the author, Janet Wilson Logan, at Pymble, Sydney, to study the colors in her Indian rugs and to copy the design of the Ispahan rug from a picture in a New York museum catalogue.

The few Ispahan rugs that exist today are all in museums, so we were told by Janet Wilson Logan, who in private life is Mrs. Pat O'Sullivan.

She is the widow of an Indian Army colonel, and spent much of her life in India. She writes with a loving pen of the country's traditions and arts. Readers may remember another charming story of hers, "The Lantern," also with an Indian setting.

Another Australian author has a short story in this issue. She is Elaine Moon, wife of a schoolteacher, and lives at Bondi Junction, Sydney. She has four children, including twins, but manages to find time for writing fiction in between her household tasks.

★ ★ ★

BECAUSE of technical problems we have included this week's novel in the paper instead of presenting it in pull-out form. It's "The Heady Career of Samuel Watkins" (page 23) and well worth reading. The author, Edwin Lanham, often uses personal experience as a basis for his fiction. For instance, one of his stories (about a ship grounded by a hurricane) was drawn from a childhood memory of

a wreck. Consequently, when we discovered that this novel was all about a bald man we thought Lanham might lack hair. However, we have just seen a recent picture of him at the tiller of his yacht, and he sports a good head of fair hair.

A READER has written to us asking our rates for subscriptions ordered in advance. She wants to order the Weekly as a gift for friends abroad.

Here are the rates, in case others have the same idea.

• Within Australia: £2/12/- a year or £1/6/- for six months.
• New Guinea and the islands: £3/10/- a year or £1/15/- for six months.
• United Kingdom and British Dominions: £4/- a year or £2/- for six months.
Foreign countries: £5 a year or £2/10/- for six months.

NEXT WEEK

• You'll like the free pattern for an overblouse in next week's paper. The design is American and it's given in sizes 32, 34, and 36. Other attractions: A complete novel "The Image of Sharon," plus an extra short story. Our new P. G. Wodehouse serial "Cocktail Time" begins the same week.



Royal portrait

This recent portrait of the Queen was painted by Edward Irvine Halliday, president of the Royal Society of British Artists. One of two earlier portraits by the same artist hangs in Government House, Wellington, New Zealand, the other in the Council Chambers of the Auckland City Council. After contracting her fifth cold in seven months early last month, the Queen spent a week in bed with acute catarrhal sinusitis and was then advised to cancel all engagements for the rest of the month. This, with her planned cruise in the Royal yacht Britannia this month along the west coasts of England and Scotland and the usual summer holiday at Balmoral, will give her the longest break with almost no official duties since she came to the throne six and a half years ago.

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NO ROMANCE, SAYS WENDY MARSHALL

● A grandson of former United States President William Taft is visiting Wendy Marshall, pretty young widow of Australian swimmer John Marshall, and her parents at Hampton, Victoria.

HE is tall, good-looking, 22-year-old Peter Taft, former swimming captain of Yale University.

Peter is on his way to study at the Institute of International Relations at the Sorbonne, Paris, for a year, having graduated brilliantly from Yale in June.

Wendy visited Yale last year to meet John's friends after he

had been killed in a car crash in January.

After she and Peter met he showed her around, and for several weeks during her six months' visit Wendy was a guest of his parents, who were then Mayor and Mayoress of Cincinnati.

Although Peter had not known John Marshall at Yale, he knew all about his prowess, and was friendly with another

By SHEILA
McFARLANE,
staff reporter

Australian swimming star, Rex Aubrey.

After Peter arrived in Melbourne Wendy neatly evaded direct questions about a romance.

With the aplomb of a film star, she gave the world-wide rejoinder to such questions: "We are very good friends."

This statement is strongly endorsed by Wendy's two-year-old son, Johnny.

"Johnny makes friends terribly quickly," his mother said, "but he does seem to have taken to Peter even more quickly than usual."

"Perhaps it is their Yale connections."

Wendy has great hopes of her son reaching Yale, too.

When Peter was unpacking at the attractive home of Wendy's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Byrne, little Johnny climbed on to the bed with his own Yale T-shirt to compare it with Peter's Yale swimming captain's sweat-jacket.

Johnny's shirt was a gift from Peter last year, and has across its back "Yale 1922."

Despite her enthusiasm for Johnny to go to Yale, Wendy would not like him to get there through swimming.

Swimming, she says, has changed character since she and her husband were interested in it.

"All the fun has gone out of it and it has become a business rather than a sport," she said.

However, Johnny has a swimmer's broad chest and revels in the water, says his

mother, who was Victorian women's diving champion in 1953.

But Mrs. Byrne declares her grandson has even more interest in football than in swimming.

"He takes a full-sized football to bed," she said. "I hope he plays for Melbourne before he takes off for Yale or anywhere else."

One of the first things Wendy showed Peter was the portable swimming-pool standing on the tennis court at home, where in the summer

Wendy gives private coaching lessons to budding swimmers.

Wendy also has a session on television, telling housewives how to keep trim figures and demonstrating exercises for them.

Johnny has appeared with her several times when she has been showing mothers how their youngsters like to romp with them, and Wendy's brother, Mike, has appeared with her during school holidays, when she conducts special programmes for children.

"I think I will persuade Peter to appear with me while he is here, too," she said.

One of Wendy's dearest ambitions is to have her own children's session on television.

Among the gifts Peter unpacked for her were two leotards, the ballet-practice sweaters she wears in front of the cameras.

Peter was the sole passenger on an English cargo vessel, Devon, on the trip from the States to Sydney.

"He was sure he'd have a cockney accent by the time he arrived," Wendy said, "but he hasn't a bit—it's still the accent I remember."

She says his East Coast accent is not contagious.

"I didn't catch a bit of it myself all the time I lived with his family," she said.

"In fact, I found myself with a more pronounced Australian one when I reached home and have been trying to tone it down again."

Wendy and Peter have been corresponding regularly since she returned. "This visit will save a lot of stamps," she smiled.

Wendy described her visitor

SPECIAL TREAT for visitor: Wendy Marshall cooks a steak for Peter Taft in the kitchen of her parents' home in Hampton, Vic.

as a "very bright boy," and said she expected that before long he would be an ambassador somewhere for his country.

Peter hopes to join the U.S. Foreign Service when he is through college.

After his year at the Sorbonne he will return to the States and go to law school for three years.

"I've chosen law because there are so many careers open to law graduates," he told me, "and I suppose politics are inherent in me, anyway."

The late Senator Robert Taft, who stood against President Truman in 1952, was his uncle.

Another uncle, William Taft, was recently United States Ambassador to Ireland, and his father, whose term as Mayor of Cincinnati recently ended, has been rumored to be a future Governor of Ohio.

Peter believes in working his way everywhere, and that how he is getting around the world this time.

While here he hopes to make expenses by writing articles for Ohio papers and our swimmers' training techniques.

He plans to work his way to Europe as a member of ship's crew.

He, too, denied the rumour of romance between himself and Wendy.

"But," he added smiling, "what man wouldn't be interested in a pretty girl like Wendy?"



FAMILY on Broadway: Darryl Stewart, with his wife, Janet, and baby Diane, outside the Club de Paris, New York.

SUCCESS IN NEW YORK

● You don't have to tell Sydney singer Darryl Stewart and his pretty little wife, Janet, daughter of Sydney jockey Billy Cook, that "it's a small world."

THEY moved into a flat on East 58th Street in New York to find that they were living opposite the hotel which houses Cyril Ritchard, Australia's best-known theatrical personality.

"The man who gave the baby and me our travelling 'shots' in the arm before we left Sydney was Dr. Curtis Elliott, Cyril's brother-in-law," Janet told me.

"There was a lovely picture of his sister, Madge Elliott, on his desk."

"It's hard to believe that I could come to a tremendous city like New York and live in the same street as her husband."

"Madge had lived in the hotel until she died two years ago, I understand."

The Stewarts and their eight-month-old daughter, Diane, are living in the apartment formerly occupied by Cy

Coleman, the pianist who wrote the hit-song "Witchcraft."

"Cy moved to Park Avenue on the strength of his first royalties," Darryl commented. "I hope some of his success rubs off on me."

Darryl himself has had an extraordinary run in America in the seven months he has been here.

Last month he starred in

By GEORGE McGANN, of our New York staff

the lavish show at the Club de Paris, Broadway's newest and biggest night-club.

This month he has the starring role in the show at the new Hilton hotel, the Queen Elizabeth, in Montreal, Canada.

He came to America in December, a few days after the birth of Diane, the Stewarts' first child, when his manager cabled him to fly to New York immediately for several appearances on the Jack Paar

Show, the most popular late-night network programme in America.

Stewart's appearances on the Jack Paar show earned him an invitation from Ed Sullivan to appear on his Sunday night TV programme, one of the most popular in the country.

Then Darryl received offers for night-club bookings in Canada, Miami, and other parts of the U.S., as well as

auditions for recordings. A repeat engagement on the Jack Paar programme in early July got him the top starring part in the Cafe de Paris.

Darryl, who is 24, intends to remain in America. "I feel that I have gone just about as far as I can in Australia," he explained, "but over here the sky is the limit."

"The competition is fantastic, but the rewards are correspondingly bigger."

"If you click on TV or

with one big record you are made for life."

Janet, an attractive little brunette of 20, is a bit overwhelmed by New York.

On the few evenings when she has been able to find a sitter for Diane, Janet has gone to the night-club to watch the show and then strolled along Broadway with her husband.

"It's one of the most exciting places," she said. "I get a thrill out of seeing Darryl's name in lights on Broadway."

Janet is pretty enough to be in show business herself, but has never been on the stage.

"My mother was a dancer, Ray Fisher, and appeared in the old silent film 'The Sentimental Bloke,'" Janet said.

"She looked exactly like Janet Gaynor, the film star of those days, and when I was born she named me after the actress."

God bless the Prince of Wales

General rejoicing greets the Queen's announcement

● In modern times the British people have had a deep and special affection for their Prince of Wales. The news that the Queen has created her son, Charles, Prince of Wales has caused great rejoicing throughout the British Commonwealth.

NOWHERE has the event been more warmly greeted than in Wales itself, which has been without a prince since the now Duke of Windsor became King in 1936.

So keenly did the Welsh feel their lack that in 1943 Winston Churchill was asked to recommend to King George VI that Princess Elizabeth have the title of Princess of Wales conferred on her.

It was impossible to carry out this wish, as the title could be conferred only on the heir-apparent and not on an heiress-presumptive.

Five weeks ago the new Prince of Wales knew of his mother's decision to create him Prince of Wales.

But at Cheam, his boarding-school in Berkshire, he sat in the headmaster's sitting-room, watching the cheering and en-

thusiasm in the Empire Games stadium, where the Queen's voice was relayed, making the announcement.

For the moment, the title means only that he is learning some Welsh. It will not alter his chronic shortage of pocket-money that prevents him from visiting the school tuck-shop as often as he'd like.

Prince Charles is by no means the youngest Prince of Wales. King Edward VII received the title when he was less than a month old.

Long wait

Although Charles has been created Prince of Wales, he will not go through the traditional investiture ceremony at Caernarvon Castle in Wales until he is 16 or 17.

This ceremony was inaugurated by Edward I, who conferred the title on his son who was born at Caernarvon in 1284.

After Edward I conquered

Wales, the Welsh complained of rule by those who spoke English, not Welsh.

In reply, Edward I said, "I will give you a Prince of Wales born in your own country and who cannot speak a word of English."

Edward then appeared on the castle walls holding his infant son in his arms, and showed him to the sullen people as their prince.

Since then the title has been conferred only by the pleasure of the sovereign. It cannot be inherited.

As heir-apparent, Charles has always been entitled to use the three ostrich plumes popularly known as "The Prince of Wales' Feathers," with their motto "Ich Dien" ("I Serve").

Prince Charles is the fourth Prince of Wales within the memory of many people living today.

His great-great-grandfather, King Edward VII, was Prince of Wales until 1901, when he succeeded to the throne on the death of his mother, Queen Victoria.

The same year Charles' great-grandfather, King George V, then aged 36, was invested as Prince of Wales.

Charles' great-uncle, the present Duke of Windsor, became Prince of Wales in 1911, a month after his father's coronation.

Prince Charles is already Duke of Cornwall and Duke of Rothesay, titles which became his upon his mother's succession to the throne.

With these two dukedoms he is entitled to the revenues of the Duchy of Cornwall and to a seat in the House of Lords, although it is usual to delay taking the seat until reaching the age of 21.

The Duke of Windsor was the first Prince of Wales to address the Welsh in their own language.

On the proposal of Lloyd George, the radical leader of the day, the ceremony was a spectacular pageant, ending in the young Prince's speech in Welsh.

Edward knew no Welsh and had to learn the speech by heart.

Then just 17, he was appalled at the traditional garb of a mantle and surcoat of purple velvet edged with ermine and white satin breeches which he had to wear for the occasion.

Ten thousand people gathered within the ruins of Caernarvon Castle to watch the lad receive the coronet cap as a token of principality, the gold verge of government, and



the gold ring of responsibility, while Winston Churchill, as Home Secretary, proclaimed his new titles.

The titles were:

Prince of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Duke of Cornwall and Rothesay, Earl of Carrick, Heron of Renfrew, Lord of the Isles and Grand Steward of Scotland, Duke of Saxony and Prince of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, Prince of Wales, and Earl of Chester.

Following tradition, a raised platform in the inner courtyard of the castle was the scene of the ceremony, after which the Prince was presented to the people at Queen Eleanor's Gateway, and then at various other points of the castle walls.

Until his mother's coronation Prince Charles had no idea that his family life differed from that of his young friends.

No privileges

Queen Elizabeth made sure that both Charles and Princess Anne should not have special privileges, and she encouraged them to do things for themselves.

At nine, Charles is now old enough to realise something of the significance of his new title, but the sensible views of the Royal Family will guarantee that it is not yet allowed to bear too heavily on him.

Charles' life as Prince of Wales will be very different from that of his great-great-grandfather Edward VII, as supervised by Albert, the Prince Consort of Queen Victoria.

Prince Albert believed that

a prince's education should start at birth, and that natural childhood would ill equip his son for future duties as sovereign.

When a European tour was arranged for young Bertie—as the family called Edward—four keepers took charge of the five boys in the party because the Consort had been warned by Baron Stockmar of "dangers of contamination of foreign habits."

How different was this attitude from that of Prince Charles' grandparents when they took the then Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret on the South African tour and encouraged them to learn as much as possible about the country and the people.

When, at 16, Bertie was allowed to choose his own clothes for the first time, Queen Victoria warned him against "extravagance or slang" in his attire.

In contrast, Queen Elizabeth took Prince Charles and Princess Anne out walking in overall suits which were so sensible that they were universally copied.

The big difference between the Victorian and modern training lies in the usefulness of the title Prince of Wales.

Albert always considered his eldest son "feather-headed and frivolous," so even after his father's death Bertie was not allowed to do useful work or even help his mother on State occasions.

The Duke of Windsor, however, took a very active interest in all the problems of the kingdom, making a special point of studying his own Welsh people.

INVESTITURE of the last Prince of Wales, now the Duke of Windsor, at Caernarvon Castle on July 13, 1911. The Prince, then 17, was the first English Prince of Wales to address the people of his Principality in their own language. Here he is seen between his parents, King George V and Queen Mary. **BELOW:** The Duke of Windsor in the robes he wore for the investiture ceremony. He was appalled at the very thought of wearing them.



PRINCE CHARLES, named Prince of Wales by his mother at the conclusion of the Empire Games at Cardiff, will not be invested in his new title until he is 16 or 17 years of age.

"Hey Mum! Look what's come in
our new **MALLEYS Automatic!**"



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Mrs. Lucas at work —an “eye-opener”

● You'd never think, working with Dione Lucas, Cordon Bleu and television chef, that you'd be hungry. But when I helped her for the week of her Sydney demonstrations, I was.

NORMALLY I'm in charge of The Australian Women's Weekly test kitchen, but during Mrs. Lucas' tour I helped in the backstage kitchen, and then in front of the cameras in the afternoon shows.

We simply didn't have time to eat — and this in the kitchen, where the air smelt of duck casserole and baking brioches, where basins were filled with frosting for maple layer cake, and ovens held puff pastry for Napoleons.

The TV shows started at Mark Foy's store at 2 p.m., but the preparations began hours before.

I used to get into town by 9, having risen at 5.30 a.m.,



DIONE LUCAS with the floral number 9 presented to her by the crew of Channel 9 TCN, who televised her demonstrations in Sydney.

prepared breakfast for my husband and family, cut lunches for my three boys, Peter, who's 12, Alan 10, and Graham, 8.

But Mrs. Lucas always had three hours' start on me.

At 6 a.m. the watchman let her into the store, and by the time I showed up the day's menu was well under way. For instance, she would have:

- Made layer cakes.
- De-veined 3lb. prawns.
- Prepared ducks for the casserole.
- Made the brioche dough and set it aside to rest.
- Made puff pastry for the Napoleons.

She would have had no breakfast. In fact, she hardly eats. She says that you lose the desire for food when you cook it all the time.

And why were we so frantically busy if the show didn't go on until the afternoon?

On a TV show you can't mix a cake, put it in the oven and wait for it to cook. You have to eliminate time.

If you put a cake mixture into the oven you have to have a cooked cake ready to take out to show the audience.

Dough has to be made in advance, for instance, flour sifted, some prawns crumbled ready for frying, other prawns left in their naked state to show how you dredge them in flour, then in egg, and then in breadcrumbs and paprika.

What would happen if a basin broke at the critical moment — and you didn't have another and its contents ready? If someone dropped the Napoleons or smeared the top of the chocolate cake?

In case of accident, most dishes are in triplicate.

By LEILA C. HOWARD,
Our Food and Cookery Expert (above right,
with Mrs. Lucas), who assisted in Dione
Lucas' demonstrations in Sydney.

The old saying is that two women can't work together in a kitchen. With Mrs. Lucas you can. She's charming and patient, and witty, too.

Two others helped in the kitchen — young Coral Luxford, of our staff, and Mrs. Dorothy Lenton.

Each evening Mrs. Lucas would draw up orders for the following day's supplies — for poultry, cream, fresh eggs, and vegetables.

Tidy kitchen

During the morning I'd be peeling beans, dicing onions (I never cry, neither does she), chopping red peppers, cooking rice.

Both Mrs. Lucas and I like a tidy kitchen. We both keep damp and dry cloths handy to wipe over knives, pastry boards, or tables, and clean as we go.

I'd certainly like to see her New York kitchen, where pupils pay only 50 dollars (about £A24) a course, choose whatever dishes they like to make, and eat the food themselves.

Sometimes we tasted her cooking. I took home a magnificent strawberry flan which my family raved about. (Other times the camera crews or people who had helped received the dish.)

The morning would rush by. Suddenly, in the middle of it, the make-up girl would be there, and we'd have to drop

everything, have our faces, eyebrows, lips made up for TV.

The audience would be filing in when I'd be giving the stage kitchen a final check over. Was everything there? Each “course” of the menu would be on a special tray, set in order of use.

That last half-hour was always a nightmare, yet Mrs. Lucas never lost composure.

Then we'd be on.

Mrs. Lucas, trailing a length of flex from the hidden microphone tucked inside her dress, would walk into the kitchen as if it were her own at home. I'd be there, passing things, removing others, marvelling at the way she would talk so naturally, and yet do everything perfectly for the camera to catch.

I thought I knew a good deal about cooking, but she showed me more. For instance:

- To prevent sauces forming a skin, cover them with aluminium foil immediately they are cooked.
- To get perfectly smooth whipped cream, beat it in a metal bowl over another bowl containing ice cubes. The results are amazing.
- After straining cooked potatoes place them back over the fire for a few seconds to dry out all the water — they will then mash easier and be more creamy.



LEILA HOWARD, our cookery expert, listens absorbed while Mrs. Lucas explains a point.

- Add a few drops of vinegar to the water when cooking white turnips; it helps retain their color.
- If there are whole egg-yolks over, add a few drops of oil, then carefully cover them with water, and they can be stored for quite a while in the refrigerator.
- Greaseproof paper placed inside the lid of a stewing-pot or casserole reduces con-

densation, and so does not alter the consistency of the sauce.

● When cooking choux pastry puffs, don't grease the oven slide as this tends to make small holes in the base of the puffs.

One thing I would like to stress about Mrs. Lucas' recipes: all her foods are well flavored but not heavily seasoned. She made me aware of the subtle difference.

TELEVISION PARADE

● In the middle of 1955 Australia's poliomyelitis rate was one of the highest in the world. It averaged 2200 cases a year, some fatal. For the first six months of this year there were only 10 cases of polio. None of them was fatal.

THIS miraculous change, one of the greatest triumphs in medical history, comes from the use of the Salk vaccine, which has saved thousands of Australians from the crippling effects of the disease.

Channel 9's wonderful documentary series “Twentieth Century” features the story of the discoverer of the vaccine, Dr. Jonas Salk, and the history of polio and polio research.

Called “Victory Over Polio,” the film will be shown

on Channel 9 on Thursday, August 7, at 10 p.m. Don't miss it. “Twentieth Century” is the best documentary series in the field yet, and “Victory Over Polio” should be of particular interest.

AS a Steve Allen fan, I'm against Mr. Keith Walshe. I want to say right here and now that Mr. Walshe is not the Steve Allen of Australia, and I would say he has lost any chance of being so.

Mr. Walshe should surely get a special medal as the survivor of the longest stretch of personal TV appearances, but in the new edition of

“Sydney Tonight” he has now been dubbed with this new title built up by various other ideas and gimmicks lifted from the Steve Allen show.

It's hard on the viewers. But there is a ray of hope. Channel 7 has announced that on Wednesday, August 6, John Dunne will join Keith Walshe in compering “Sydney Tonight.”

Guest comperes would be wonderful — a rest for everyone.

THE Honeymooners,” Channel 9's new comedy show (Thursday at 7.30 p.m.), looks like a winner. The first

episode, with the two stars, Jackie Gleason and Art Carney, doing a TV commercial about a new kitchen gadget, was a riot and made me laugh out loud.

Mr. Gleason's quick-freeze reaction to the imaginary TV cameras was funnily reminiscent of the early days of Australian TV, and underlined the terrific improvement there has been in local production.

But that is not nearly so important as the good laugh “The Honeymooners” is. Channel 9 was busy the morning after coping with “I'm still laughing” congratulatory calls. I don't know why it's called

By NAN MUSGROVE

“The Honeymooners,” I'm sure. Jackie Gleason and his TV wife Alice (in real life she's Audrey Meadows, Steve Allen's sister-in-law) certainly are not a romantic pair of newlyweds.

TELEVISION has introduced the final horror to everyone who has ever worked for their living — the office farewell on TV.

Viewers saw this event in its most painless form when Mr. Eric Baume, internationally known commentator, etc., etc., now lost to TV, was feted by executives of Channel 7 at his last appearance on camera.

The feting was the traditional “saying a few words” (which rarely exposes the true sentiments involved) that everyone up and away to a new job has to endure.

Mr. Baume was completely relaxed and at home throughout this ordeal. He received the compliments with becom-

ing modesty, told us televiewers we were wonderful, and helped the general manager of Channel 7, Mr. Oswin, through the rigors of his first TV appearance.

Mr. Baume will be missed on TV, but it will be a good miss. Six appearances a week on TV are suicidal.

I AM now through the hypnotic stage of TV and, fully awake, am prepared to admit publicly that I don't like Alfred Hitchcock in person.

I think his half-hour suspense show, “Alfred Hitchcock Presents” (Channel 7, Fridays, 9.00 p.m.), would be miles better without him.

Mr. Hitchcock introducing the film and the commercials is a bore, not funny. His great talent as a producer-director may make up to some people for his vanity in wanting to appear.

My remedy is not to turn his show on for five minutes after it is scheduled. That way you miss the worst of Mr. H's posturings.

AUSTRALIA'S GOLDEN DAYS AT CARDIFF

● Australia's record-smashing team won 27 gold medals and scored its greatest Empire Games success at Cardiff, Wales. The team, which also won 22 silver and 17 bronze medals, finished second only to England, top nation with a total of 29 gold medals. These Games—the sixth of the Empire and Commonwealth series—heralded a new supremacy in distance running for men from Australia and New Zealand, who captured all races from the 880 yards to the Marathon.



ON THE VICTORY Dais, Australian runner Dave Power is congratulated on his gold medal win in the six-mile race by J. L. Merriman, of Wales, second, and A. Onentia, of Kenya, third. Power, a 30-year-old clerk from N.S.W., also won the Marathon.



ABOVE: Australia's team which swam to gold medal success in world and Games record time for the 440-yard women's freestyle relay at Cardiff is congratulated after the race by competitors from Canada (left), who finished second, and England (right), third place-getters. In the record-breaking team were Dawn Fraser, Sandra Morgan, Lorraine Crapp, and Alva Colquhoun.



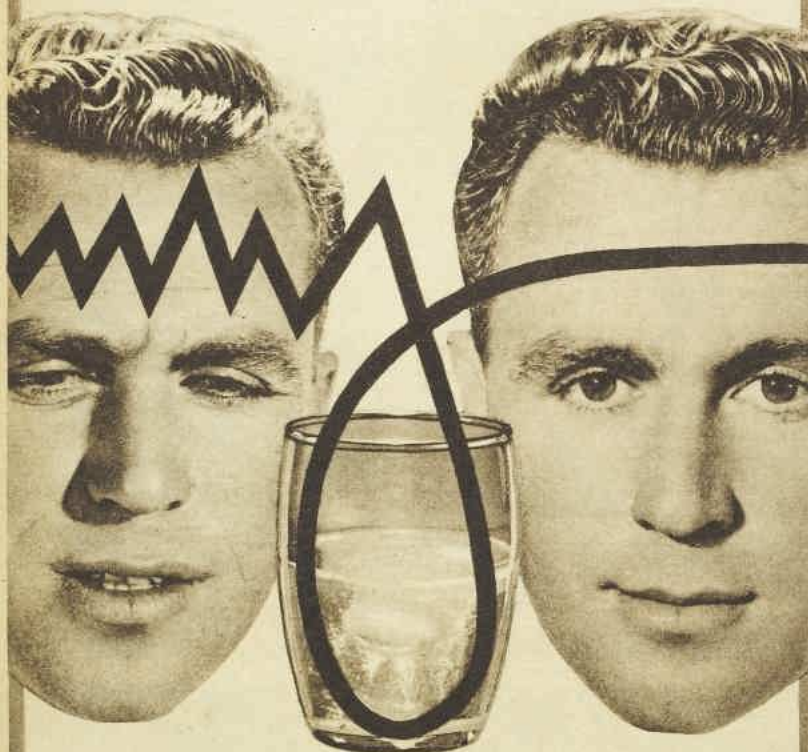
RIGHT: In the water at Cardiff's new Empire Games swimming-pool are the Australian winners of the 880-yard men's freestyle relay. The elated gold-medallists are (from left) John Konrads, Brian Wilkin-son, John Devitt, and Gary Chapman. Australia won eleven gold medals in the men's and women's swim events.

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FATHER



"It's much easier to get Fred to go places since I had the tailor sew a handle in his collar."

MOTHER



"Have you polished your shoes . . . cleaned your teeth . . . brushed your hair . . .?"

ELIZABETH MACINTYRE

It seems to me

By



Dorothy Drann

UNTIL the current Elizabethan Trust opera season I've sided with the people who barracked for opera in its original language.

Many translations are so clumsy that you regret hearing them; and some singers are as unintelligible in English as they are in Italian.

After seeing "The Barber of Seville" last week I take it all back.

You can hear what this company is singing about, and the modern translation by American Virginia Card is so lively that the comedy is genuinely comic.

(In the tragic operas you can fill in the details of love and murder with the aid of a synopsis. Comedy isn't so simple.)

At the Sydney opening night of "The Barber" the audience's laughter carried an edge of surprise at hearing 18th-century characters use such phrases as "eager beaver" and "that's for sure."

"Virginia Card's libretto," producer Stefan Haag told me later, "revives Rossini's original intention—which was entertainment."

"People often forget that originally opera was equivalent to today's hit musicals."

"That the music happened to have lasting artistic quality was accidental. But jokes tend to fall flat after 100 years."

"By using current idioms a writer makes the jokes comprehensible to modern audiences."

"People who dislike opera in English often complain quite rightly of archaic and inane translations. But you can't condemn a system because of its execution."

Near the end of the first act on the first night there was a rustle of surprise in the audience when the house lights went on while the curtain was still up. A couple of stage hands hurried on and collected props while the actors, tearing off their wigs and costumes, continued singing the final ensemble: "Don't sit there in smug seclusion, laughing at our great confusion . . ."

Stefan Haag explained the background to this innovation, his own.

"It was the convention of Rossini's day to have a long ensemble as a finale to the act. These were usually loud, fast, and complicated."

"Rossini guyed this convention in 'The Barber' by composing a longer, louder, faster, and more complicated finale."

In this production there's no danger of missing the point of the composer's musical joke.

PERHAPS the most telling comment on "The Barber of Seville" came from a befurred woman in the front stalls. She listened in astonishment when the tenor sang to Figaro (referring to serenaders):

"They're just a lot of bums, You'd better find some nicer chums . . ."

A little later, when Rosina the heroine was singing the celebrated aria "Una Voce Poco Fa" (A Little Voice I Heard Just Now), she caught the words:

"I know that he's not rich, but that's the only hitch."

The lady in furs turned to her companion. "Wouldn't it rockyer?" she hissed.

A REPORT from Hollywood last week suggested that the Australian entrant in the Miss Universe contest, Astrid Lindholm, failed to reach the finals because of her costume.

Miss Lindholm explained that foreign entrants had to appear in national costumes. "As Australia has none, a costume company designed one for me intended to glamorise the Australian Service uniform, with a slouch hat," she said.

Miss Lindholm's father mentioned that the high boots which accompanied the costume were unflattering to Astrid's knees.

The costume-designer appears to have suffered from a basic confusion of thought.

It is well known that Service girls' uniforms are carefully designed to avoid stressing femininity, so as to keep soldiers' minds on war.

While this intention, mercifully, is not always entirely successful, any costume based on the uniform is bound to fare badly alongside those of young ladies dressed to exploit their charms.

As for the high boots—these are such a fearful mistake that one could wonder if there were not a teeny-weeny bit of sabotage afoot.

ON recent flights from Wyong to Sydney 25 per cent. of homing pigeons in races have been posted missing. Some fanciers blame short-wave radiation from television. One owner said that near the towers his birds fly in confused circles. Another said the birds were only "temporarily deranged by TV."

Remember the man who asked the pigeon to dinner?

(The pigeon who talked), And the pigeon arrived an hour late at the doorstep, saying,

"It was a fine night. So I walked."

Well, I met a pigeon the other night, a homer,

And I said, "Tell me, is it true That you and your mates are temporarily deranged by TV?"

He said: "So what? Aren't you?"

"Listen," said this pigeon with a confidential sort of snigger,

"I'm on the beam. Don't fret. But this chap whose loft I belong to strictly for the birds And he won't buy a set."

"So maybe I'm late, and I fly round round the towers. Don't think I'm lost. I'm not. I just peek in at the studio windows hours."

I like Westerns, that's what."



Wales launches a race for medals

A GENERAL VIEW of the opening ceremony of the Empire Games at Cardiff, Wales, on July 18. Deputising for the Queen, who was suffering from catarrhal sinusitis, the Duke of Edinburgh officially opened and closed the Games. At the closing, thousands of Welsh spectators were wild with excitement when, in a recorded message, the Queen named Prince Charles Prince of Wales.



ABOVE: Australia's team marches past the Duke of Edinburgh during the opening ceremony of the Empire Games. RIGHT: Ken Jones, Welsh athlete and rugby player, hands a baton from the Queen to Prince Philip during the opening. The baton, containing the Queen's message to the Games, was carried from Buckingham Palace by relays of runners.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 13, 1958

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cried with pain as it was agony to move. I was
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felt so much better I continued treatment. I'm happy
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(Original letter on file, Head Office.)

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The remarkable double action of Dr. Mackenzie's
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**DR. MACKENZIE'S
MENTHOIDS**



● The new autumn fashions women
will be wearing next year continue
the Empire line of current spring
fashions shown in our special color
section in this issue, BUT...

DIOR HAS DROPPED HEMLINE

● Biggest bombshell of the Paris autumn
fashion collections is the House of Dior's
decision to drop the hemline.

AMONG all this year's
talk of shorter hem-
lines, Yves Saint-Laurent
has decreed skirts 14in.
from the floor — calf-
length — for next year.

Saint-Laurent has brought
the romantic spirit of Venetian
nights to his collection, which
is as topical as the Bagdad
Pact.

The arc he takes as his line
sweeps between Venice and
Bagdad.

The Duchess of Windsor,
who insisted on an unimpor-
tant seat for the showing of the
collection, "because it's cooler
here," congratulated the young
designer on his choice of dark
blue for day wear.

Saint-Laurent sticks to all
that is best in the high waist-
line.

He even brings the sack
back to haute couture. His
new version is loose at the
back, but with a flatter front.

Important at Dior — as in
every other Paris collection—is
the Empire waistline.

At Dior, it's a high waist-
line under a straight bustline
as classic as the style worn
by the Empress Josephine.

Paris today is divided on
the high bosom—whether to go
Empire straight across and
straight down, or with a
Madame Recamier directoire-
ness drape and flow.

The "arc" line gives Dior all
the fullness that can be mus-
tered above a high waistline
with a straight to slightly full
silhouette.

This is achieved with enorm-
ously extended shoulders on
dress jackets and topcoats.

Jackets and coats have deep
armholes that sometimes drop
to a high waist and sleeves that
taper off to below the elbow.

Under the bulky coats, a
clear raglan line is used to get
this miraculously curvy effect.

Winter topcoats in rough
and hairy heavy woollens have
massive shawl collars curving
downwards like an arc.

For theatre wear, the new
curving collars are fun.

Full black velvet theatre
coats have big collars that re-
capture the spirit of the black
domino.

All Dior mannequins carried
Venetian masks on sticks with

every dress to be worn after
sunset.

The Empire line at Dior
hasn't a drawstring or cord to
catch a quick effect.

Where a lady catches her
breath Saint-Laurent places a
beautiful leather or suede belt
for day; a wide satin band fin-
ishing in front with enormous
windmill bows and long ends
for after-five.

The Dior Empire skirt
starts from under the bust with
pleated fullness that tapers
down, and into which is tucked

By ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff,
who went to Paris for the collections

a velvet athlete's singlet in
luxurious jewel-toned velvet or
delicate pastel suede.

When the hemline is unclut-
tered, the House of Dior places
a circle of fur "for those who
shiver."

For cocktail and evening
wear, Saint-Laurent plays a
"panel game" with one enor-
mous wide panel hanging at
the back like a screen, giving
only occasional glimpses of the
figure.

When Saint-Laurent sweeps
from Venice to Bagdad, he re-
flects all the grandeur of the
Byzantine. His silhouette is
onion-shape, like the dome of
a Russian church.

It is a very young and
pretty line, and to enhance
this bulbous look he tucks
taffeta and weights it with a
myriad of large, flat bows or
puffs of spotted net, and
pinches it with dainty satin
bows.

He has by no means dis-
carded the shift. This season's
darling falls as loosely as the
sack, but with a scissors posi-
tion in front over a high,
slimly waisted sheath.

These sacks are in magnifi-



cent Eastern brocades or
smothered in Byzantine em-
broideries.

In keeping with all the rich
gold lame and embroideries,
shoes are heavily jewel-
encrusted, with long chiselled-
off toes that turn up.

Dior hats follow the trend
of the clothes. They are rather
high, like the kalmouks of
the Russians, Egypt's fez, and

"BABY" of the Paris fashion
world, Yves Saint-Laurent,
who succeeded the late
Christian Dior as chief de-
signer for Maison Dior.

Colorful reds and pinks pre-
dominate in the rest of the col-
lection.

Black stockings with fur
clocks go with every afternoon
and evening color. Sometimes
black shoes have colored heels
to match evening dress.

Layer on layer of tulle is
used for short evening dresses
the frilled fullness starting be-
neath the bustline.

New silk crepe, four times
as heavy as silk, is draped into
perfect Madame Recamier
dresses—always in black.

Pierre Cardin

● Cardin continues his slender
line with top-heavy jackets
and collar.

He calls this the "mushroom
silhouette," because the jackets
have rounded tops over
straight skirts.

Cardin shirts, pin-tucks, and
pleats high waists on coats so
that they suggest the figure
finishes with the huge cap-
collars.

When he clears a coat of all
trimming it has a simple
round neckline above a
straight design hanging full
with gathered sides.

Cardin's fabrics include
beautiful Japanese lames of
ancient design, which he has
made into theatre coats, lining
them with luxury fur.

Balmain

● Pierre Balmain has lifted
the waistline, but not the
bosom-high.

He has front fullness sweep-
ing up in an arc. At other
times he pushes waists so high
that the bosom is most reveal-
ing above the neckline.

In cocktail dresses he par-
ticularly stresses this "over-
the-top" look with bustlines
that rise—like waists in the
other collections—up and over
a clear-cut scooped neckline.

His combination of mag-
net green and pale pink confirms
what other designers attempt
—it's the season's color for
evening.

Balmain's hats rise like
They could be chefs' hats, but
instead of starched cotton
uses feathers or prinked tulle.

Balmain, who loves the
prints tulle in lynx for even-
ing, then bands the straight
decolletage with lynx—
though for comparison.



RIGHT: Pre-collection con-
ference between Pierre Bal-
main and the directrice of
his fashion house, Madame
Ginette Spanier. In his col-
lection, Balmain also uses
exotic colors and fabrics.

New life for the old dart

By HELEN FRIZELL, staff reporter

● A feathered dart flying through the air last month opened what is believed to have been Australia's first international darts match, the beginning of a Test series of four matches between teams from New Zealand and New South Wales.



SCENE of the first darts Test match, the Parramatta Returned Ex-Servicemen's Club. A dart, thrown by New Zealander J. Dymand, can be seen in flight towards the board. BELOW: Bob Mathews, a member of the N.S.W. team, adopts the typical pre-throw stance with dart to ear.



THOUGH the match didn't begin with a traditional N.Z. haka, there was all the atmosphere of a Test match when the contest opened at the City of Parramatta Returned Ex-Servicemen's Club before an audience of 400.

The New Zealand team wore grey trousers, white shirts, black pullovers, strawberry-pink ties, and blazers with silver fern and flying darts embroidered on the pockets.

The Australians' uniform was white shirts, grey trousers.

The only woman player, in the New Zealand team, was Mrs. J. Dymand, of Otago.

She wore the regulation blazer with white jumper, grey accordion-pleated skirt, but added feminine touches with high-heeled black court shoes and diamante earrings and necklace.

The New Zealanders paid their own fares to Sydney, but all expenses after that were met by the N.S.W. organisation.

The rivals tossed for play. The audience quietened. Markers stood by blackboards to chalk up scores. The referee was ready.

It was on.

N.S.W. players in the first Test were Bob Mathews, Jack Griffiths, Ron Ball, John Fessey, Charlie Hopper, and Ron Wilson. Reserves were L. Newlands, E. Denyer, G. Milward, T. Barnes, and J. Palmer.

Darts has boomed in Australia since the war, mainly because of the enthusiasm of English migrants.

John Fessey, originally from Sussex, now of Wollongong, won the World Professional Darts Champion title at London's Earls Court in 1950.

With a dart he can knock the ash from a cigarette in his wife's mouth, silhouette a volunteer's head in knife-throwing style, snuff a candle, and "go round the darts board



"THROWN like a beauty," greeted Mrs. J. Dymand, New Zealand player, when she won her singles match in the first Test. Her husband (right foreground) and other members of the teams watch keenly as she makes her winning throw.

RIGHT: World professional dart champion in 1950, John Fessey, playing for N.S.W., showed the master's touch.

in two minutes 40 seconds, hitting every doubles number"—an achievement comparable to the four-minute mile.

Fessey migrated after Victorian darts fans told him he could get a job here as a demonstrator.

Since he arrived he has earned his living by darts, but now has a job with a metal company.

After a draw in the first match, N.S.W. won the next two to win the Ashes.

Australians hope to have a return match in New Zealand next year, and an Australian team has been invited to tour Canada.



NEW ZEALAND TEAM, from left: Mrs. and Mr. J. Dymand, J. Cant (manager), M. Dunford (captain), J. K. Thomas, C. J. Purkis (president of the N.Z. Darts Council).



N.S.W. TEAM, from left: Bob Mathews, Jack Griffiths, Ron Ball, Ken Williamson (non-playing captain), John Fessey, Charles Hopper, and Ron Wilson.



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WIFE OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL. Lady Slim, receives Earl Attlee and Countess Attlee (back to camera) at the reception for 800 guests after the wedding in London of Major John Slim to Elizabeth Spinney. The Governor-General, Sir William Slim, was unable to attend.



RADIANT BRIDE Mrs. John Slim with her husband after their wedding at Holy Trinity Church, London. The bride was formerly Elizabeth Spinney, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Rawdon Spinney, of London and Cyprus — the young couple will live in Cyprus, where John has been stationed for some time with his regiment, the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.



TWO TINY ATTENDANTS at the Slim-Spinney wedding were William Rollo and Nicola Prescott, who wore a pale primrose organza dress tied with a long white sash.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

I'VE been having the time of my life searching through Mother's trunks of clothes for a beaded, fringed, and tasselled shimmy-dress to wear to that "Back to the 'Twenties" party on August 19.

Now all I'll need to go with it is a wide black headache band, yards and yards of beads, and a long black cigarette-holder — and, of course, must remember to practise up my Charleston.

Four young matrons on the Black and White committee—Josephine Jones, Jann Ryrie, Pat Goppleson, and Madeline Harford—are hosting the party at Pruniers After Nine in aid of the Blind Babies.

And there will be prizes for the best dancers and also for the most authentic costumes.

LOVED, just loved, the pearl-and-diamond ring that Coleen Hall is wearing third finger, left hand. It's the gift of her fiancé, Bill McCredie, of Woollahra—they're getting married at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, on October 31.

IT'S nice to see Lady Coles home again from overseas — and she's brought back news of her daughter Beverley, now in Scandinavia with Rosemary Allen, of Cooma. They will return to London in a few weeks' time to stay with friends and are planning to be home in Australia before Christmas — but, as Lady Coles says, "they could arrive back in October, November, or December."

PRETTY sisters Elizabeth and Elaine Murphy will walk down the aisle together on August 16 when they have a double wedding at St. John's Church, Campsie. They will both wear full-length wedding dresses with big, floating skirts made by their aunt as a wedding present. Elizabeth marries Graham Atkin and Elaine marries Neville May.

THEY'RE still talking about Helen Campbell's ingenuity when she broke a tooth at the beginning of her ski-ing holiday in the Thredbo Valley. Until she left to return home she stuck it together with colorless nail varnish!

WITH her wedding dress packed carefully in her luggage, Rosemary Randall flew off last week to America to meet her fiancé, John Andrews, of Gordon, who is doing a post-graduate course in architecture at Harvard. They will set the date for their wedding when she arrives—it will probably be in September and they'll live in America until John finishes his course. He is one of four architects forming a team which is a finalist in the competition for a design of a town hall in Toronto, Canada. The winner (to be announced in September) will receive £13,000.



GUESTS at the Slim-Spinney wedding: Field-Marshal Sir John Harding, right, former Governor of Cyprus, and Lady Harding with the bride's brother, Peter Spinney.

VOTED the prettiest girls on the dance floor this week were two pretty blondes, Anne Nevill and Fiona Reid, who both chose elegant, short-length dresses. Anne in a glowing amethyst satin with a stiffened, swinging skirt and a bow-tied bodice with a wide scooped neckline; Fiona in a strapless "formal" of white silk patterned with bunches of pink roses and she wraps a sugar-pink stole round her shoulders.

IT'S "bon voyage" in just two days' time for Rosemary and Peter North, who were married just a week or so ago, and are leaving on board Himalaya for the United States.



COUNTRY WEDDING. Mr. and Mrs. Jeffrey Price, who were married at St. Andrew's, Inverell. Mrs. Price was formerly "Toodles" Waddell, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Archie Waddell, of "Yallambee," Inverell.



FILM PREVIEW. Air Vice-Marshal C. D. Candy and Mrs. Candy arriving at the Vogue Theatre, Double Bay, for a gala charity preview of the R.A.F. film "High Flight." Proceeds will aid the Royal Air Forces Association and Torchbearers for Legacy.

"So hygienic...and
refreshing, too."

says Model of the Year



Judith Godley — Artists' Model of the Year — says, "After a tiring day I add a little Dettol to my bath water. Dettol makes a wonderful difference... makes me feel really clean, and refreshed!" And so will you! Dettol is perfect for personal freshness — a pleasant, hygienic precaution, too. Why not enjoy a Dettol bath tonight?

DETTOL...the safe, effective antiseptic...
guards your family against the risk of infection

On the cut or scratch which may lead to blood poisoning... use Dettol! Use it in every emergency where speedy, thorough cleansing of a wound is essential... in all important details of body hygiene (especially in the bath)... in the room where there is sickness to help pre-

vent the infection from spreading... to disinfect linen and crockery.

Dettol is the safe, effective yet gentle antiseptic... a good friend in need at all times. Make a practice of always having it handy in your home. Fragrant Dettol does not stain, does not pain.

Do as your Doctor does...use Dettol



DETTOL

The safe, efficient ANTISEPTIC

AVAILABLE ONLY AT ALL CHEMISTS



"Mummy! Pussy scratched me!" First aid?... first Dettol! Harmful germs can lie in the most unexpected places. A cut... scratch... an abrasion — quick, the Dettol! Wise mothers always have Dettol handy in the house. Prompt attention with Dettol helps to guard against the risk of septic infection.



When illness strikes... you can help prevent the infection from spreading by giving strict attention to hygiene. Soap and water and Dettol are your best weapons. Wash your hands frequently... disinfect the patient's linen and crockery... with soap and water and Dettol. Pleasant, gentle Dettol is harmless to everything but germs.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 13, 1950

There's one for every occasion



To You
in Your
NEW HOME

"From cradle to crypt, there's a card you can buy. Which brings smiles to the lip or a tear to the eye. For roses and pansies and sentiment bloom From one's pre-natal days all the way to the tomb!"

AN interview with Mr. Donald Stuart Porter, Vice President and Managing Director of Hallmark Cards, Toronto, Canada, gave rise to the stanza above.

Mr. Porter, who is as sentimental and cheery as the millions of greeting-cards his company produces, recently visited Australia to discuss business with the associate company here. He says Australians are buying 300,000,000 cards annually.

Women (who do most of the buying) remember anniversaries better than men, can always find an occasion to send off a card.

Apparently there's no time in life when a card won't be suitable, right from the "mother-and-father-to-be" cards to the final commiseration with decorous lilies, candles, and italicised writing.

As for birthdays, look at the categories!

Formal, semi-formal, general, contemporary, masculine, cute, clever, humorous, juvenile, juvenile girl, juvenile boy, baby's first (and so on to the eighth), sweet 16, 21st, fill-in year, always young, religious, belated, humorous, uncertain date, from-all-of-us birthday, across-miles birthday, humorous twins, wallet birthday, humorous pal, girl-friend, sweetheart, general love birthday.

Dear, darling, honey, mother, mom, humorous mom, d. d., father, pop, daddy, our dad, sister, sis, sister-in-law, brother, brother-in-law, daughter, juvenile daughter, daughter-in-law, son, son-in-law, wife, better half, husband, hubby, aunt, auntie from child, uncle, uncle from child, niece, nephew, cousin, grandmother, grandma, nana, grandfather, grandad, grandpa, granddaughter, grandson.

(Anyone left out?)

Best birthday-card seller is the one ornamented with purple pansies, whose petals peel back to reveal loving thoughts printed beneath. Those "in the golden years" love this.

Matching the explosive mood of 1958, one "contemporary" style of greeting shows an unsentimental anarchist touching off the fuse to a dynamite-laden iced cake. But that's purely for connoisseurs.

A stable of writers, including "Power of Positive Thinking" author Dr. Norman Vincent Peale, and artists ranging from Sir Winston Churchill to satirist Steinberg of "New Yorker" fame, live up to the motto of making cards "say just what you want to say the way YOU want to say it."

"The writers and artists in the business are nice people. They have to be—otherwise they wouldn't be in it," says Mr. Porter.

DACHSHUND CARD held by Mr. D. S. Porter is an Australian best-seller. It reads: "I love you—and will go to great lengths to prove it." The card is 4ft. long.



CONGRATULATIONS GIRL GRADUATE!

KNOW YOU'RE HEADED FOR A GREAT CAREER!!

"GREAT CAREER" predicted for graduate is on the flipover of the card. It shows the graduate with babies, napkins to wash.

"As for the buyers, I've never seen a person with a mean thought in mind or heart go in and select a greeting-card. I suppose that's natural. After all, there's a difference between buying guns and greeting-cards.

"If you buy a gun, you want to shoot something. If you buy a card, you want to greet someone."

Been knocked down by a car? Had the appendix or tonsils whipped out? Going on a plane or sea trip, buying a new car? Just graduated, confirmed, engaged, or had another anniversary? Don't worry. The cards are waiting.

And they're not just cards. Sometimes they contain money, are decorated with springs, wool, feathers, artificial flowers, plastic appliques, safety-pins, even babies' plastic measuring-spoons.

And if you can't bear to say goodbye you can always allow a weeping, lop-eared rabbit to phrase it for you:

"I'll sure be brave,
At least I'll try,
But, gosh, it's hard
To say goodbye."

(And that, folks, to use the vernacular, wraps it up.)

Thank You
for your hospitality



TO HELP YOU RECOVER
FROM YOUR OPERATION



CARDS fit all calendar seasons, all festivities. Above: Wheels on "Money Train" are cutouts, and allow for insertion of threepences and sixpences.

Left: Card for hospital patient contains folder of printed notes for visitors. Included are "Like to see the scar?" "The worst case he'd ever seen."

Right: Conventional birthday card with pansies.



New Miracle Shampoo

beauty-washes your hair without drying out the natural oils!



Softasilk GOLDEN SHAMPOO

leaves your hair shining-clean, silken-smooth and easy to manage

Whatever your hair type or colour, you will find it softer and brighter after using this new Softasilk Golden Shampoo. Just pick up a bottle of Softasilk and see how the clear golden liquid moves with a slow, oil-rich movement. Its instant foam does not dry out the natural oils . . . in fact, it encourages the correct proportion. Start to-day with gentle, one-lather shampoo with Softasilk Golden Shampoo. Perfect for all types of hair!



ONE lather gives thorough cleansing

LARGE SIZE, 5/3 • REGULAR, 3/3



Keep your hair gloriously soft and clean wherever you go. Take this handy travel bubble 1/3

U146C

Letters from our Readers

WEEK'S BEST LETTER

THE Queen's sinusitis and other complaints—colds, chills, etc.—she has suffered during the year are no doubt due not only to overwork but also to the continual vagaries of the English climate. Her recent illness probably dates from when she sat on horseback in the pouring rain watching an Army ceremony. Why doesn't the Government establish a Royal residence in Australia so the Queen and her family can spend the English winter here in sunshine? The affairs of the Commonwealth could be conducted just as well from here as from London, and the health of the Royal Family could be protected and preserved.

£1/1/- to A. Phipps, Vulture St., Sth. Brisbane.

UNDER the present educational set-up in Victoria a school child aged 11 is expected to decide whether he will have a technical or "intellectual" career. At this tender age he is graduated from primary school into the secondary school suitable for his choice. How can a boy of this age decide whether he prefers to work with his head or his hands? The child who misses high school is debarred from many subjects, and if at 15 or 16 he decides on a change of career, it is often too late. Let the school leaving age be raised to 16, and give every child a grasp of languages, a glimpse of culture, an insight into art, literature, and music. Apprenticeships should not begin before 16, when the child has had at least four years' secondary school and is of an age to decide properly what work he wants to do.

10/6 to Mrs. M. Arden, c/o 16 Capulet St., Moonee Ponds, Vic.

IS the practice of advertising public service salaries in the daily papers fair to the wives of the men concerned? It must mar their happiness, when such increases occur, to know that the whole neighborhood is aware of their income. If people wish to know what salaries go with certain public service positions, surely government gazettes could be made available for that purpose?

10/6 to Mrs. Lorelei Ewert, 8 Brindisi St., Mentone, Vic.

WHY do so many people stay too long when visiting their friends in hospitals? It is very trying for a sick person to have to play hostess for any length of time, especially to a number of people who don't know one another. It would be better manners to cut the visit short as soon as more visitors arrive.

10/6 to A.J. (name supplied), Hobart, Tas.

BEING a widow and knowing the loneliness of widowhood, I advertised "penfriends wanted—widows only." Now, after seven years, I have friends all over the British Isles, widows like myself needing friendship and understanding.

10/6 to "Widow" (name supplied), Rockhampton, Qld.

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

AT 40 years of age, and very slowly recovering from a spinal complaint, it has been brought home to me very forcibly how little money counts in our lives compared with good health. While my husband fretted at his inability to supply me with modern conveniences to make things easier for me, my heart cried out only for the health and strength to do my housework as I'd always done it, and to work in my beloved garden—now a mass of weeds from weeks of neglect. So to those of you who sometimes get grouchy because of inability to buy that vacuum cleaner or polisher, I would advise: get down on your knees and thank the Lord you still have the health and strength to do the polishing by hand.

10/6 to "Hoping" (name supplied), Busselton, W.A.

Tips Appreciated

I WOULD like to tell "Habit" (16/7/58) that she is right about waitresses not receiving large wages. I have four young children and have to work as a waitress to help clothe them. Even when I feel dead tired I have to smile for customers, and run for their every need. If they leave only a threepenny tip I feel as though they did at least appreciate my services.

10/6 to "Hard Working Mother" (name supplied), Cowra, N.S.W.

Family affairs

I HAVE two daughters who, like all girls, used to make a lot of ironing. Their grandmother, who helped me, one day got the bright idea of doing it roughly, which the girls didn't like. So they told her very nicely that because she was getting older she shouldn't be doing such hard work and they would do it themselves. They did, and did it well, but sometimes it fell to me still. So I made sure I didn't do it any better than grandmother, and wasn't asked again. My daughters, who are grown up and married now, agree it was a good idea.

£1/1/- to "Learn Early" (name supplied), Albion Park, N.S.W.

● Every family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

Ross Campbell writes...

THE Australian Women's Weekly lately published some opinions by women on the feminine qualities that men find attractive.

I was struck by the shrewdness of one of the speakers, a young Melbourne teacher.

She said: "The man of 35 will make straight for the vamps at a party and peer down her neckline."

More than once I have considered writing something here about neckline peering, which is one of Australia's greatest national pastimes.

My extreme sense of delicacy held me back. However, I am emboldened by the fact that the subject has been raised in these pages by a member of the teaching profession.

The popularity of neckline peering has increased greatly in recent years with the dramatic fall in necklines.

Before the war it was mainly an indoor recreation, pursued in the evenings by a few enthusiasts. But modern fashion trends have brought it within reach of the masses, and have opened up the new field of daytime peering.

DOWNWARD GLANCE

It is still, of course, primarily a summer pastime.

A certain number of serious devotees keep in practice during the winter months, despite the unfavorable conditions. But the main season does not get under way till around November.

The peerer's first tactical principle is to obtain a positional advantage.



He aims to keep his eyes above and, if possible, slightly behind the neckline.

Usually he prefers to stand while his subject is in a sitting position. This is why many businessmen, who are often skillful peerers, walk about while dictating to their secretaries.

For the same reason experienced peerers are eager to offer their seats to young ladies in trams, trains, and buses.

Another important aim of the peerer is to avoid detection. As a rule he is less successful in this than he thinks.

Experts will not peer at a neckline while talking to its owner, though this sometimes calls for great self-control.

It must be admitted that for all his efforts the peerer does not see very much.

The lowering of necklines has been accompanied by great advances in the design of the under garments which form the anti-peering defences. These are often marvels of precision and engineering skill.

Young peerers are sometimes discouraged by such obstacles and give up the pastime. But the more determined ones show the patience and optimism of prospectors. They always hope their luck will change.

What women think of it all, I do not pretend to know.

But I suspect that many of them do not find it wholly distasteful. Otherwise they would not take so much trouble to make sure that they will be peered at.

PERMISSION TO MARRY

A short story

BY BRETON AMIS

RUMBOLD was in a hurry to get to court. His car was laid up, so he ran for the bus. The stop had recently been moved farther along the road, and the bus swept past before he reached it.

Cursing, he remembered a recent meeting of the transport committee at which Councillor Miss Meakin had suggested moving this stop nearer to the maternity home. He had opposed, citing the effect of gear changes on newborn babes, but Miss Meakin had won the day.

An accommodating motorist himself, he thumbed for a lift and was nearly run over. The headline "Well-known Author Slain by Maniac Driver" changed to "Author Slain by Well-known Maniac Driver" as he recognised the car as Eileen Meakin's. He shook a fist at it, then pretended to be lighting his pipe.

Enemies though they were, clashing on every committee, the Meakin woman might have had the common decency to give him a lift. He, she, and old George Ashburton were on the magistrates' rota for that morning's court, and as senior he would preside—unless he wasn't there.

He walked fast. Shop windows showed him the pleasing reflection of a man in his prime, grey-haired, eagle-eyed, and rather handsome.

He was ten minutes late and he had lost the Chair. He couldn't very well ask a woman to move, and Eileen Meakin's sweet smile told him she didn't intend to.

"Good morning," she murmured. "Still short of petrol?"

Rumbold was short of breath as well, but his silence was eloquent. Miss Meakin and George Ashburton were in the middle of a case, so he sat back and looked magisterial while he wished he had this slim, dark woman in the dock on a charge of manslaughter, later reduced to driving with felonious intent.

She had fought him ever since he started taking an interest in local affairs. Their warfare was guerrilla and merciless. As an author he had campaigned for two new libraries; she had beaten him with her confounded reading-rooms, stocked with trashy newspapers and magazines.

But he had knobbled her idea of flood-lighting the statue of the first woman mayor and, thanks to him, her scheme to preserve the traditional lovers' lane had resulted in a much-needed car park. Currently, they were in headlong collision over the site of a children's playground. . . .

"You agree?" she was whispering to him.

"Eh? What?" Caught napping, blast her.

"Cycling without lights. Ten shillings?"

"Make it a pound," he growled. "Everything's gone up."

"Pay ten shillings," Miss Meakin an-

nounced crisply, and, in an aside: "Mr. Ashburton agrees."

A petty victory. Ashburton was a whiskery old walrus with the eyes of a stranded seal.

The bald dome of Fennor, the clerk, rose above the Bench. He went into a huddle with Miss Meakin; Rumbold's foot tapped loudly.

"Old Bates," Miss Meakin whispered. "Drunk and disorderly again. It really is a disgrace—he's had fifty convictions."

"We aren't supposed to consider his record until we find him guilty," Rumbold said smugly.

"I know that, but he's seventy, lives alone, has a weak heart, and should be put into some nice, comfortable home for his own sake. The clerk thinks it could be arranged."

Rumbold said stiffly: "I'm not being a party to restricting a man's liberty just because he gets merry on a Saturday night, Miss Meakin."

"He doesn't get merry. He goes to sleep in the middle of the road and he wants to fight the police when they wake him up. Some day he'll be run over, unless. . . ."

Rumbold spoke across her. "I say, George, I've got that first edition for you. Dirt cheap, too. You agree we fine old Bates the usual pound?"

"If you can afford it," said Ashburton. "You always pay his fine. Thanks a lot, Hugh."

"Majority verdict," murmured Rumbold, and Eileen Meakin's silver-grey eyes sparked.

"It is customary to try the case," she snapped.

Old Bates had no objection. He liked the Bench and the big, fatherly policemen who looked after him. The constable's evidence must be right, he said, and if it wasn't he wouldn't know, because he'd had

To page 50

ILLUSTRATED BY
BARBARA
ROBERTSON

Hugh found it strange to see Eileen taking life so leisurely for a change

*irish flax and
irish flair
make for your
home the one cloth
of enduring beauty*



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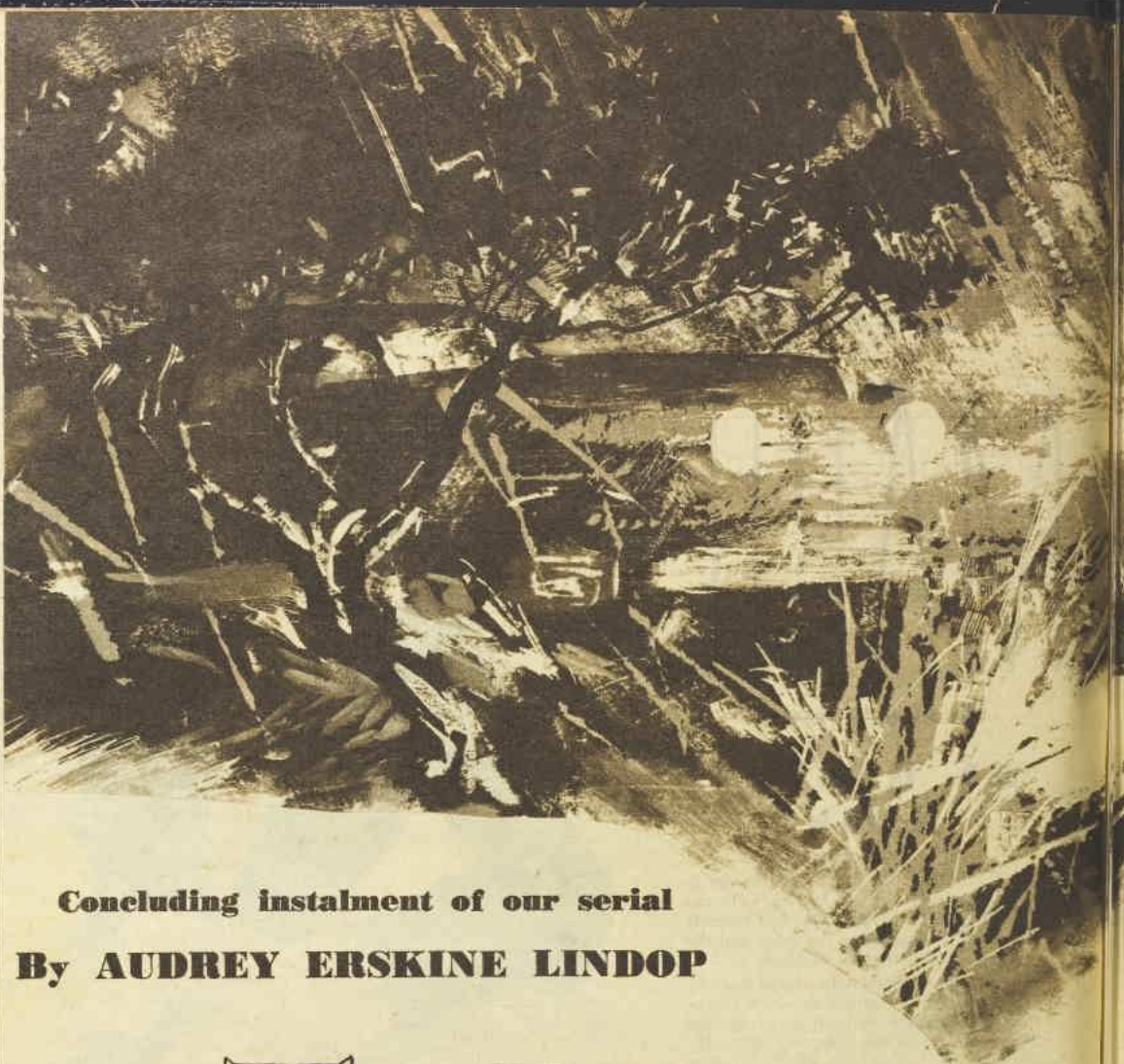


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ILLUSTRATED BY PHILLIPS



Concluding instalment of our serial

By AUDREY ERSKINE LINDOP

The Dark Enchantment

ILLUSTRATED BY PHILLIPS

I HAD promised to watch for the "signs," but that night I failed to recognise them. In the morning Liane was gone. The first I heard of it was when Lead came into my bedroom without knocking and ordered me, "Get up. If you hadn't upset me so much last night I shouldn't have done such a silly thing."

"What—what did you do?"

Even in the fluttery panic that was rising inside me, I found time to feel mortified that he should see me in curlers and my vile green hairnet.

"Left the Jaguar keys on my dressing-table. I usually keep them locked up." He crossed to me then, and stood over me. "What did you tell her about Berry McEwan? What filth did you pour in her ears?"

"I didn't pour anything into her ears. When I saw she didn't realise what was going on I left it at that."

He looked as if it would give him pleasure to kick me. "Get up," he said, "at once."

I did not even wait until he was out of the room. I shot back the bedclothes and rushed to the wardrobe. The Victoria Hotel talk came into my mind again. "She's a little fiend for speed."

"How she ate up those Irish roads!"

"She put us in the ditch."

I could hear him shouting orders downstairs as I scrambled into my clothes.

Annie was calm but obviously frightened. I pulled at Lead Stewart's sleeve. "Shouldn't you tell the police?"

He shook me off. "If you haven't got anything useful to say, keep quiet."

The bailiff came in with Stevens and Perridge. "We've found the Jag, down in the oak wood. She must've gone in

at a terrible rate—the tyre marks are inches deep." The beastman was with them as well, and contributed, "I reckon she just shot off the road."

It was Perridge who took pity on Lead. "But there's no sign of the missus, sir, and the car's no more than scratched, though heaven knows how she managed it, over that ground and round them trees!"

Stevens was old and his hair was thin. "Funny thing, I only said to May last night, 'ark to that car roaring round.' Kept on tearin' past our place it did. I thought it was some young devil 'ad too much to drink."

The beastman broke in, "Good thing it was night-time and no one to see 'oo t'was. Maybe the missus was having a little flip round, and then got too scared to come 'ome, knowing she 'adn't oughter have touched the car like."

"Yes, I think that's quite possible," Lead agreed. "Well, get the boys out, will you? Try the woods first and don't forget the church."

I never ceased to marvel at the loyalty of Lead's employees. There was remarkably little gossip in the village about Liane. What there was leaked out through Cook and was often denied by the farmhands. They were devoted to Liane. But for once I found myself agreeing with Edwards. Such things could not be kept quiet forever.

I felt sick when I saw that Jaguar. She must have swerved off the road and raced over the soft woodland floor. How she had failed to overturn was a miracle. She had bogged down with the bonnet in between two trees. A fraction to either side and she could not possibly have survived. The crash at that speed would have been merciless. As it was, her sharp heelmarks led back to the road again. It took a tractor to pull out the Jaguar.

Lead told me curtly that I must accompany him.



Harriet was numb with panic as Lead stood in the road waving the lamp, mercilessly etched in the on-coming lights.

The country we covered that day! I was hatless and gloveless and felt slovenly in my old tweed coat. Hostility sat between us. Because of the way he had spoken to me and the incident of the poem-throwing, I was mentally giving notice again. He obviously felt dislike for me, but needed my support. We made careful inquiries in Shrewsbury and found that Liane had been seen.

"She must have hitch-hiked to get this far," I said.

"She got herself to Fishguard once and I found her on the boat for Rosslare." He added grimly, "It isn't difficult to get lifts if you look like Liane, but think what might happen to a girl looking like Liane."

I had no wish to think. She had also been seen in Oswestry. It was dark by then and snow had been falling heavily. We drove round and round that black countryside with the snowflakes scurrying away from our headlights. At every roadside cafe, in every town, he made his dead-voiced inquiries. It was surprising how many clues he picked up. I suppose he had become quite an expert at it.

Someone had seen a fair girl in a lorry which had called at a garage for petrol. Someone had seen her on the side of the road thumbing a lift to the north. The snow made the journey doubly difficult. While he went to ask questions I sat watching it slowly pile up on the bonnet of the car, melting at the edges with the heat.

When he came back, he said, "I've got an idea she's making for Stanraer. She might try to get over to Ireland from there, and work her way down to Talla." His eyes had lost all their liveliness. It seemed an effort for him to use them, as if he were forcing them to see. He closed them whenever he could.

I said to him, "As Talla's so derelict now and everything's changed, what about taking her back to see it? The shock might pull her together and stop her from pining for it."

"Too risky. If she found out her father was still alive she'd lose her faith in me."

I took a sharp look at him. "Ought you to be thinking of yourself? Shouldn't you put Liane first? For all you know, that dreadful thing you told her could have brought all this on." He was about to speak, but I cut across him, "Yes, I know why you did it, you thought it would scare her off driving a car, but it hasn't, has it?"

"No, but having cooked that particular goose, I can't put the feathers back."

"You're not afraid he might take her away from you, are you?"

His head shook. "He wouldn't have her even if he could. He's none too fond of responsibility. He was only too glad to get rid of her."

"Then why's she so devoted to him? Is it a complex or something?"

Again his head shook. "It's only because he stands for Talla. I don't suppose she ever knew him, not as he really is. He's simply a symbol of freedom to her, they just lived as they pleased, with no rules and no codes; it's that she's trying so hard to get back to."

"Well, then, take her over and show her it's impossible. It strikes me as the best way to cure her."

"By shattering happy memories? I'm doing my best to spare her from finding out what Ferris is really like. No, my only chance is to make her happier with me than she was at Talla, that's the only cure that strikes me."

"But she's grown up now. She can't be an urchin forever." I think I said that a trifle spitefully; I had not been too pleased by his reaction to my idea. His alternative seemed too indulgent. I felt sterner methods were needed, and I felt it was stubbornness blinding him. Probably also I was piqued by the obvious tenderness behind his conception of a cure.

"We would all like to be spoilt and do as we liked, we'd all like our favorite moments again, but it bears no relation to everyday life. Surely you can get her to realise that?"

"I think she does, most of the time."

"Supposing you'd never taken her away from her father?"

"He'd have drunk them into penury and someone would have had to take care of her."

It was there I think that I conceived a hope that it might have been from pity that he married her.

We stopped at a hotel in Wales and had sandwiches in the bar. Welsh was being spoken until we came in, and then out of courtesy the occupants talked English. I thought it a perfect example of good manners.

Lead drank mild and bitter himself, but insisted upon my having brandy. "Knock it back, it'll warm you up." He had already passed on his gloves to me. My fingers ended where his began.

"Major Stewart," I asked, "as there really isn't much wrong with Liane, except these lapses, wouldn't it be worth trying some sort of medical treatment? It might do her more good than you think."

"If I put her into professional hands I might not get her out again. As you say, there's nothing wrong with her, and they—they might make more of a song and dance about it than is necessary. I've already told you. I've promised to preserve her the blessing of freedom as much as I can."

"But it needn't mean lack of freedom—to see a doctor doesn't mean that you end up in chains! Your obstinacy might not be helping her."

His voice chilled a little at that suggestion. "Possibly, but as it's the only sort of help she asked me for, I feel it's the only sort I should give."

I was suddenly aware that I had him to myself. I was not sharing him with Liane, nor Annie, nor the woman

McEwan. We were cut off in a white cocoon in the hills of Wales. The brandy must have thawed me. I played with his gloves. "I haven't had a chance really to apologise for last night. I—I most certainly shouldn't have said what I did."

"No, you shouldn't. I shouldn't have thrown something at you, either. But I never could stand a busybody or a prude."

I raised my glass to my lips. I had ginger ale with my second brandy. I remember watching the cosy glow of it. And I remember thinking that I wished I could imprison forever that feeling of closeness with Lead as I could trap that color in my glass.

I told him, "It wasn't prudishness, it was jealousy."

"Jealousy!" He might never have heard of the word before. He stared at me in utter astonishment.

I tried to explain to him calmly, "I envy this—this woman her friendship with you. I wasn't disapproving—I was just jealous. That's all."

He stared at me uncomprehendingly at first. Then the light dawned somewhat clumsily. I rather enjoyed watching the heavy understanding creep into those reddish-brown eyes. He stood up immediately. "Well, look here, if you're ready we'll get on, shall we?"

The Welsh language broke out as we went through the door. The snow made a dash at us, flurrying about our faces and slipping maliciously down our collars. We both made a run for the car.

He set off the windscreen-wipers. "It's going to be nasty later on."

For the umpteenth time since I arrived at Shap Hundred I found myself in tears. There never was such a weepy Jane. I felt rather than saw him look at me. His voice had lost some of its brusqueness. "I'm sorry about—what you told me. I know how painful it can be."

I could not imagine him suffering in love. He was not the most sensitive of men. My mind went immediately to the woman McEwan. Surely that middle-aged sophisticated-cum-nature's girl could not have caused him pain! In my



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AUSTRALIA'S LARGEST-SELLING WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE

The Heady Career of SAMUEL WATKINS



THIS WEEK'S LONG COMPLETE NOVEL
BY EDWIN LANHAM

IT began like any routine day for Stanley Grover — for any young bachelor in his mid-twenties in the spring. He arose in his third-floor flat, which was five blocks from the branch bank where he worked as a teller.

He shaved and showered in a bathroom that had its cramped counterpart in tens of thousands of apartments throughout New York City, a bathroom equipped with shaving soap and razor, talcum powder and after-shaving lotion, toothbrush and toothpaste, nail scissors and tweezers.

Only two items usually to be found in the bathrooms of other young men were lacking in Stanley Grover's — there was neither hairbrush nor comb.

He put on a shirt that was starched in collar and cuffs; he tied a solid-color brown necktie with care; he dressed in an inconspicuous but well-pressed grey suit; and he brightened up the polish of his shoes with a brush.

He prepared his breakfast and ate it as usual by a window where there was a lopsided patch of early sunlight, and he bent his head, not over the morning newspaper but in a mulling study of a chessboard as he planned his next move in one of the games of correspondence chess he carried on indefatigably.

Before Stanley started for the bank he decided on his next move in the game he was currently playing with a man in Toledo. His face showed the sober, self-contained expression of a sensitive and meditative man, and his well-manicured teller's hand moved precisely as he marked the move on a postcard and wrote out the Toledo address.

It was an act of no significance at the time, except that he did not need to look up street and number in his address book; they were already fixed in his mind.

As he went down the stairs Stanley adjusted his hat firmly on his head, and in the bright spring sunshine he set off routinely on his walk to work. Only a block from the bank the sound of riveting echoed in the street; it was an insistent pounding that made Stanley frown in irritation, not at the noise but at what it represented.

The character of the neighborhood served by the branch bank was changing. New apartment buildings were going up, any one of them assaying more negotiable assets than two square blocks of the typical brownstones of this old Chelsea district of Manhattan; and glittering new stores which deposited their weekly harvest in the bank had appeared to serve them.

Mr. Strout, the new assistant manager, was forever talking about client relations and stressing the importance

of a smile and a personal word — Mr. Strout wanted this branch bank to be a community institution. Which it was, Stanley thought, as Charlie, the bank guard, opened the side door for him — which it definitely had always been.

The community was changing, and Mr. Strout expected this branch, venerable and trusted as an old-fashioned pocket-watch though it was, to change with the times.

Inside the bank Stanley saw Hortense Caldwell taking off her hat and freshening her lipstick. To him she — the first woman to be made a teller in the history of the bank — seemed a symbol of the change. She was a slender, dark girl, with a wide, gentle mouth and a friendly smile. She was well groomed, her gestures were graceful and precise, and she was even efficient.

Stanley conceded that she was as good a teller as a man, but he would have preferred having a male teller in the cage next to his. Not that he had anything against Miss Caldwell. No, he'd just rather she were in some other cage, out of perfume range.

Still wearing his hat, Stanley paused to straighten his necktie in front of a mirror. His clear brown eyes were steadily reflected back at him. The face under his hatbrim was lean, with a solid definition of cheekbone and chin; the mouth was firmly moulded, though slightly tightened by restraint; the straight nose bisected the unity of a face that had a thoughtful and courteous appeal. But when he removed his hat Stanley sighed and turned at once from the mirror.

He had laid aside his shield and his bald head was exposed.

Johnny Wilson, ready for his day at a teller's window with his hair brushed and tie-knot adjusted in the exact centre of his starched collar, sidled up to Stanley and asked, "Did you hear the latest, Stan? I hear it's all set for Mr. Roberts to go downtown the end of the month."

Stanley nodded resignedly. It had been rumored for some time that Mr. Roberts, the manager of the branch, was going downtown — that is, he would be assigned to the main office of the bank on Wall Street. Why else had Mr. Strout been brought in from an uptown branch a month ago?

Stanley said in a weary tone, "That means Mr. Strout will be our new manager. Better keep a fresh flower in your buttonhole, Johnny."

"Yeah, that's no joke," Johnny said. "That Strout is all-out for glamor." He hesitated a moment, then put a friendly hand on Stanley's arm and murmured, "Say, Stan, speaking of glamor —"

"Yes?"

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The Bottom



The Ispahan Rug

A complete short story by JANET WILSON LOGAN

THE old man sat alone in the small room behind his shop. The shop was full of rugs; rolled and neatly stacked, the walls hung with others; Kashan, Shiraz, and Khorassan—Turkomans and rugs from Kurdistan and the Caucasus. The small back room held but two; the rug upon which he sat, smoking his morning hookah, and the heirloom—the Ispahan rug.

The fierce eyes of the old dealer softened as he looked at it hanging on the wall; the graceful floral pattern, the lovely rich colors glowing in the morning sunlight. Deep reds, blues and greens, old ivory, and that color like wine—Ispahan-red.

Abdul Ghani looked up frowning as his grandson entered the room. He had never approved of Latif's ways or of his habit of wearing Western dress, but he had held his peace.

"That dealer is here again—" began the youth.

"The rug is not for sale—he was told before; go, tell him so again. Tell him the rug belonged to my father and to his father before him. Tell him there are some things that are priced beyond gold."

"I know; but he doubles his offer of yesterday and I think it is madness refusing such—"

"Silence!" snapped Abdul Ghani, and Latif, with a sullen expression clouding his weak, good-looking face, went to do his grandfather's bidding.

Gradually the old man's anger passed, soothed by the beauty of his rug. He liked to look at it when he was troubled—to think across two centuries to the times when men lived to make one masterpiece to the glory of Allah.

Feroze Shah looked down at the crumpled figure in the dim light of the hurricane lamp.

Despite its age it was so perfect, trodden perhaps only by the bare feet of the Imam of some Persian mosque.

He sighed. The old art was no more. The men who made these perfect rugs were long dead and forgotten—now men's ways were different. He sighed again.

His reverie was interrupted—Abdul Latif had returned.

"Well, what is it now?" The old man spoke impatiently. The boy did not answer, but stood looking down at his feet.

"I need some money," he muttered, after a minute had passed.

"So you come to me again!" Abdul Ghani looked up from his pipe, his dark eyes blazing with anger. "How many times have you come to me and said, 'I need money'—Money—always money." His voice rose with his wrath. Latif shifted uneasily.

"Well," demanded his grandfather, "are not your wages adequate? When have I denied you anything? From the time..." he broke off abruptly. "Are you in the hands of the money-lenders again?"

Latif nodded without speaking, biting his lower lip to conceal its trembling.

"This is the third time," raged the old man, "bringing shame upon our house. I have pride, but you would drag it in the dust. My friends here—and I have many in Peshawar—will show me pity; and my rivals will be glad of my disgrace."

He got suddenly to his feet. He was tall, far taller than the boy who cowered miserably, yet defiantly, before him.

"I was taught our trade by my father, and he in turn by his; and we have prospered because we keep the law and live in harmony with our neighbors—but you care less

than nothing for these things. All your life you have sought pleasure, excitement, racing, games of chance—and as for those whom you call friends!" His bearded lips curled in disgust.

"You shall not—" began Latif hotly.

"Silence!" shouted Abdul Ghani. "Allah knows that I have borne your excesses with patience, hoping it was but a passing phase, for when one is young the blood runs hot; but my patience is exhausted. I will pay your debts once more, but you must leave this place and not return."

"There is nothing I could desire more. My education is wasted here, selling old and dusty rugs. I shall go to Lahore, where there is life, progress, and there I can live as a man—not as a child to be ordered about."

His words came as a bitter torrent, but Abdul Ghani was unaware of them. He was looking at a portrait of his only son, Mohammed Khan had died a soldier's death and now would never know the disappointment and failure of his child.

Latif was still talking—"and I shall be glad to leave Peshawar behind me; and soon, as soon as I can make arrangements." He stood uncertainly—uneasy now. "Have I your permission to depart?" he muttered finally.

"Go," said his grandfather quietly, "and Allah go with you."

The eyes of the two men met, then without a word Latif left the room.

Abdul Ghani stood quite still for a few minutes, then shook his head impatiently and, going into the shop, busied himself in his trade. He could feel the curious eyes of his assistants and guess their whispered comments. He returned to the solitude of the back room.

Later a servant parted the curtains leading to the shop—"Feroze Shah, a rug dealer, wishes to see you, Master."

"It is not that other?"

"No, he is gone; this is a stranger."

"Then let him come to me. I will see this Feroze Shah."

Hussein stood aside and Abdul Ghani looked sharply at the man who entered.

He wore a black achkan, white starched pyjamas, and a grey Kabuli hat of tightly curled lambs' wool. He bowed with his hands together. "Salaam, Abdul Ghani Sahib."

"Alaikum Salaam. Welcome to my poor house—be seated." He gestured towards a cushion on the floor. "Hussein; bring tea."

"You are too good to a stranger," Feroze Shah began, stroking his neatly trimmed black beard.

"It is nothing. After my servant has brought tea we can talk of your business. You journey from far?"

"Truly, I have not come on business, but rather a pilgrimage. I bought two bales of rugs at the Afghan Serai—but what are they?" He dismissed them with a gesture. "I have heard that Abdul Ghani, the great dealer of Peshawar city, has a famous rug; a wonderful rug of the olden times."

Abdul Ghani stiffened, his hawk-

like nose thrust forward. "The rug is not for sale," he said curtly.

Feroze Shah spread his hands placatingly, bowing again. "Of course not; well I know it—and if it were for sale, how could I buy such a piece?"

Hussein entered with the tea, placing the tray with the old Russian china between the two men. When he had gone Feroze Shah continued, "I come only to beg that I may see the rug."

"It is behind you," said Abdul Ghani quietly.

Feroze Shah looked round, got quickly to his feet, and hurried forward.

"Ispahan!" he whispered, "the Shah Abbas design! What beauty—what perfection." He felt the texture of the soft, glossy wool; turned up a corner to note the fineness of the knotting, then suddenly checked himself. "I ask your pardon, Abdul Ghani. I meant no discourtesy; I was overcome by the beauty of your wonderful rug."

Abdul Ghani chuckled. "Aye, of a truth, they cannot make rugs like that now. It belonged to my father, and to his father before him."

Some time later Feroze Shah was walking thoughtfully away, unheeding the noises of the bazaar; seeing nothing of the city—seeing only the Ispahan rug.

It was in the early hours of next morning that Abdul Ghani was awakened suddenly. It was Hussein. "Master! Master!" his hurrying feet were shaking the wooden stairway, "the rug; the Ispahan rug!"

Fear gripped Abdul Ghani as he unlatched his door. "What of the rug?"

"Master, it is gone!"

Abdul Ghani clutched Hussein's shoulder—for a moment his mind seemed a blank—excited voices were all about him. He passed a shaking hand across his eyes.

"I cannot see. Let there be more light—bring lanterns and open the shutters, it is already dawn. I come when I am more fully attired."

He felt suddenly old as he fumbled with his garments, then descended to meet the ring of anxious faces.

His eyes turned to a blank space upon the white-washed wall.

"Well? Speak, Hussein—the rest remain silent."

"Master, the chowkidar, the night-watchman, Ghazi Khan here, saw these shutters unfastened. They were closed before, but there was a wind, and one swung open. He entered, and with his lantern he saw..." Hussein gestured mutely towards the empty wall. "He aroused me and I came at once to you."

His voice faltered and there was an uneasy silence. The flickering lantern-light cast wavering black shadows on the bare walls, and a chill wind sighed round the house. Abdul Ghani shivered, his face looked leaner; his hawk-like nose more prominent.

"Go, Hussein. Go to the police quickly and tell them of this thing." He turned away, his shoulders suddenly bowed. "They will come with their little notebooks and ask questions—questions, and of what avail? My rug is gone."

He mounted the stairs heavily, and as he closed his door an uneasy murmur broke out among his servants below...

Latif pushed his way through the crowd gathered outside Abdul Ghani's shop, towards the old man standing in the doorway.

"Grandfather," he was breathless, "what is this thing I hear? The news has just now reached me."

"Only now? An hour or more ago I sent Hussein to bid you come—but you were nowhere to be found."

"Ill tidings travel fast. I heard it at the station where I had gone to book my poor belongings to Lahore—I came at once. I am, indeed, sorry to hear of your great loss. The police—have they—?"

"The police," Abdul Ghani spat contemptuously, "they talk, and they talk—A dealer I saw yesterday; I did not like his looks, but they do say he is a reputable dealer of Lahore—and indeed they searched his goods before the frontier mail left this morning. That one before? He who increased his offer to buy the rug when you were in the shop—what do you know of him?"

"Nothing," Latif spread his hands. "He said he came from Delhi, and more I know not." He hesitated. "Grandfather—let me stay here a few days longer to help you in this sad affair. Harsh words are said in anger, but we are of one blood."

Abdul Ghani grunted—perhaps the boy had some good in him after all? "Very well, let it be so—your departure may be whenever you choose."

The old man sat alone in the small room behind his shop, gazing unseeingly at the empty space upon the wall. The days passed slowly—and the nights were long.

His rug was gone; Abdul Latif was gone. The ugly suspicion once more crossed his mind—his pride rose up to fight it. No, he thought vehemently, the boy was foolish certainly—but not a thief!

Hussein entered silently. He made as if to speak, but checked himself and left the room as softly as he had come. Abdul Ghani called him sharply back.

"What troubles you?" he asked.

"It is nothing, Master," but the old servant was trembling.

Abdul Ghani spoke kindly. "Fear not, Hussein; between us is a bond of forty years—tell me your trouble."

Hussein slowly held out a shaking hand and in it was an amulet on a broken cord.

Abdul Ghani examined it carefully. Latif's amulet!

"I found it under the window early that morning; after the other servants had departed yet before the police had come. I knew not what to do—and so I hid it." Tears were running down his wrinkled cheeks.

Abdul Ghani shut his eyes and bowed his head in grief. So—his suspicions were correct! He held

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"The rug is not for sale," Abdul Ghani said, looking up with a frown.



Patricia's problem was how
could she tell Harry she wasn't
going to see him any more.

A short short story By ELAINE MOON

ILLUSTRATED BY LASKIE

HARRY and I were dining at this simply fabulous place when Lorraine came up — just while I was wondering how best I could tell Harry I wouldn't see him any more; without losing my self-respect entirely by letting on that I was head over ears in love with him, and knew he couldn't possibly love me.

Lorraine was dining there, too, with some bigwig lawyer, but she still came up and fell all over Harry, and that confirmed my resolve about what I had to do.

I stared down into the champagne that we were drinking because Harry had said it was a special celebration — it was the seventh time we'd met and seven was his lucky number.

And I thought: Yes, you are so right! It must be a specially lucky night for you!

Because if Lorraine had not arrived on the scene I might have backed down on giving him the brush — telling him there was no future in it for us. I might have backed down because it's rather hard to say goodbye to someone who means so much to you.

But, still, when it's for the general good in a quite impossible situation, and me with this deformity, in a sense—indefinitely worse than knock-knees or glasses . . .

"Harry!" squealed Lorraine. "Where have you been hiding yourself? Why no phone call?"

Harry simply patted her absently on the bare arm, that looked white as gardenia blossom and soft as frangipani, and said: "Hi, Lorrie! This is a friend of mine, Patricia Marsden. Pat, meet Lorraine Silver."

Lorraine looked at me as though she could bite—in a playful kind of way like a tiger-cub or a green-eyed Persian cat. You could see she was fond of Harry, too.

She arched her white-sheathed back over him and purred: "Darling, you mustn't neglect your old faithful friends just because you've found new ones. Why don't we all have a get-together some time? A gay-and-hearty?"

"That's very kind of you, Lorrie," Harry said, not, I must admit, with a great deal of enthusiasm. "We'll call you some time."

But Lorraine was not going to be fobbed off like that.

"Well, what's wrong with next Saturday night. I'll ring the old gang and spread the good news that you're back in circulation."

"Saturday night? Sorry, old girl, I don't think we can make it. I'll phone you some time. Let's leave it at that?"

And gently but firmly Harry propelled her the way she ought to go, back to her lawyer friend. I watched her blond chignon bobbing protestingly as she went.

This is terrible, I thought. Whatever's got into the man? Knocking back a simply luscious dish like Lorraine for little me?

Now, I don't delude myself that I'd set the world aflame, but, on the other hand, I'm not half bad if you see me at my best. My vital statistics are 34-22-35; my skin is

milky, without blemish; and my hair, which I know is my best feature, is black and curly, with bright auburn lights.

But the trouble was: Harry had definitely seen me at my worst.

Harry is a dentist.

I'd gone along to my dear old family dentist for years. Together we had planned a campaign to hide the fact that I'd bought into a top denture. We'd dug up a photo of my ex-teeth for the dental mechanic, who had made an absolutely inspired set of false ones to decorate my mouth. Result — nobody, not even my closest friends, guessed my dire and dreadful secret.

I guess that a denture is just about the most unglamorous deformity a girl of twenty summers can possess. So I hid mine like an unwanted body.

Then, urged on by the impetus of my last toothache, I paid my old friend a visit.

I walked, instead, right into Harry, a tall, well-figured young man with a mass of brown, ruffly hair, deep blue eyes, and the most genuine grin I have ever seen—all his own teeth right on parade.

He was very gentle.

I could have just closed my eyes and, except for that persistent buzzing of the drill, might have been anywhere but in the dentist's chair.

"Right," Harry had said briskly, breaking up my pleasant dreams. "That's all for now."

And he handed me my dentures in a little bowl, standing tactfully to one side while I did the awkward

job of re-presenting my face to the world.

Thank heaven dentists — even young dentists such as this one—are impersonal, I was thinking, when bang: "How about a show tonight?" Harry said.

I nearly swallowed my teeth. "What?" I said, startled beyond caring for correct speech.

He had the grace to blush, but his grin was disarming. "I wondered, dear Miss Marsden, if you would do me the honor of coming to a film with me this evening?"

"But you don't know me?"

He had picked up the card covered with squiggly drawings of teeth. "Patricia Marsden," he had read out, with a certain flourish. "45 Market . . ."

I had put my hands over my ears and laughed. "Well, yes. But no statistics. Thanks very much. I'd love to come."

And that was how it had all begun.

Now, as Harry had said, this was our seventh meeting — and I well knew it was time to do something about it.

Because how could a man — any man, even a dentist — fall in love with a girl when he's been looking directly into her mouth and seeing her at the most terrific disadvantage ever?

Hardly romantic, is it?

I just couldn't stand any more of it. I was falling deeper and deeper in love with Harry every time I saw him, but I simply refused to believe that he could be doing the same thing with me. It was quite impossible, I told myself—Harry must be

temporarily "off his rocker," to put it mildly.

It was like a golfer falling for a girl who thought a birdie was only something in a tree. Or a watchmaker marrying a woman whose face stopped clocks.

Oh, Harry, I thought sadly, watching the bubbles rise in my champagne. It could have been so wonderful—if only you'd been a plumber—or a lift-driver. Anything but a dentist!

So I had to make an issue of it, although I tried to make it light.

"I've another date for Saturday night," I said airily when we were strolling up the city streets and Harry broached our next meeting.

"Well, you'll just have to break it," Harry said calmly.

"What!" I shouted. I mean, there really are limits . . .

"You heard what I told Lorraine," he said, looking at me with those piercing blue eyes. "Saturday night is to be a special night for us. That's why we couldn't go to her party. I'm going to ask you to marry me, on Saturday. So get your answer ready."

I clung on to his arm and burst into tears. Right in the middle of Martin Place.

"Oh, Harry," I wailed. "Don't make it hard. I'm trying to break us up."

He fished out his big white handkerchief and gently wiped my cheeks.

"Why do you want to do that, Pat?" he asked softly.

"Because . . . because . . ." I gulped down a few sobs and sniffled. "Because you've seen me looking like a gaping fish. I . . . I . . . you're my

dentist. I look terrible without my teeth. You couldn't possibly love me."

He took me in his arms. Yes, right there at nine o'clock at night, in the middle of that busy street, with people walking past us from all directions—walking past, then stopping!

"You silly old goof," he said. "What do you think love is? Do you think your father loved your mother any the less because he saw her in the morning with her hair messed up and her face covered with cream? Do you think your mother found your father perfectly ghastly because he was sick and turned yellow for a bit?"

I shook my head weakly. "But what about Lorraine?" I gasped.

Harry stroked my hair gently. "It's rather hard to explain," he said thoughtfully. "Lorraine would never come and sit in my dentist's chair and put her head back. She'd never let a chink show in her make-up. So I never really knew what went on inside her. But you looked so sweet and wholesome and pretty sitting there . . . so defenceless, somehow . . . you poor kid . . ."

There was quite a pause then and I was sure that any minute we would feel a constable tapping on our shoulders and moving us on for disorderly conduct—kissing in the street, indeed!

So there it is. Harry's going to ring Lorraine and the old gang to invite them to a party—our engagement party. I still can't understand it. But Harry says that's love.

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Harry says that's love



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - August 13, 1958

Here's your answer

By LOUISE HUNTER

"MY boy-friend has a disgusting habit of holding his fingers up in the shape of a gun and letting out a loud 'burp' followed by remarks such as 'got him' or 'another Indian bit the dust,' and then casually blowing the top of his fingers and returning them to his pockets. This becomes most embarrassing, especially in company. I have told him time and time again not to do it, but when the other boys laugh my words just go in one ear and out the other. Could you suggest some way I could stop him from being so rude and ill-mannered? I might add that occasionally after he has finished all his antics he says 'Pardon me'."

"Embarrassed," N.S.W.

An uncouth exhibitionist such as you describe is the end. Obviously nothing you can do will change him or his habits, so why bother? Next time he asks you out just refuse politely. If he asks you why, tell him.

If you are fond of him and have misgivings about such a drastic step, sit and think for a few moments. Imagine how ghastly it would be to live with someone like this—he's the type that brings that old saw "Familiarity breeds contempt" into the limelight.

"HOW can you tell when a boy loves you and how can you show him that you like him without running after him or telling someone to tell him so? I see this boy I am very fond of every day and he is only a casual friend. He asked me out a couple of weeks ago and I wasn't able to go. Since then he has not been very friendly towards me."

"Blue Eyes," N.S.W.

It's difficult for a girl when she has to refuse an invitation, especially when it's just force of circumstances that prevents her. But you'll just have to be specially nice to him to overcome the impression he may have that you didn't accept because you don't like him.

By being specially nice I mean smile when you see him and talk to him, and be good-mannered, of course.

There is a social lesson in this happening. Whenever you ask anyone anywhere, always phrase the invitation tactfully and in a way

that makes it easy to refuse. I am sure the boy probably did this, but his behaviour afterwards certainly emphasises the necessity for doing so.

And as for telling him you love him, being nice to him will tell him that, too. But never, never, never get a friend to tell him you like him. That is fatal.

"I AM 15 and my boy-friend is 16. We have been going together now for four years. For about three years now we have become very serious about each other. We are always together at the pictures, dances, and football. We are sure we are in love. Our parents know and approve. Do you think we are in love, or is it puppy love?"

"W," N.S.W.

I wouldn't have a clue. You seem to be a most unusual pair of children to me. Wouldn't you both like to know a lot more people before you settle down together for life? You know the biblical "three score years and ten" has been extended far and beyond that time by modern medicine and you're going to spend a long lifetime together.

"I AM a girl of 17 and I am fond of a boy who is a year younger than me. Do you think it would be right for me to go out with this boy and keep company with him? I have often been told I do not look 17, and could quite easily pass for 16, if not younger, and look younger than this boy. But I have often heard that it is not right for a girl to be older than the boy with whom she keeps company. Is this right?"

"Uncertain," N.S.W.

No, it doesn't matter at all, a year is neither here nor there.

"I AM 17 next month and I was wondering what time I should be in when I go either dancing or skating. I am often asked to go and have coffee, but when I do I don't get home till about 11.30. Do you think that is too late? And when I go dancing with my friends there is a boy there whom I like very much. I have known him for about six



A word from Debbie ...

• Having a party? Here's a wonderful Chinese Beauty Mask that will give you an oriental glow.

Mix the yolk of an egg with honey until the mixture is creamy. Apply to the face, leave on for 10 minutes, sponge off with warm milk.

Almond Punch is a wonderful party drink. You'll need 3 lemons, 2 cups sugar, 1 quart water, 2 cups strong tea, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 teaspoon almond flavoring, 1 can pineapple juice, 1 quart ginger ale.

Squeeze the lemons, then boil the lemon rinds (not the juice), sugar, and water together for 3 minutes. Add the lemon juice and everything else and strain. Store in the refrigerator. To serve, add the ginger ale.



months and still feel the same about him. How can I show I like him?"

"Seventeen," Qld.

What time you should be in depends on what time the entertainment ends. I think 11.30 is a good time to be home from a dance. What time you get home from skating depends on how long it lasts. If it ends about 11 o'clock I think 11.30 is a good time. (Please see my answer to "Blue Eyes" for your second question.)

"I AM an attractive girl of 17 who has recently met a boy of 18. He has taken me out for three weeks and has asked me to go steady with him. I told him I was too young and that I didn't really know him. He seemed to take it very well and said he would still continue to see me. Now it is two weeks since I have heard from him and I am wondering whether he still likes me, as I like him very much. Do you think I should ring him or just wait? I do want to see him again."

"A.L.," N.S.W.

Don't ring him up. If he wants to see you again, on your terms, he'll ring you. You've made it plain to him you don't wisely want to go steady, so now it's up to him.

"THIS doll I'm ape on these days is something else way out on looks, but when I take her to dinner she goofs almost to the point of licking her plate. I'm way off the ground and I love her, but, Jack, those manners would loop me. Any solution?"

"Frazzed," N.S.W.

Why don't you tell her her manners are bad? That'll make things neat.

*****DISC DIGEST*****

MAYBE I've heard just a few too many Italian records lately, because I admit to a groan when I came across "Autunno in Roma," with Pino Calvi. Closer inspection of this LP (33OSX.7592) showed, however, that Calvi is a pianist. He is only 28, but is already well known to fans in Italy.

On this disc, which was recorded in Milan, he joins forces with the sleek orchestra of Dino Olivieri for a programme of twelve lovely melodies, including one which he wrote himself—"Accarezzame" (Caress Me).

The album takes its title from the opening tune, "Autunno in Roma." "Arrivederci Roma" has been popping up on disc for years, but only recently has made an impression. The other is "Non Dimenticar" (Don't Forget), a tune which won me some years back when I heard it in Silvana Mangano's film, "Anna." She has recorded it under the name of "Tho Voluto Bene."

Another pianist making his Australian debut on disc is Joe Loufer. His Extended Play disc (45-DO.3950) is "Tops in Pops, No. 1." It carries six numbers which are either on our hit parades or rapidly climbing on the U.S. charts—"26 Miles," "Who's Sorry Now," "Geisha Girl," "Lotta Lovin'," "Sail Along, Silvery Moon," and "Every-night." Joe's rhythmic piano work is very confident, which is not surprising when you learn that he has recorded with Melachrino and Ray Martin, and played with jazz groups on the B.B.C. —BERNARD FLETCHER.

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On the right is illustrated a selection from the wide range of 36 beautiful "Delphic" pieces, in A1 Quality E.P.N.S. Grosvenor Plate guaranteed for 25 years.

You may obtain any item of the "Delphic" range in single pieces or cartons of six.



Available at Leading Stores Everywhere

Manufactured and Guaranteed by MYTTON'S LIMITED, Melbourne.



CHILDREN'S PARTY TREATS-WITHOUT COOKING



Children love these dreamy "Cookless Specials" you make with COPHA



"Even a little girl can make these exciting party surprises," says Betty King, Home Economist of World Brands.

The secret is Copha's famous Melt 'n' Mix method: only one mixing bowl and a few minutes needed! The "sweet-tooths" will purr with pleasure—but, whisper it!—these treats are really wholesome.

FRUIT AND NUT SLICES

Crush finely 1 lb. plain biscuits with a rolling pin, combine in basin with 3 oz. (1/2 cup firmly packed) brown sugar, 3 level dessertspoons cocoa and 1/2 level teaspoon salt. Add 1 cup chopped, dried fruit and 1 cup crushed nuts. Melt 4 oz. Copha shortening (it should be warm, not hot) and mix in 3 table-spoons dark jam, one tablespoon each milk and orange juice. Add liquids to dry ingredients and mix thoroughly. Knead the mixture (in the basin) with the hands. Shape into a roll about 1 1/2" diameter, and roll in coconut. Wrap in grease-proof paper, and chill until firm. Cut into slices before serving.

CREAMY COCONUT ICE

Place in basin 1 lb. icing sugar—sifted, 1 lb. coconut, 1 teaspoon vanilla, and 2 egg whites (slightly beaten). Melt 4 oz. Copha Shortening over gentle heat—it should be barely warm, not hot. Pour onto ingredients in basin and mix to combine thoroughly. Press half mixture into shallow cake tin (6" or 7" square). Colour remaining mixture pale pink and press onto white mixture. Stand in a cool place until firm and cut into blocks.

MOCHA FUDGE

Sift 1 lb. icing sugar and 4 level tablespoons cocoa into basin. Add egg, 1 lb. fine coconut, 1 oz. chopped nuts and 1 1/2 cups chopped raisins or dates. Melt 4 oz. Copha Shortening—it should be barely lukewarm. Add 1 tablespoon each lemon juice and coffee essence. Pour onto ingredients in basin and mix well to a soft mixture. Press out into a shallow cake tin (7" square) lined with grease-proof paper. Stand in a cool place or refrigerator until firm, cut into blocks.

Recipes forwarded monthly—to holders of Betty King's easy-reference Recipe Folder. The folder costs only 2/6, including postage, from "Betty King," Box 3680, G.P.O., Sydney.



Veal turns into chicken in this Chicken Veal Mornay

Here's how Continental brand Chicken Noodle Soup helps you to perform miracles with inexpensive meals.



BETTY KING RECIPES

Cook 1 pkt. Continental Chicken Noodle Soup in 1 1/2 cups water 7 mins. Melt 1 oz. Copha and mix in 3 level tablespoons flour. Add 1 cup milk and the soup, stir till boiling. Mix in 1/2 cup grated cheese, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 1/2 cups diced cooked veal. Place in ovenware dish, sprinkle with grated cheese and 1 cup buttered bread cubes. Brown in moderate oven.

Soup works wonders in these recipes, too!

RAGOUT OF BEEF AND MUSHROOM

Made with Continental brand Mushroom Soup—Cut 1 1/2 lb. bladebone steak into cubes and cover well with 3 level tablespoons flour. Fry till well browned in 1 oz. Copha. Add a diced onion and brown lightly. Mix in 1 pkt. Continental Mushroom Soup, blended with 1/2 pt. water and stir till boiling. Add 1 cup sliced carrots and 1 cup each sliced parsnips and celery. Cover and simmer 1 1/2 hours. Serve hot with savoury rice or fluffy mashed potatoes.

IRISH COUNTRY STEW

Made with the hearty pea and beef purée of Continental brand Pea Soup. Blend 1 pkt. Continental Pea Soup with 1 pt. water. In a casserole arrange layers of neck chops, thickly sliced carrots, parsnips and onions. Pour soup over these ingredients, cover and bake in a moderate oven 1 1/2 hours. Remove lid and top with sliced potato. Sprinkle with cayenne and bake, without lid, a further 30 minutes.

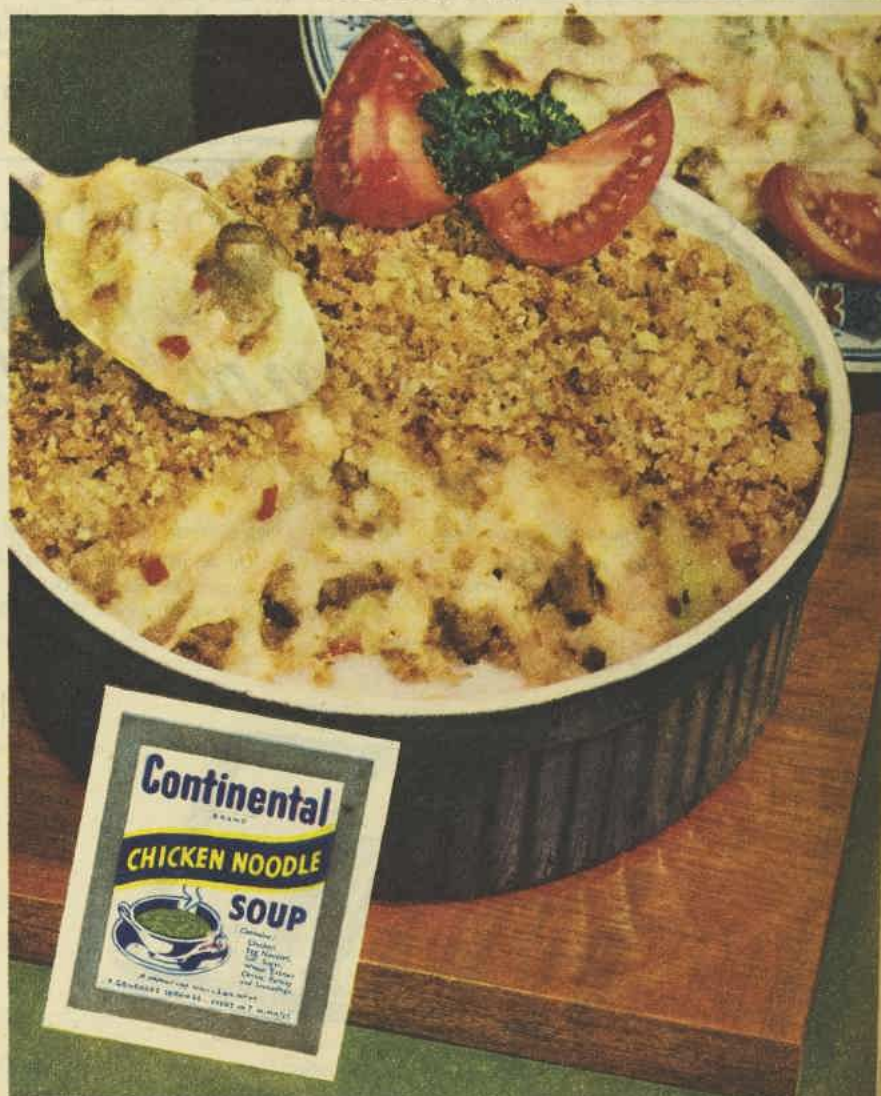
Betty King
Home Economist of World Brands

Taste that chicken—lots of it... because Continental Chicken Noodle Soup is so rich in real chicken it gives a real boost to the flavour of any dish. And that same chicken richness explains why you enjoy true home-made taste in the soup itself.

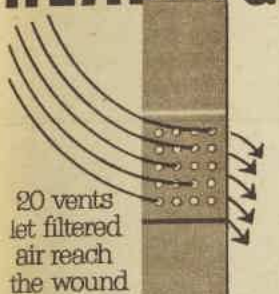
Continental soups

BRAND

Chicken Noodle • Cream of Chicken • Chicken Broth • Mushroom • Thick Vegetable • Tomato Vegetable • Pea • Cream of Celery
WB.85. WWFPC
Page 30



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They stick better.
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Won't loosen in water.

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Tek—the
toothbrush
that makes
you glad
to smile

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TOOTHBRUSH
MONEY CAN
BUY!

A PRODUCT OF JOHNSON & JOHNSON, N.Y., U.S.A.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 13, 1958

Worth Reporting

PERTH girl Elizabeth Stirling, who lives and works in riot-torn Nicosia, walled capital city of the island of Cyprus, writes that she is the lucky holder of a curfew pass.

This allows her to move around the soldier-guarded city whenever she likes.

"With the pass, I have found myself acting as grocer, baker, butcher, and milkman to many Cypriot friends," says Elizabeth, who works for a travel agency and lives with a Greek-Italian family in the city.

"I am very glad to be able to repay some of the kindness and hospitality they have shown me during the past year.

"With the curfew comes distress. The small village market gardener is left with his vegetables, destined for the city markets, rotting in the fields.

"The women have only a two-hour shopping period to buy food.

"Mothers with young children have trouble trying to keep them occupied and off the streets."

Elizabeth finds that the Cypriot peasants are ruled by superstition and their church, and that the terrorist underground movements use both to influence the people.

"At a Greek wedding recently," she says, "I sat beside an Armenian friend who spent most of the service translating for me the propaganda posters hanging round the walls of the church.

"They included posters saying: 'Boycott English-made goods'; 'We will fight our enemies.'"

"And there have been occasions when a priest has refused to perform a marriage ceremony because English people have been in the congregation.

"Behind all this are the two terrorist organisations, the Greek EOKA and the Turkish Volcan."

Elizabeth came home in June this year to see her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Athol Stirling.

Before returning to Cyprus she said: "Nothing would stop me from going back. I love it there."

PHILOSOPHY of life from conductor Sir Thomas Beecham on his 79th birthday, talking about rock-'n-roll and youth:

"The modern generation is no different from mine. They both were mad. And both did crazy things. It will always be the same. I'm still young myself. It's better to be a young fool than an old fool."

Vital figures for schoolgirls

SCHOOLGIRLS in N.S.W. are a little shorter and heavier than Victorian girls of the same ages, and Australian girls are a little taller and heavier than American girls.

These facts emerge from a survey of 2000 girls from 60 N.S.W. schools by the Standards Association of Australia.

Aim of the survey was to establish standard sizes for girls' ready-to-wear clothing.

The result is a sizing scheme based on body measurements with each size related to a height-weight ratio.

There will be two ranges of standard sizes, the sub-teen (height 4ft. 11in. to 5ft. 14in., aged 11 to 13 years approximately) and the teen (5ft. 2in. to 5ft. 54in., aged 14 to 16 approximately).

The sub-teen sizes will be 10S, 12S, and 14S, and the teen sizes 10T, 12T, 14T, and 16T.

Mrs. Estelle Krasny, technical officer of the Standards Association, told us: "This will make shopping easier for mothers, as clothes won't have to be tried on and can easily be ordered by mail.

"Also, the clothes will fit better."

Mrs. Krasny believes that the scheme will be accepted as an Australian standard within about six months.

SHE is an established film star and she wore cerise underpants. "Like Jayne Mansfield's," she explained. "And I can wiggle, too."

"Of course, you have to be intelligent as well. One's no good without the other, but the wiggle helps."

Speaking to the London Press was Australian film star Dana Wilson, aged nine.

"Just an old thing I had..."

SPEAKING as guest of honor at a New York charity meeting, the Duchess of Windsor looked round the fashionably dressed women and said: "Everyone has new spring clothes. And here I am in a two-year-old dress. I haven't had time to have new ones made."

The Duchess' old dress was made by Dior.

Elephants in Oklahoma corn

SOUNDS easy, doesn't it, when you hear the words of Oscar Hammerstein's song hits?

But here is his version of the hard work he put into "Oh, What a Beautiful Morning":

"I first wrote 'The corn is as high as a cow-pony's eye.'"

"Then I went to look at the corn on my Connecticut farm and it was higher than that."

"Then I reckoned the singer wouldn't put over the word cow-pony."

"So I changed it to 'elephant's eye.'"

Do you get mad about Harry?

DO men make you furious?

Do you grouse about the man—or men—in your life, what babies they are, what idiots, what heels?

The question was put to English women in a mass-circulation newspaper and the result rather horrified the askers—those two bright Australian girls Gwen Plumb and Thelma Scott.

"We asked women to put their views on postcards and mail them to us at the B.B.C.," explained Gwen, now back home in Sydney.

"The postman could hardly carry the bag bringing the results, and we didn't dare let any men read those postcards."

However, the postcards were just what the girls wanted for their new B.B.C. panel game, "How to Manage Men," which the A.B.C. hopes to put on the air here late next month.



Mink Soft!

Caressably mink soft is just how your hair will be after the luxury of a White Rain shampoo; after a million gentle bubbles leave your hair glistening with new highlights; after the purest of costly ingredients make it so easy to manage.

He'll love it, too...

The Touch of
WHITE RAIN
the superlative shampoo... 5/-



Watch every week for news about your baby's care, feeding, growth and fun.

Has your friendly Baby turned shy?



Don't be surprised if, between 7 and 9 months, your full-of-smiles baby turns anti-social. He may hide his face or scream at sight of a stranger or relative. He's growing up—beginning to understand the difference between parents and other people. So don't force him to sit on Auntie's lap. You'll help him most by being calm and extra-loving.

TO DIVERT AN UPSET TODDLER produce that favourite toy that he hasn't seen lately. Tuck away a cuddly old favourite occasionally, bring it out again when Junior's upset, and he'll greet it as an old friend.

WHEN BABY'S BOTTLE IS SUPPLEMENTED by a taste of solid foods, mostly your doctor or Health Centre recommends Heinz Strained Apples, because their texture is so smooth and their flavour as sweet as their bottle. Then gradually baby is ready for Heinz Soups, Meats, Vegetables and the wide range of wholesome desserts made by Heinz. He'll just love them all!



HEINZ Baby Foods

57

Over 40 varieties of Broths, Soups, Meats, Vegetables, Sweets, Puddings for young and older babies.

THE LAUGH WAS ON ME

● Here are this week's winners in The Laugh Was On Me contest, in which we award £2/2/- each for the two best.

CHRISTMAS 1947: I was attending my first civilian party after several years' service as an Army nurse. In a new outfit, my hair newly waved, I felt ready to be the life of the party. I felt I looked years younger than thirty. While in a group of people someone mentioned my war nursing experience. One man turned to me and said with obvious sincerity:

"Very interesting; which war?"
£2/2/- to Mrs. C. Woodward, 4 Gabriel Avenue, East Malvern, Victoria.

Send your entries to The Laugh Was On Me, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

I HAD just left school and was lunching with three friends in one of our smartest restaurants. When the time came to order sweets my friends asked for ice-cream with chocolate sauce. This was too childish for me, however, so after scanning the menu I requested in my best French accent, "Creme au chocolat, please." To my friends' delight, when the waiter put down my sweet it was—ice-cream with chocolate sauce!

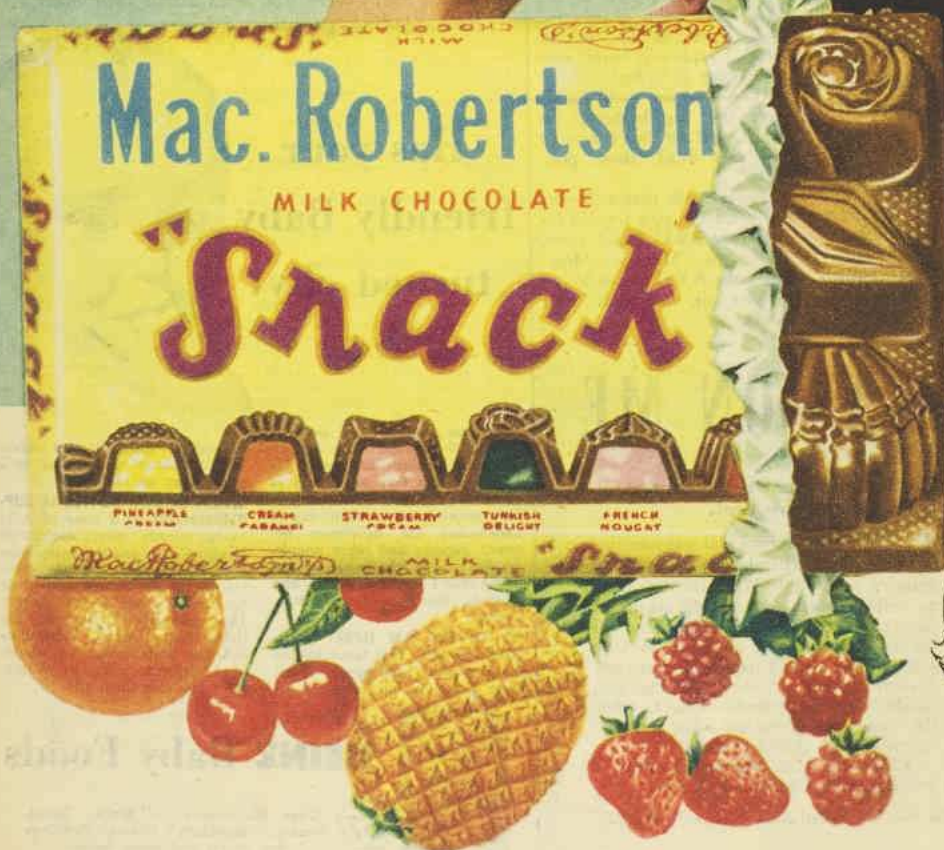
£2/2/- to Mrs. Philippa Lamble, 8 Sylvia Street, Chatswood, N.S.W.



Enjoy "Snack"

6 different
centres

Mm-m-m make mine...
MAC. ROBERTSON'S



- 6 different centres
- 12 novelty shaped pieces
- just like a box of chocolates
- **2/-** OR **1/-** BLOCKS



ANOTHER REASON YOU'LL SAY

Mm-m-m make mine...

MacRobertson's

Spring Fashions



In Paris, the sack is dead.

But the straight lines of the dress that inspired a couture revolution

have given way to a whole series of exciting new silhouettes for spring.

The look is one of calculated ease and "legginess." (At Dior, some skirts are as high as 20in. from the ground, the shortest length since

the 'twenties.) Not to show leg is to be very much out of date. Study the look before planning a new season's wardrobe. Here we show the shapes of spring to come: the Empire chemise, the two-part chemise, and the trapeze; on the following pages are suits and dresses and hats, evening gowns, and the colors that are new and fashionably right.

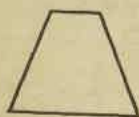


THE SACK
Cross it off your fashion list.



EMPIRE CHEMISE

• Above: The high-waisted look which appears in most Paris collections is very noticeable in the Jacques Heim and Maggy Rouff salons.



TRAPEZE

• Right: Modified version of the wedge-shaped line introduced by the House of Dior. It reveals the chemise for spring news of the 1958 season.



TWO-PART CHEMISE

• Right: This dress, with high bateau neckline, embodies the barely fitted silhouette, is "broken" at the hipbone level.



The Suit: SHORT JACKET, EASY FITTING

Begin spring wardrobe-thinking with a suit. The 1958 season has many new fashion points and an easy look. With shorter skirts, shorter jackets naturally follow. When blouses accompany suits they are worn outside a skirt that is straight, gently flared, or pleated.



● Left: Pierre Cardin's scissor-pleated skirt is shown here. Other features are the new collar (bunched into a round neckline and falling over the shoulders), and the beehive hat—watch that color.

● Right: Dior gives a young and casually elegant air to a shepherd's plaid suit. Unfastened, the double-breasted jacket reveals a straight little overblouse of double organdie, its high waistline accented with a grosgrain ribbon band.



● Maggy Rouff captures the spirit of spring in an ensemble that's frankly pretty. The color of the suit is picked up in the flowered overblouse and jacket lining, repeated in a cloche hat.



• Above: Madeleine de Rauch introduces a subtle color combination in a tailored trio—jacket, skirt, and a contrasting vest to match the close-fitting toque. Also note the way the waistline is indicated by a horizontal stripe on the vest.



• Below: Pierre Cardin, one of the Parisian group of talented and imaginative young designers, likes checks for spring, checks in a classic, three-buttoned suit. The neckline is a modified bateau shape, which is favored this year.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 13, 1958



• The spring look: Pretty color, pretty style, and topped with a pretty hat for a very pretty girl. The suit's double-breasted jacket is removed to show off the blouse; deceptively simple, it's tied loosely at the neckline, and is gathered (also loosely) into a waistband.

The Dress: CHEMISE, TRAPEZE, BLOUSON

The Parisian chemise is dressed up with bows tied under the bosom (Empire-style), or has a dropped waistline for the two-part look. The trapeze by Yves St. Laurent (at Dior) slopes gently from the shoulder to a short, flared hemline. And the blouson retains the barely fitted line, with its waist almost hidden by a softly bloused top. Italy is the only country where the sack is still worn.

● Left: Guy Laroche's trapeze dress shows an interesting silhouette. Gathers springing from just below waist level in front are repeated at back.



● Above: Pleated chiffon makes Pierre Cardin's blouson dress. The front lies flat, the back falls prettily over a wide belt. Long ropes of glass beads accent the dominant colors.

● Right: Guy Laroche bunches fullness from low on the hipline of a "baby doll" flowered chemise that is both youthful and pretty.





• Above: Chic and feminine chemise by Pierre Cardin has simple lines, its simplicity heightened by the low blousing at the back. This is another variation of Cardin's latest "crescent" line, which has pouchy fullness featured at the back of jackets and coats.



• Baby doll dress by Guy Laroche combines its young air—and the trapeze line—with the short and full skirt falling from the hipline. It is violet-trimmed. The tiny beret is of white kid.



• Right: The blouson look, as shown by Cardin, in a front-buttoning dress of surah silk with a high fashion rosy motif. The bloused back falls gently over a belted, low waistline. The soft collar (following the line) sweeps backward from a high, round neckline.





Aut. Pat. No. 142,373

She's wearing **Sarong** the criss-cross girdle that walks and won't ride up.

Sarong is completely different. And you'll feel the difference immediately—all through the day!

Only Sarong's unique, patented criss-cross feature lets you walk, bend and sit with wonderful freedom. Never, never rides up! Because of its exclusive construction, Sarong actually lifts and flattens your tummy comfortably. Try a lightweight, boneless Sarong. See how different you look and feel. See how Sarong slims you into fashion's glamorous new lines.

THERE IS A SARONG FOR YOU!

SARONG "JUNIOR" (633)—for youthful figures and active "mediums." S, M, L and X.L. For 21" to 32" waists. White. Price 59/6

SARONG "FASHION"—Nylon marquisette criss-cross front. Smooth slide fastener. Waists, 24" to 36". White. From 94/6

SARONG "REGULAR"—criss-cross front in silky faille. Slide fastener. Waists, 26" to 38". Peach-pink. From 110/-

(and there's a Sarong Bra to match!)

Why every freedom-loving woman wears Sarong

- Sarong's exclusive criss-cross front gives easy-living freedom . . . it walks, bends, sits with you.
- Sarong slims so "effortlessly" . . . smooths away your unwanted inches—with perfect comfort.
- Sarong is boneless, featherlight . . . its superb control comes from its clever, patented criss-cross design.
- Sarong gives every woman the figure for to-day's fashions. It's made in the most popular Berlei fittings.
- Sarong—genuine American-styled original.



sarong

Genuine American-styled Original

Made exclusively in Australia for Sarong Inc., Newhaven, Conn., U.S.A., by

Berlei

The Color: TANGERINE

Tangerine is favored in Paris and America as the color for spring. Wear it as its vibrant self, or watered down to apricots, corals, and melon-pinks (as shown here). Other basic colors are beiges, caramels, and all the light browns, followed by the blues — navy, not black, for day-time — and the yellow-greens.



• Above: Lanvin-Castillo suit blends tweed and cotton in the fabric; adds a high fashion note in the same color - different-material tailored blouse of fine shantung silk.



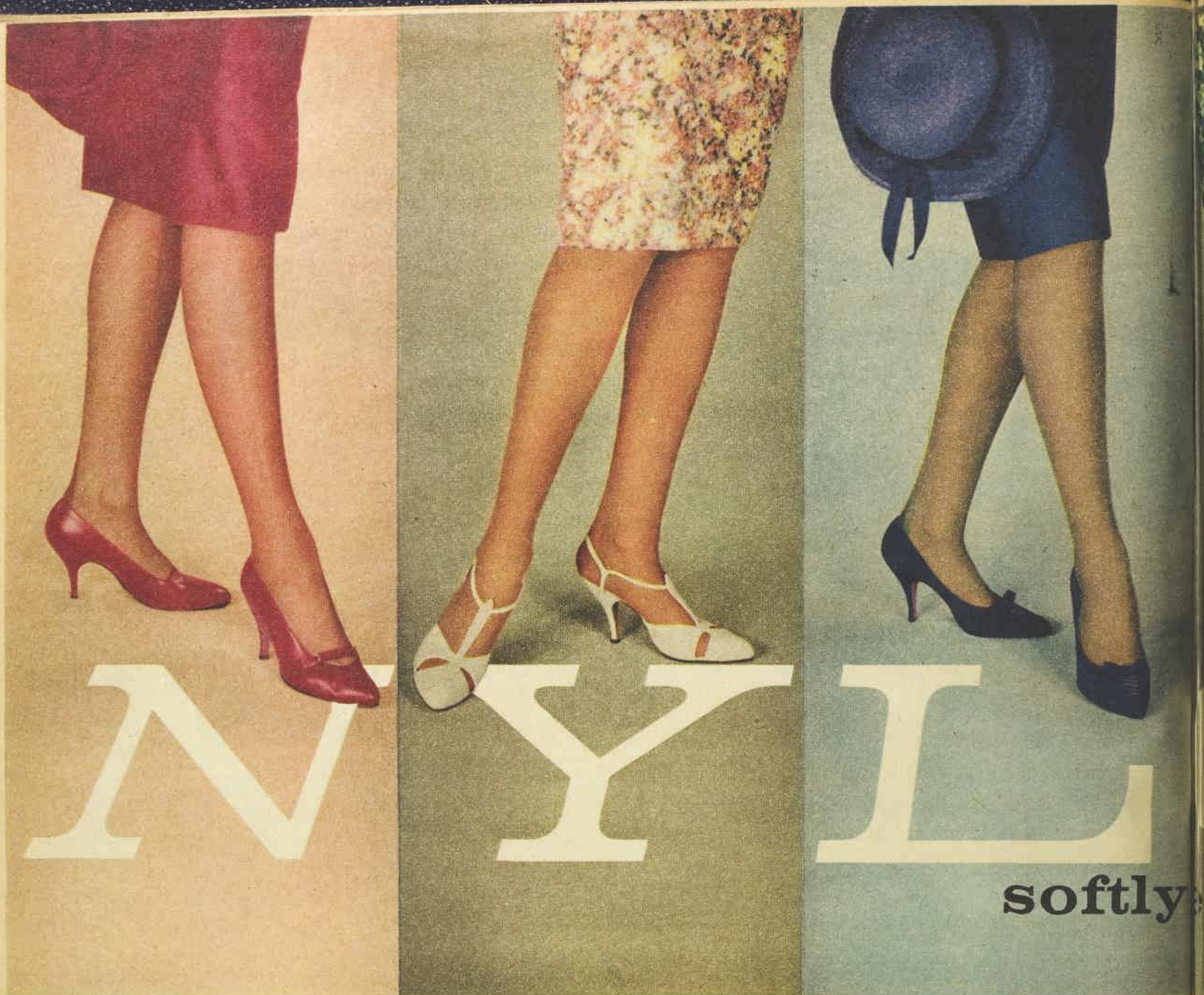
• Right: Laroche brings the style of the 'twenties to 1958 with an easy dress of shantung. The deep-collared dress has two skirts: pleats covering the stem-like sheath.



• Left: "Baby doll" look in a high-waisted trapeze by Jacqueline Godard shows the importance of pleats. Mothers-to-be, note the ideal maternity style.

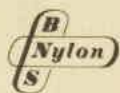


• Above: Cardin scatters pastel bouquets on a simple, two-piece dress with the "little girl" look. Note the waist, but the wide belt is newsworthy item for spring.



SHOES BY I. MILLER

It's the most exciting fashion event since nylons themselves — softly toned nylons to match or complement the colour of your outfit. And how perfectly timed, when rising hemlines are focussing



Inserted by British Nylon Spinners (Australia) Pty. Ltd., suppliers of



echo the new spring shades

attention on your legs. See the new shades in your favourite brand — discover how elegant and wearable tinted nylons can be. It's another example of how **nylon** is getting newer every season

the nylon yarn used by Australia's hosiery industry to make this merchandise.

A deodorant soap
that's a Beauty soap, too!



Tact safeguards your
freshness all over, all day, as
no ordinary soap can

Gentle, fragrant Tact makes perspiration odour a thing of the past. You see, Tact Deodorant Soap contains a great, new anti-odour discovery—miracle ingredient G11, known to science as hexachlorophene. And it's G11 which washes away up to 95% of the germs which actually cause perspiration to decompose, become offensive.

and gentle **Tact**
protects your complexion
beneath your make-up



Tact soap
keeps perspiration **Odour-Free**

When you wash beforehand with Tact, your complexion is protected underneath your make-up. For gentle Tact washes away up to 95% of the bacteria which ordinary soaps leave on your skin, free to cause trouble beneath your make-up. And Tact, with G11, stands guard against new germs, too! It's ideal for teen-age skin problems. Buy Tact Deodorant Soap in the big bath size and save money. Regular size, 1/-. Bath size, 1/5.



★ **PROVED BY
LABORATORY
TESTS TO WASH
AWAY UP TO 95%
OF THE GERMS
WHICH ACTUALLY
CAUSE
PERSPIRATION
ODOUR AND
SPREAD SKIN
BLEMISHES**

BUY TACT DEODORANT SOAP
NOW FROM CHEMISTS
GROCERS AND STORES

NEVER LET IT BE SAID THAT YOU LACKED TACT

Page 42

The Hat: NEW SHAPES

There are millinery designs galore — high turbans, blown-up berets, soft and black-draped caps, deep cloches, flowered hats, and the "padre" style with a side-widening brim. The small models are shown on the preceding pages; here are the big hats.

• Right: Svend, who designs for the Jacques Heim collection, uses baka straw for a Breton-type hat. A feature is the "pinched" and very pretty brim.



• Below: A cocktail hat by Albouy is of metallic straw with a down-beat brim — a drooping brim, which is unusual for cocktail wear and parties.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 13, 1958

... AND NEW SIZES



● Above: Pierre Balmain likes to "dress up" a dress with a big, big hat. The upsweeping brim is underlined with grosgrain ribbon and neatly bow-tied.



● Below: "La vie en rose" might be a theme for Balmain's rose-spattered and beautiful hat. Brief-crowned, it has a huge, dipping, and flattering brim.



years ahead...



**Wilkins
Servis**

so fast...

so efficient...

so wonderful to own!

Once again Wilkins Servis has come top in the latest series of Washing Machine tests conducted by Kay Seton. Top for speed... top for efficiency... top for ease! Again and again Wilkins Servis proves itself the finest Washing Machine in Australia on all points.



Mrs. Kay Seton, noted Home Laundry Adviser, reports:

"Of all brands tested, Wilkins Servis scored most for ease of control, speed and efficiency. It is the only washer that eliminates stooping by giving waist-high control of every action... filling, washing, wringing and emptying. Tests revealed Wilkins Servis gets the ideal family load of 9 lb. of washing out on the line in only 12 minutes!"

Wilkins Servis is filled with "years ahead" features. Wide-sweep agitation that washes even whiter than copper boiling—fast and gently. Automatic wringing with big-capacity 12-inch rollers. A Calorific Thermal Jacket that speeds boiling—keeps water hot through the longest wash. Even a handy storage cupboard for Rinso, pegs and other items!

Choose Wilkins Servis in plain or "gay-tone" colours. At all stores—99 gns. to 114 gns. or terms of a few shillings a week.

5 YEAR GUARANTEE

(12 months' free service)

Plus Complete

Lifetime Service Plan

Gives you free labour and parts for the entire life of your Wilkins Servis Washing Machine. (Service Plan available in Capital Cities only.)

Sold all over the world—on superiority.

Now! LUSTRE-CREME SHAMPOO IN LOTION FORM



NEVER BEFORE – Lustre-Creme Shampoo in Lotion Form in beautiful new cosmetic bottle that gives such economical usage. A creamy, fragrant, easier-to-use Lotion that brings Lustre-Creme glamour with every heavenly shampoo.

ANITA EKBERG

Starring in
United Artists' Technicolor Release
"PARIS HOLIDAY"



Buy the big new
economy-size bottle
and save money!

Large Bottles, 5/6
Small Bottles, 3/8
Large Tubes, 3/6
Small Tubes, 2/-
Bubbles, 1/3 each



**ANITA EKBERG LOVES
LUSTRE-CREME SHAMPOO**
never dries . . it beautifies

thick and creamy . . blessed with lanolin! needs no after-rinse! of course, it leaves hair more manageable
NO WONDER IT'S THE FAVOURITE SHAMPOO OF 4 OUT OF 5 HOLLYWOOD MOVIE STARS!

The Evening Gown: PRETTY, FEMININE

Sweet femininity is the theme for evening.

Lots of dresses adopt the very short skirtline, but the couturiers also show quite elaborate long formals. The doll evening dress (below) is one of the prettiest and most beguiling.



• Roses are new in Paris. Castillo, at Lanvin, uses a pattern of full-blown roses for a graceful skirt, lifts the skirt from floor length to a high waist, and a crisp organdie bodice with a fichu-style neckline.



• Left: Young - girl design by Pierre Balmain is a dreamy dress in spotted net. The balloon-sleeved short jacket is caught with a single rose.



• Right: Chemise tunic by Lanvin-Castillo is slashed to just below the bosom, where an outsize bow is decorated with an equally outsize diamante clip for sparkling accent.



• Right: Jewelled straps add a touch of richness to a dress by Lanvin-Castillo. The skirt explodes into side fullness from a straight front panel and lowered waist.

DS318. Trapeze dress pattern is obtainable in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/-



TWO PATTERNS: In the shape of spring to come

Paper patterns are available for these two dresses. Both are shaped for spring.

THE patterns may be obtained by writing to Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. Details of sizes and fabric requirements are given with each picture.

At left is a true trapeze, showing the original line introduced by the young and brilliant Yves Saint-Laurent at Dior.

The two-part chemise at right is another up-to-the-(spring)-minute design. It is made as a skirt and loosely fitted overblouse.

The chart below is featured to help with accessory-choice to wear with the newest colors for the new season.

ACCESSORIES GUIDE

DRESS	SHOES	BAG	GLOVES	HAT	JEWELLERY
beige	beige	beige	beige	turquoise	gold
navy	navy	navy	white	check gingham	white beads
tangerine	champagne	champagne	champagne	tangerine flowers	pearls
citrus green	flowered print	white	white	yellow	gold
red	red	pale pink	pale pink	rose print	white beads



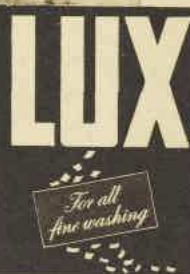
DS317. Two-part chemise (shirt and top) pattern may be obtained by writing to Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. The chemise requires 2½yds. 54in. or 4½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 13, 1958

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lightweight cotton,

7/6

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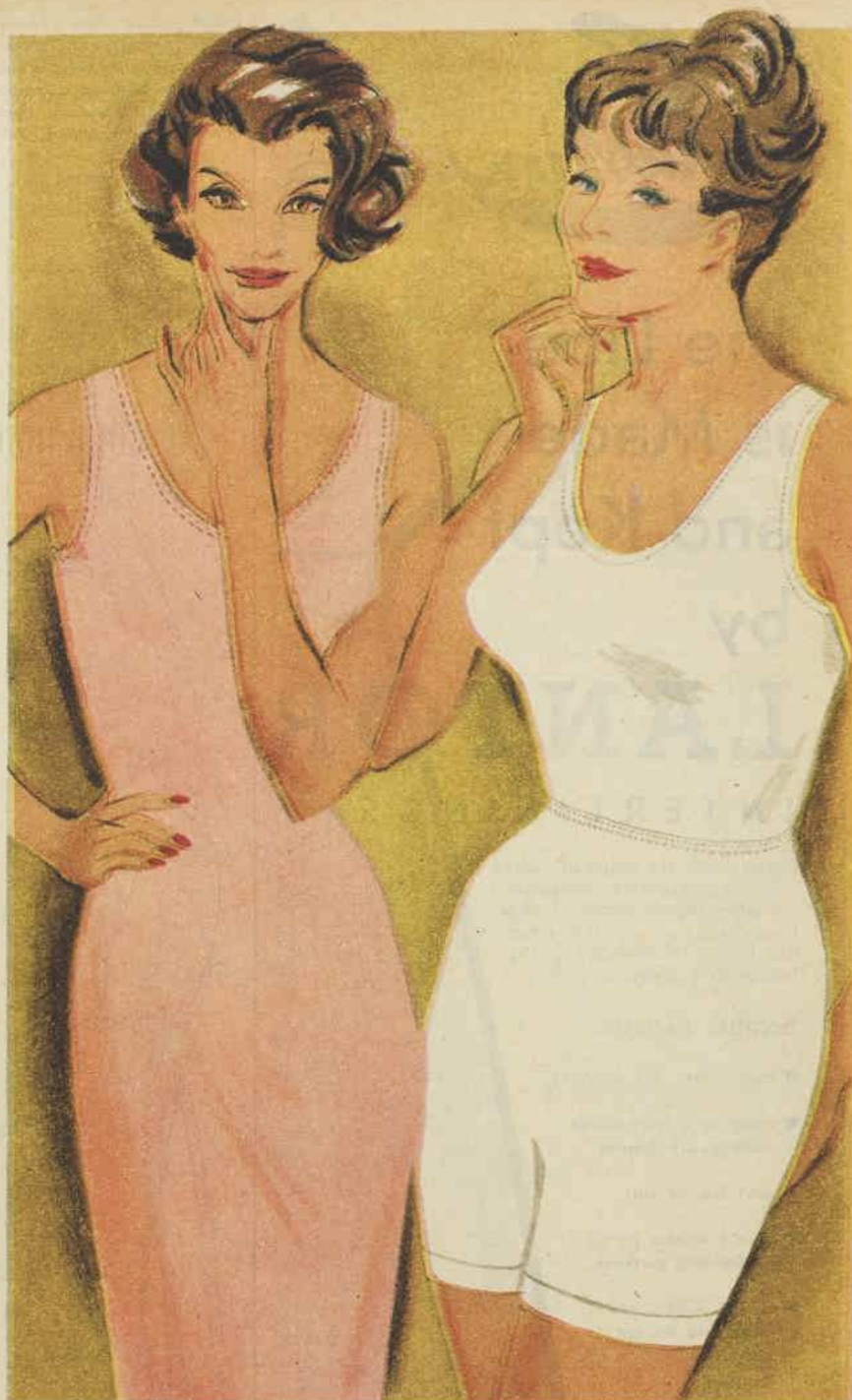
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Lightweight cotton from

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F4869.—Smart, slightly bloused top is trimmed with contrasting material; the skirt is slim. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 36in. material; 1½yds. 36in. contrast material. Price 4/-.

Fashion PATTERNS

• Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 65 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 484, G.P.O. Sydney). Tasmanian orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O. Hobart; New Zealand readers send money orders only direct to Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 65 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



F4884.—Sheath dress becomes a two-part chemise with the addition of a back-buttoning jacket. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material for the dress, plus 1½yds. 36in. material for the jacket. Price 4/6.

F4920.—Blouson-style suit is bow-trimmed. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/-.

F4921.—Pretty princess-line dress has a gathered back panel on the skirt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5½yds. 36in. material, 1½yds. ribbon. Price 4/-.

F4922.—Chemise suit has back interest in pleats and half-belt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/-.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 760.—TENNIS DRESS

Princess-line tennis dress is obtainable cut out ready to make in drip-dry no-iron white poplin, or white pique. Sizes: 32 to 34in. bust, 33/9; 36 to 38in. bust, 36/3. Postage and registration 2/9 extra.

No. 761.—DUCHESS SET

Heart-shaped duchesse set is obtainable clearly traced ready to embroider on white and cream Irish linen; on sheer linen in blue, pink, lemon, and green; or Swiss organdie in white, blue, lemon, pink, and green. The ecru lace edging is supplied. Sizes: Centre mat, 8in. by 17in., small mat, 8in. by 8in. For the complete set, 8/11. Postage 1/6 extra.

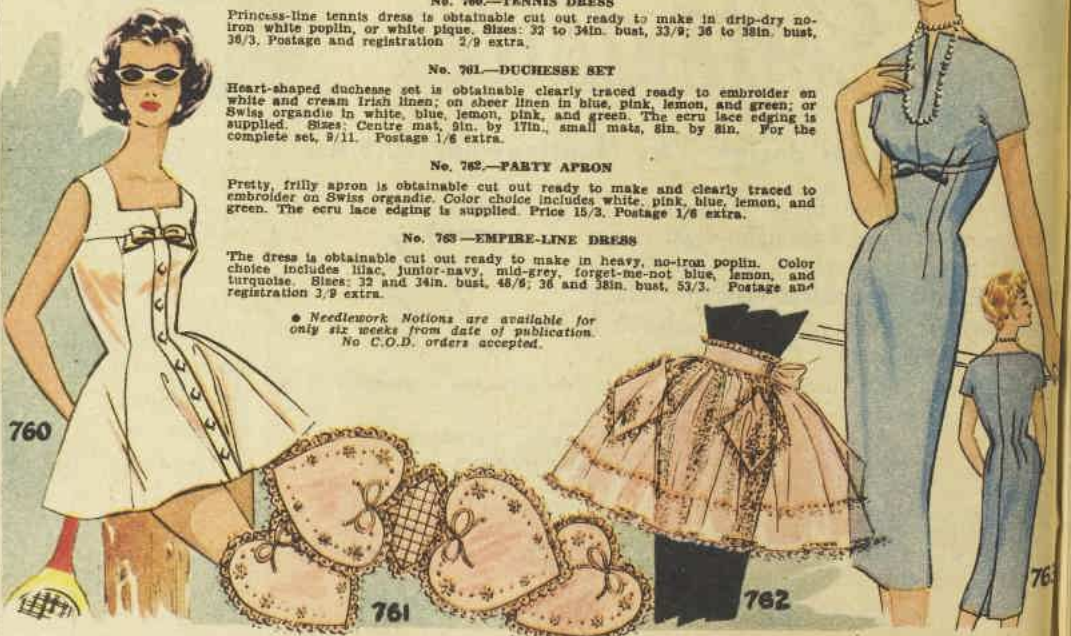
No. 762.—PARTY APRON

Pretty, frilly apron is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider on Swiss organdie. Color choice includes white, pink, blue, lemon, and green. The ecru lace edging is supplied. Price 15/3. Postage 1/6 extra.

No. 763.—EMPIRE-LINE DRESS

The dress is obtainable cut out ready to make in heavy, no-iron poplin. Color choice includes lilac, junior-navy, mid-grey, forget-me-not blue, lemon, and turquoise. Sizes: 32 and 34in. bust, 48/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 53/3. Postage and registration 3/9 extra.

• Needlework Notions are available for only six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 13,

Continuing . . . The Ispahan Rug

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the amulet from him as if it were unclean.

"Take it, Hussein. I cannot look on it. Speak not of this to anyone. Henceforth Abdul Latif is as one dead."

"It shall be as you wish, Master," he answered sorrowfully, and quietly left the room.

Lahore, thought Abdul Latif, was not as fine as he had hoped. True, he had started well and he was free—free to do as he liked. His work was boring, but it provided money, and he needed money now that he had dissipated his grandfather's parting gift . . . Possibly when he knew more about the racing here he would be luckier—but could he hope for luck since he had lost his amulet? His hand went to his bare throat. He wondered again where he had lost it—on that accursed night when he had stolen the rug.

The rug! Three times already had he tried to sell it; he must take greater care, for reputable dealers knew his grandfather and would recognise the rug—might recognise him, too, in spite of his assumed name! But he was desperate. He must try again.

Some smaller shop, and in a meaner street—perhaps its owner would not be so scrupulous.

There was an avaricious gleam in the eyes of Feroze Shah behind their gold-rimmed spectacles. Allah was good! Here was the rug of which he had dreamed—stolen undoubtedly, since Abdul Ghani would never willingly part with such a treasure.

He looked keenly at Abdul Latif—the cheap crumpled suit, the dirty shirt, the broken shoes. "Your name is Noor Mohammed, you say?"

"Yes."

"And you come from Rawalpindi? Strange that a rug such as this should be in the possession of one such as you."

"I bought it from a man—" began Latif.

"Enough," Feroze Shah raised his hand. "Spare me your story. I will give you five hundred rupees for this rug."

"Five hundred!" blustered Latif. "Robber! It is worth five thousand—and well you know it."

"Robber?" Feroze Shah leant suddenly forward. His black eyes were blazing. "You dare to call me a robber!"

Latif was silent.

"I take a risk in buying this

rug at all—as you well know. Here is the money. Take it—or take your rug and go!"

Latif, full of impotent rage, seized the notes and hurried from the shop. He looked with hatred at the money as he stuffed it in his pocket. "Five hundred," he muttered, as he threaded his way through the crowded streets, "only five hundred! So little is the price of shame."

He shrugged the thought aside. "But then, who knows, it still may bring me luck."

And from that time his luck did change—and five hundred rupees became enough to give him all that he had sought from life—with money in the bank as well . . .

Strange, thought Abdul Latif, that he did not feel happier. Something was always behind his mind. Even as the dice fell, or the right horse won. It was always there—a bare white wall—and an old man, sitting alone. The feeling grew; possessed him, until one day he found himself before the shop where he had sold the rug.

Feroze Shah looked at him curiously.

"So, Noor Mohammed of Rawalpindi, I see you have prospered since we last met."

"Fortune has been with me," muttered Latif. "Have you sold the rug?" He tried to conceal his anxiety.

Feroze Shah laughed. "No, I keep it now to gaze upon." He gestured to a doorway behind him. "I have an appreciation for fine work."

"I would buy it back again, for twice the price you gave me."

"The rug is not for sale," mocked Feroze Shah.

His grandfather's words! Latif swallowed his anger with an effort. He must keep calm.

The hopeless task continued—the price rose slowly.

"I will give you two thousand rupees," Latif said desperately at last, "four times as much as you paid me for it—two thousand—it is all I have."

"What? Only two? Yet you yourself said it was worth five thousand, did you not? No, no. The rug is not for sale." He turned away as if to end the argument.

Latif put out a detaining hand. "I see that I must tell you the true story. My name is not Noor Mohammed," he bit his lip, his eyes downcast. "I

am Abdul Latif—the grandson of Abdul Ghani. I stole his rug before I left Peshawar—and I am greatly ashamed."

"So, you are Abdul Ghani's grandson?" Feroze Shah said thoughtfully.

"Yes, and for this reason I implore you to sell it back to me. I must restore it to my grandfather—he prized it greatly." Latif's voice faltered as he looked at that expressionless face.

"No," Feroze Shah's voice was hard. "The rug is now mine—and it is worth much money. I care not whence it came—and since you lied to me before, why should I believe you now?"

Latif, with despair and hatred in his heart, walked quickly from the shop.

But he returned. It was dark and still as Latif edged quietly into the alley behind Feroze Shah's shop later that night. He stopped in a doorway and listened. No sound, except the distant, coughing cries of chowkidars, and the rapid beating of his own heart.

He crept on quietly, not seeing the deeper shadow in a doorway, as he approached the windows at the back of the shop. He slipped his hand into his pocket to feel again the thick envelope. He looked around him fearfully, then, reassured, started to work quietly on the window fastenings.

The deeper shadow drew closer. There was the sound of a blow—a muffled cry—then silence . . .

Feroze Shah looked down at the crumpled figure in the dim light of the hurricane lamp. He bent and felt the pulseless wrist, then gently touched the head. His hand was wet.

The chowkidar was plucking at his sleeve, "Master, is he—?"

"He is dead!" said Feroze Shah savagely, seizing a corner of the dirty cloth that swathed the chowkidar and wiping his fingers. "Fool! You shall answer for this—"

"Master," the man had dropped his staff and put his hands together in supplication, "I did not mean to strike so hard," he wailed, "I was but protecting your honor's goods, for which I am employed. When I saw the thief opening the window I struck with my lathi." He indicated the heavy bamboo staff, bound with wire at one end.

Feroze Shah was not listening. He remained irremediable,

To page 50

you are looking at the beginning of the end of a cold!



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one or two drinks too many. "And too often," Miss Meakin scolded. "If you come before us again . . ."

She was a typical schoolmistress, Rumbold thought. She couldn't resist a lecture, though she knew nothing about old schoolers' one too many.

Next came a case of common assault, one neighbor admitting throwing a bowl of soapy water over another, but cross-summoning for a prod in the ribs with a clothes prop. They slanged one another until Rumbold lost patience and muttered to the chair to cut it short by binding both over to keep the peace.

"It's better for them to let off steam here than over the garden fence," Miss Meakin observed. "Besides, it's a difficult case—one of them had a chimney on fire."

Rumbold didn't see what that had to do with it. He said so, and received a pitying glance. "The other had a line out," Miss Meakin murmured. "Black smuts on the wash. Provocation."

She continued to hear the case at length, and in the end she dismissed both summonses without even consulting him. "A short list today," she said brightly.

But then Fenner popped up again. "One application," he told them. "A girl of nineteen seeks permission to marry. The father objects."

"And the mother?" asked Miss Meakin.

"She's in favor, but if one parent opposes consent has to be obtained."

Rumbold approved of that. His experience as a bachelor told him that fathers were generally prepared to part with their daughters unless there was some serious obstacle. It was the mothers who wanted to hang on in the hope that the market improved.

Continuing . . . Permission to Marry

from page 19

There wasn't a doubt that Eileen Meakin, champion of lovers' lanes, would side with mother and daughter, but he was prepared to be as impartial as ever, apart from a bias towards paternal authority. Men knew what they were doing. If the father objected the case was as good as over.

The girl was small and dark, with frightened blue eyes. She had her young man with her—a sturdy chap, rather pale, ready to be defiant. They stood close together, holding hands, and Rumbold couldn't help thinking what a touching picture they made.

This was no time for sentiment, though. The father was saying they hadn't any money saved or a place to live in. The girl, he added, was needed at home to look after her invalid mother.

They should wait, Rumbold decided. Young love was delightful, but marriage needed solid foundations, like the summerhouse he was having built as a garden study. He glanced at Ashburton, whose walrus moustache was also giving the thumbs-down.

But Eileen Meakin was talking, as usual.

"There seems to be no reason why you young people can't wait eighteen months, when you'll be able to do as you like."

"But, Miss, Harry has the offer of a wonderful job in the Midlands," the girl said eagerly. "If he could take me to look after him we'd save more than if I stayed at home. And we don't want to be parted. I can't bear the thought of him going to a strange town alone."

"Absence is supposed to make the heart grow fonder," said Eileen Meakin, smiling.

As a literary man, Rumbold

disliked tags. It dawned on him that he had been wrong. In spite of her lovers' lane Eileen Meakin was against young love, no doubt because she was a middle-aged spinster whom romance had by-passed while she was busy meddling in the affairs of others.

He shifted ground a little. It didn't do to be too hasty, and as a novelist he favored happy endings wherever possible. On looking at the father more closely he wasn't impressed. The man's eyes were too small, his mouth too tight.

"We'll hear what the young man has to say," he suggested.

Miss Meakin frowned. "If you insist . . ."

The young man said he was a carpenter, able to earn good money when not stood off, but the building trade was seasonal, which was why he was transferring to furniture.

"But you haven't anything saved?" Miss Meakin made it sound like a crime.

"I've only been out of the army two months, Miss. We'll have enough to keep us."

"With nowhere to live?"

"We'll find somewhere. We don't expect everything served on a plate."

A worthwhile youngster, in these days when they were spoon fed. Rumbold's heart warmed to him. Carpenters were the salt of the earth. He had two in his garden, building his summerhouse, when they weren't sharing a bottle of pale ale with him.

His instinct told him these lovers would build together like birds in a tree. But Miss Meakin had whispered to George Ashburton and was

now looking at him with "Application refused" trembling on her lips.

"Let's retire and talk it over," he said.

Miss Meakin looked annoyed, but old Ashburton kept a bottle of sherry in the justice's room and had risen with alacrity.

They refused his offer of a glass.

"Shouldn't we let them get on with it and learn to make their own mistakes?" Rumbold asked reasonably. "The father struck me as a type who'd keep the girl tied to chores he could pay to have done. The



big thing is that the mother wants them to marry."

"Talked into it," rumbled Ashburton.

"Or too unselfish, like most mothers," amended Miss Meakin. "As an invalid she may see herself as a millstone round the girl's neck, but children have a duty."

"So have parents," argued Rumbold. "That boy will make a fine husband, if he isn't left on the loose for a year and a half in a strange town."

"It might give the girl a chance to change her mind, Mr. Rumbold. What can she know about love, at nineteen?"

"At what age does one know?" Rumbold retorted. "Are you or I in any position to enlighten her—or to generalize? There's no serious impediment to the marriage as far as I can see."

"You've never been able to see very far, and short-sight on the bench can be very harmful."

"That's intolerably rude."

Ashburton butted in. "You rather asked for it, Hugh, telling a woman she doesn't know anything about love. They are all experts, bless 'em, and I'm inclined to rely on Miss Meakin's judgment."

"You have three married daughters," Rumbold reminded him. "Did you stand in their way?"

"The youngest was thirty before I got her off my hands," Ashburton said. "These applications are deuced tricky. When there's something to be said for both sides, it's wise to play safe."

"So far we've heard mostly Miss Meakin's side."

"That's strange," she flashed, "because I would have said your voice was by far the louder. I've noticed it before when you can't have your own way."

The unfairness of this attack shook him. "Woman's logic!" he complained bitterly to Ashburton. "Cross them, and they become personal. I'm here to do my duty as a magistrate."

"You'd have sided with the father," Miss Meakin accused, "if I'd been for them. You're opposing me because I poured cold water on your absurd idea

of putting a children's playground in the old people's rest garden."

"You'd put it in the park?" Rumbold cried. "Across the main road. Of all the crazy . . .!"

Ashburton put his glass down with a bang. "I've never heard anything like this, outside a husband and wife assault case," he declared. "For five years, to my knowledge, you two have been hard at it. Why don't you get married? Then I'd grant a judicial separation that would keep you apart and give us some peace."

They were stunned into silence. Rumbold couldn't have been more shocked. This was appalling. The constable outside the door would spread the news

had it coming to you. But it was touch and go, in court."

"We had our fingers crossed, sir, but we weren't worried. Renee's one of Miss Meakin's old girls."

"Old girls?" Rumbold was mystified.

"Renee left school four years ago," the young carpenter explained. "But Miss Meakin keeps in touch with the old girls and she told Renee it would be all right."

Rumbold retired to his study. It didn't make sense. If Eileen Meakin knew the girl—and it was wrong of her to adjudicate if she did—why had she opposed the application? If there was any serious objection she wouldn't have changed her mind, so the whole business was decidedly fishy.

Confound the woman! She kept coming between him and the next chapter of his book, so he studied the council minutes instead and saw that a third site had been mooted for the children's playground—the practice green of the municipal golf course. He visualised the slaughter of the innocents by sliced drives from the first tee.

This was where he and Eileen Meakin must pull together again. It would also be an opportunity to settle the other matter . . .

She was in her garden, destroying an ants' nest. In a large sun hat, a cotton frock, and outside gardening gloves, she made him think what a pity it was such an attractive woman should spend so much energy obliterating the work of others.

"Oh, Mr. Rumbold . . ." She flushed, and he thought he detected a note of guilt. "What brings you?"

"I didn't know you were a friend of the bride," he said bluntly.

She looked down at the ants. "They always appear at this time of the year," she sighed. "I can't get rid of them . . ."

"Or me, until you answer a question. Why did you oppose the application?"

She hesitated. "Because I knew you'd have opposed it if I'd supported it," she confessed. "With Mr. Ashburton you'd have been two to one, so I had to lay it on thick, to get you rattled. I'm—very sorry."

"You aren't," he said angrily. "It was most unethical and unjust. You make me sound a stupid, prejudiced, crabby old fool . . ."

"I've said I'm sorry," she whispered. "You're rather a dear, but for five years we've enjoyed ourselves, striking sparks off each other and . . . I didn't want the young people to suffer. They're so much in love. Please forgive me."

Rumbold didn't know whether he should. He took a turn round the lawn, and came face to face with her again. That was a mistake. She was smiling at him.

"It's time we were friends, Hugh," she said. "Stay to lunch."

"I don't want to be friends with you," he snapped back automatically. "That is, I . . ."

He stopped short. Then he said: "Oh, Eileen, I'm such a bad-tempered old boor. You can't possibly want me to . . ."

She was still smiling. His voice trailed away.

"Now, Mr. Rumbold," she said briskly, "don't try to tell me what I want or don't want. I won't be dictated to."

She took his arm. And Rumbold, as he suffered himself to be led towards the house, remembered that absurd remark of old Ashburton's: Why don't you get married?

Suddenly, surprisingly, it didn't seem nearly so absurd.

(Copyright)

Continuing . . . The Ispahan Rug

from page 49

thinking. Then he seized the chowkidar's shoulder and propelled him towards the mouth of the alley.

"Run—run to the police. Tell them what has happened—bring them here, and I will speak on your behalf."

The man blundered off, unwillingly, into the darkness.

Feroze Shah remained quite still, deep in thought, then bent again over the body. He saw the knife, fallen near the window, then, searching the clothing, quickly found the bulky envelope, and by the pale light of the lantern read the words: "To Feroze Shah. Here is two thousand rupees. I have taken the rug to make restitution."

The still, young face which in life had looked so weak now strangely had the look of Abdul Ghani.

Feroze Shah quickly searched again—nothing. No names, no marks upon the clothing. He put the envelope in his pocket and got slowly to his feet . . .

"You say that you had seen this youth before?" The police-sergeant was seated at a table in Feroze Shah's shop.

"Yes. Not long ago I bought a rug from him. It was of no account, but he seemed in need of money."

"Where do you keep your money?"

"When I have any," Feroze Shah shrugged elaborately, "it is in my safe upstairs—but then perhaps he thought that it was here."

"His name?"

"Noor Mohammed of Rawalpindi, he told me. More I know not." Feroze Shah's face was impassive. "My chowkidar was only doing his duty. I hope there will be no trouble for him?"

"I think he will be praised for his watchfulness; but he should carry a lighter staff!"

Feroze Shah sighed with relief as the police-sergeant and his men departed. He went slowly into the back room. His hand held Latif's envelope—he looked unseeing at the rug, rolled with others in a corner. He had the rug, but had no cause for pride or happiness—and now, blood had been spilt.

Feroze Shah did not sleep at all that night, but when he rose his mind was clear—he knew what he must do.

Hussein parted the curtains. "Master; that dealer of Lahore, Feroze Shah, who came here once before, asks that he may speak with you."

"I liked him not—but bid him enter."

Hussein hesitated. "Master, he says he must have speech with you beyond these walls."

Grumbling, Abdul Ghani got unwillingly to his feet and walked to the front of the shop.

Feroze Shah was standing by a tonga, a vehicle of size, outside the shop.

"Well," rumbled Abdul Ghani, "what is your business with me?"

With a sudden movement, and without a word, Feroze Shah reached into the back of the tonga, pulled out a rug and unrolled it swiftly in front of Abdul Ghani.

The old man recoiled, putting out a hand to steady himself. The weakness quickly passed and, stooping, Abdul Ghani seized the rug and flung it in the dust.

"That!" he said thickly. "I know how it came into your possession. Take it, and go whence you came—I never want to see the price of shame again!"

"Peace, Abdul Ghani," Feroze Shah came closer. "The rug is yours—your grandson made full restitution. He made restitution with his life," he went on gently, "which he lost in trying to get the rug back from me. He offered all he had—his one wish was to give it back to you. Come, let us talk in private, you shall hear my story."

Abdul Ghani turned, without a word, and led the way into the back room.

The rug, glowing like a jewel in the sunlight, lay forgotten in the dust . . .

Sometime later Feroze Shah drove slowly away. He sighed deeply. Well, he had the two thousand rupees and his mind was at rest; but where would he ever see a rug like that again?

The old man sat alone in the small room behind his shop. The shop was full of shadows, but the last rays of the setting sun shone softly on the Ispahan rug, once more hanging on the wall.

The sands run out, he thought. I have not long to stay. The rug will soothe my loneliness, and gladden my sore heart until I sleep. Then it shall be placed in the great Mosque and so fulfil its destiny—for it was made unto the glory of Allah, from whom all perfection comes; and unto Him it shall return.

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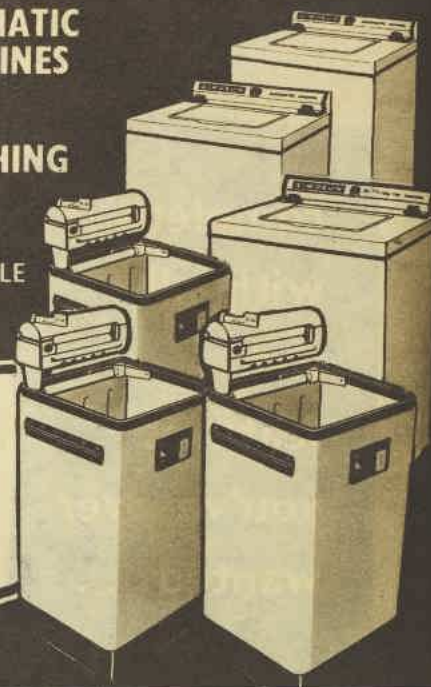


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P.168 WWWW

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 13, 1958

green-eyed ferocity it never occurred to me that he might have been referring to Liane. He did not address me again until we hit the snow block 12 miles farther on. Then he said, "We'll have to stay the night somewhere."

We put up at a granite-faceted inn. It was narrow and deeply unwelcoming. It shot up from the fluff of snow on the ground like an iron-souled puritan stepping out of swans-down. Lead handed me a suitcase. "Annie's. We both keep one packed in the boot in case of something like this."

Mine contained an astounding flannelette nightdress, four handkerchiefs, and a bottle of patent medicine.

I was too numbed with self-mortification and ordinary cold to do anything but wish him good night and scuttle up to my room.

He followed me up with a cup of hot milk. "I dug this out of the management. You look about done in. I've gingered it up from my flask."

He laughed when I sat up in bed to take it. "I'm awfully sorry. It's that Annie affair. You look a riot in it."

I went under the bedclothes immediately. I had no wish to be seen in that flannelette joke. That cold little room is quite etched on my memory. There was a pink paper fan in the fireplace that crackled in the wind. The snow flung itself against the window-panes and the wallpaper was a busy little jumble of faded roses. The room seemed to shrink away from Lead. He was far too big for it.

The bed squeaked in maidenly protest as he sat on it. He was shy when he looked at me. "I'd better be brief about this or the Welsh'll think I'm up to no good. But I'd like a last word on this Berry subject. It's just possible that you jumped to the wrong conclusions and even if you hadn't I'm afraid I can't stand interference."

"I can appreciate that." "Right. Well, that's settled. Good night." "Good night."

We found her in Gatehouse of Fleet. She had hitch-hiked in lorries and private cars. Lead was right—she was making her way to Stranraer, and Edwards was right. She scared me. At first she pretended not to recognise Lead. He reasoned with her gently, patiently reminding her who he was. I sat in numb embarrassment, conscious of the eyes of the other occupants in the little quiet lounge. They obviously believed they had summed up the situation. But they thought Liane was an ordinary runaway wife. Lead had brought her an extra coat. She was far too thinly clad. She refused to admit her name was Stewart. She called herself "Miss Liane Ferris."

It was an uncanny, grueling business, and my heart was turning over for Lead. I longed to slap that unknowing stare from her face, longed to force her to acknowledge him and spare him the humiliation of sitting there pitifully trying to humor her into remembering their love for each other.

When she went upstairs to pack, and Lead made me go with her, I did slap her. I imagined she knew who he was all the time. It was then that she frightened me so much. There was a curious blankness stretched over her face. She might have been quietly sleeping behind her open eyes. She made no reference to the fact that I had hit her. I had not even displaced her serenity. She just said to me, "Help me, please, I don't want to go home to my husband. He keeps trying to stop me from going back to Talla."

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"But Liane, what would you do when you got there? Your father's not there, you'd find nothing the same. We just can't go backwards in life when we like. You can't turn into a child again."

"I wasn't a child when I left," she said. "I was nearly grown up. Sixteen."

I was immediately struck by this piece of inaccuracy. I thought it very significant. She was not quite fourteen when she moved from Talla. It was in Dublin she came across Lead. I felt then that I saw into her mind. She resented Lead's control of her, and in her refusal to accept movement of time she had confused their first meeting.

She thought it was Lead who had deprived her of Talla. In these lapses of memory she believed that by marrying him she had put an end to the life that she loved. She had forgotten that it was Patrick Ferris who brought it to an end. She had misplaced the time in between. That's why the father could still stand for Talla and why she felt if she could once get away from Shap Hundred she'd be sure to find Talla again. The enemy was Lead.

I felt it a bitter injustice. I thought what I wanted to say to her, "Can't you see when you're lucky, you ungrateful little fool? Lead does everything for you. It's due to him that you've got any freedom at all. Nobody else would put up with you. Go back to your wretched shepherd's hut, go back to your drunken sot of a father—go back to being a half-witted urchin again and see how much freedom you get. It's not you who is imprisoned, it's Lead! It's Lead!"

Then I allowed myself a fiercely satisfying picture. I put my hands mentally round her neck. I shook her until I felt her weight drop away and she lay on the ground like a pale golden butterfly. She changed to a butterfly inside my head and I stamped on her, trod her into the ground until there wasn't a trace of her left. "There are your wings," I screamed, "there are your wings!"

I could feel sweat at the sides of my mouth and my eyes. My arms felt as if they had strangled her, aching and throbbing. Every bone in my body appeared to throb. I was more frightened then of myself than Liane.

I managed to salvage some form of control and took her down to Lead.

I have wondered since whether something in that strange little world she escaped to in her head warned her that life might be short for her, which might have been why she fought so hard to live it as she pleased.

But I seemed to have broken the dream. She came to, not unlike someone waking. Her eyes suddenly widened. Her voice was quite reproachful: "I thought you said you'd look out for the signs."

I began to stammer something, but she bent down and kissed his cheek, and actually laughed. "Extra lessons, I suppose, to make up for all this."

"A hundred lines at least," he replied. I felt utterly lost and left outside. I was astonished at the cheerful intimacy they had so speedily regained. She went to sleep in the back of the car. The strain had gone from Lead Stewart's face, he was humming at the wheel. He turned round to reassure me. "You mustn't mind too much. It's only a question of patience. She really is greatly improved. This sort of thing is happening less and less."

I longed to tell him that I minded only for him. But sympathy would be as fatal as criticism.

I took a look back at Liane's brittle beauty. I was seeing it as a trap for Lead. I could

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understand the effect its first impact must have had upon him. I romanticised their meeting; her mind with its refreshing directness would strike him as nothing but stable and keen. He would have been infatuated with her and married before he found out. And the father, who wrote with such beauty, would have kept quiet and blackmailed him afterwards.

I said, "How wicked of Patrick Ferris not to tell you."

Lead's eyebrows rose. "He did."

"But you said at the time of the accident you still hadn't quite grasped how things were."

"At the time it was true that I hadn't. She was nineteen at the time of the crash. She knocked herself out—not seriously—but he wasn't even scratched. When she went to hospital he deserted her, refused point blank to have anything more to do with her. He was scared out of his seedy wits for the paltry little life

Liane was too sleepy to go into a hotel and could not be left in the car. Lead told me she was always exhausted after "excursions" of that sort. She slept, and slept, and slept.

He got out of the car and bought sandwiches. Liane ate two whole rounds and then curled down to sleep again.

I remember him putting his head back tired about the mouth. "Harriet, where do you think this is all going to end?" His defences were down in his eyes as well.

I slipped an arm behind his neck and cradled it, and I kissed the side of his head. "Well, we'll do what you said. We'll just go on trying as that's what you've promised to do. Perhaps if we make her extra happy she might forget in time. Why don't you snatch a few moments' rest?"

He turned his face into my arm.

"My dear, what on earth should I do without you? You

"We had nothing of the sort." "Got off in the car, didn't she? Pity she didn't do herself in—it would have been a merciful release."

"It rather depends on one's idea of what mercy consists of. Mr. Edwards; Major Stewart's devoted to her."

"Couldn't you even that up a bit? Now don't act daft—" I was pulling my sleeve away from his grasp. "What's his life going to be? I ask you! Don't let him kid you. She's not going to get any better. She gets away with it now when she's young and pretty—people don't mind what she says and does—but you wait till she gets a bit older. She'll turn into one of those crazy old hags and it won't be so easy then."

I smiled over brightly at the postmistress. I fancied I saw her leaning forward. Edwards still kept a hold on my sleeve. "I reckon you're the sort he needs."

"He needs, Mr. Edwards, to be left to manage his own affairs, and for his so-called friends to stop making things worse for him."

He let me go at that. How was I to conceive that from odious Edwards my sole source of comfort would stem?

I don't think I should ever have consciously tried to supplant Liane. But I did try to take over from the woman McEwan. I must have shed every vestige of dignity.

It was Wednesday, of course. He was just going out. I stopped him on his way through the hall. "Might I have a word with you, please?"

He was quite unsuspecting. "Sure."

We went back into the morning-room and I stood in front of the fire. I felt prim in my little grey dress.

"Well," he inquired, "what is it?"

"Are you—are you going to visit your friend?" He was wary at once. He said, "Yes."

"Well," I lifted my head and looked straight at him. "I imagine you've grasped that I love you."

I suppose he was glad of any excuse to turn the thing into a joke. He made fun of the tone of my voice and the word I used—"grasped."

"My dear girl, you've the quaintest turn of phrase, you sound absolutely archaic at times."

I snapped, "I don't feel archaic now."

He was solemn at once. "No, I'm sure you don't."

"I wouldn't try to step into Liane's shoes, but—but—this woman, how much does she love you?"

"Not at all."

His cigarette-case came out. I shook my head when he offered it to me.

"Well, then, how much do you love her?"

"Not at all!" He lit up and smiled at me over the smoke.

"That's why our 'friendship's' so idyllic. No strings and no scenes—no emotions involved."

I put myself in front of him. "Wouldn't it be better to have someone who loves you?"

He said, "No, my dear, certainly not."

"Please let me be what she is—oh! I'm not used to telling people I love them—!"

"I'm a little relieved to hear that."

"It won't help to make fun of me, I only wish it would. I've done everything I can to fight it off, but if this wretched woman means nothing to you, for heaven's sake let me take her place. Oh! Lead, I want you so much."

The nightmares came true then. I forced myself into his arms. The hands I had managed to control before rebelled against me horribly. They clutched at him, pummelled him, tried to pull him towards me. "You pay her! You pay

her!" I shouted against him, "You pay her for what I long to give."

He was none too gentle disentangling himself.

"As you suspect me of having 'immoral relations' with Berry, do I take it you're offering to be my mistress?"

I said "Yes" and was suburban enough to wonder what Father would have thought.

The snow had sneaked up on the window-sills as if it were trying to press into the room. Lead seemed to take a great interest in it. "You know, there's an enormous advantage in no scenes, no emotions, no strings."

Annie came in and peered at my shoes. "Harriet, dear, are your feet wet?"

To my utter devastation, Lead informed her, "Annie, this child's just offered to be my mistress." I suppose he wanted to teach me a lesson I shouldn't forget.

Annie smiled vaguely in my direction. "Lead, don't be so naughty, I'm sure she didn't." Then she fussed with the fire and went out.

He picked up his gloves and opened the door. "Dear Annie! she never takes anything in. Well, I hope that's put it in its right perspective. I didn't hear you, either."

But the following Wednesday he didn't visit the woman McEwan. Nor the Wednesday after that. He presented himself at the door of my room instead and we talked about Liane.

It started with every Wednesday and then it came to be every day. It was soon quite a ritual with us. Annie without any comment had my fire lit every night at six. Our excuse to ourselves was that we were able to talk with more privacy and without the interruption we should have had downstairs. We were together again in our plans for Liane.

My room ceased to feel so unbending towards me. It took on a semblance of home. Lead's tobacco smoke stayed in the air and he began to leave small possessions about, pipes on the chimney piece, pencils and boxes of matches down the sides of the chairs, and letters stuffed into my bureau. "Did I leave that letter from Stevens up here? You know the one about the fertiliser. I was showing it to you last night."

We sat smiling and relaxed with each other and our love seemed to grow like a sturdy child between us. At least so I thought.

He was particularly pleased with me over Liane. I had nipped two of her "trips" in the bud. I had recognised the signs. There was a slight puzzled frown, and a rift in her serenity, and doubts seemed to creep into her mind. It was rebellion against Lead's authority. That's what it stemmed from. I'm certain of that: a mounting resentment against his schooling.

"I don't see the good of those lessons I have. Lead keeps drumming it into me how important it is to learn things and catch up with everyone—but Annie's nearly sixty-two and she's forgotten all she ever learned. And look at the vicar! He's supposed to be such a brilliant man, but he keeps losing the thread of his sermons, and even when he's talking to you he forgets what he's going to say. What's the good of all those Oxford degrees and things when you can't even remember people's names? He called me Mrs. Pollitt this morning."

She mimicked the vicar perfectly. Raising an imaginary hat she gave me an amiable, vacant smile. One could see him so clearly, hurrying by, wrapped in his own thoughts and completely distraught. "I may be dotty in bits," she complained, "but it strikes me

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that cleverer people are dotty all the time."

I said crisply, "I've told you before, Liane, that you're probably saner than the whole pack of us put together, but you just have sort of gaps in your memory, though I think we are beating them now."

The next morning she gave me the slip. I caught up with her at the crossroads. She had waved down a woman in a car. But before she could get into the car I called to her, "Liane, come back here at once." She hesitated only for a moment. Then she excused herself to the puzzled driver and came running back to me. "Sorry, I wasn't thinking."

"Liane, will you promise me something? Whenever you feel that you want to go off . . . I mean, you must have realised you were stopping someone and asking for a lift just now and going to run away—will you promise to ask me first? Just think, I must tell Harriet when I want to run off to Talla—I must ask Harriet's permission first."

"All right," she agreed, "I will." She never broke that promise to me. How I wish she had! She kept it a week after she made it.

"I was out feeding Annie's personal chickens, because a cold kept her from leaving the house. I had careful instructions to remember their names and to talk to them cheerfully all the time. In Annie's big boots I lumbered across to them, hitting my hand on the side of the pail. 'Come on, Sarah, come on, Helen, Crystal, Maudie, Kate! Good girls! Worthy girls! Sarah! Maudie! Kate! Kate! Kate!' The wind was cold and I had Annie's knitted scarf round my head. The hens came streaming after me, batting their wings."

When I saw Liane I dropped the pail. She had no coat and nothing on her head and she was wearing frail, pencil-heeled shoes. This also was one of the signs. She never made any preparations for a "trip." She went out in whatever she happened to have on when the notion possessed her. The hens leapt on the edge of the pail, jostling each other and squawking with greed.

I ran across to Liane. The blank expression was taking over her face. Her voice didn't seem to fit her and the words she spoke were mine, repeated verbatim, as they must have sunk into her mind.

"I must tell Harriet when I want to run off to Talla. I must ask Harriet's permission first."

I put my arm about her quickly and took her back into the house. I gave her a cigarette and sat opposite her. "No, Liane, you mustn't go," I stared at her intently a moment, but she sat back quite peacefully. "You won't try to go, will you?" I asked her. She shook a solemn head. Then I asked her questions, and I felt as if I was struggling to keep her awake. It reminded me of people fighting to save a life in the snow.

"What can you remember about the very last time you saw Talla?"

She closed her eyes, frowning a little. "I was wearing my old green dress."

"Can you remember anything else?"

"Yes. Father was drunk and he rolled down the last hill, but it didn't matter, the turf is quite soft at the bottom."

"What can you remember about the first time you met Lead?"

"I was racing round the streets on a bicycle I'd borrowed—I nearly knocked him down. He told me to look where I was going."

"Were you in that old green dress?"

"Oh, goodness no, I ripped that to bits scrambling down after Father."

"Then if you weren't still in that old green dress, the day you left Talla couldn't have been the day you first met Lead?"

She opened her eyes a little. "There wasn't much left of that old green dress."

"What happened after you bumped into Lead?"

"Father was out and I'd lost my key. So we trekked round and Lead dug him out of a bar. Lead thought he ought to have something to eat, but Father wasn't too keen on food."

"Did Lead make you have something to eat?"

"Yes, we had dinner at the Shelbourne, I think."

"Were you in that old green dress?"

"Oh, gracious, no, in my blue suit." She smiled at me then. "I hadn't many clothes, you see. I remember the colors well."

"Did you like Lead when you met him first?"

She nodded happily. "Yes, I must've done—I was so glad I was in that suit. It was fairly new, you see, and I thought I looked nice in it. I've forgotten who passed it on to me."

"How old would you have been when you wore the blue suit?"

"I don't know, about sixteen, I expect."

"And how old would you have been when you last put on the old green dress?"

"Oh, that must've been in the Talla days."

"How old were you when you moved from there?"

"Fourteen."

I left it at that and she went to sleep. When she woke up she was perfectly normal, and we had no more talk of the "trip."

I tested her out three days later. "Where was it you met Lead, at Talla?"

She shook her head, "Oh, no. I was older by then."

I tried it again at the end of the week. "I suppose it was Lead who took you away from Talla?"

"I didn't meet Lead till we lived at Dublin."

I was mentally crossing my fingers, praying it might last. If I could only keep dripping it into her, force her to sort it all out for herself, get her to realise that Talla was over and done with long before he came on the scene, I might remove that inner resentment of Lead that came out in her curious slips back into time.

It certainly seemed to be working. She was fine in those following weeks.

Lead was so grateful to me. When we sat by my fire in the evenings he sometimes took my hands, staring down at my nail varnish just as he scrutinised Liane's. Then he gave them a little happy slap upwards. "I'm beginning to breathe again. If she keeps to that promise to tell you, it might mean the end of her 'trips'."

He moved a Sheraton corner cupboard from the morning-room to mine. He kept glasses and a bottle of gin in there, and he brought in a fearful old gramophone. We danced to it once. It was the day he introduced a whole pile of new records and it was the evening Liane came in.

We were trying to waltz to a squeaky refrain. It was late and she was wearing her dressing-gown. She blocked her ears and said, "Heavens, I thought you were torturing the cat! I came along to rescue it!"

Lead went away from me immediately to take her in his arms. I watched their feet over the olive-green carpet. The bed had been pushed to the wall. Liane came and sat by me, laughing. "He's not much of a dancer, is he? He just gets a lift round the floor on your toes." Then she turned over one of the records and asked him, "Is that one of the ones you kept at Berry's?"

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"Yes, but she'd got the blessing of electricity. They don't sound so foul on a radiogram."

I sat back elated, because he had moved at least some of his possessions, however insignificant, to me.

Then I ran into him by the oak wood, at the start of the long green drive that ran up to the house. It was one of those days when the pale sun passing over dead bracken turns the line of the hills into desert sands. I was surprised to find so much to please me in January. I thought it an austere, leaden month. But the soft lovat greens and the orange of the lichens in the wall cracks, the jade spread of the moss over fallen branches, the berries still aglow in the holly trees, and the snow patches catching the sun enchanted me.

There's a strange filmy light that I love in Shropshire which is neither a mist nor a haze. It seems to settle down on the horizon, as if it were a length of fine gauze. Behind it the colors shine muted and soft.

No doubt my appreciation

"Shattering for you," Dick replied. I thought the tone was cold.

"Lead asked me if there was anything he could do for me, so I said, 'Yes. Take my friend Fay out to dinner.'"

Dick polished the glasses, not looking towards me.

"Fay's rather a dream in her way. I'd give a lot to see Lead and her together. I hope he won't indulge her love of noodles." Still Dick was silent. "She telephoned later. She was crazy about him. She called him a 'honey pot, honey pot boy,' and said—'I broke off when I recalled what she had said. 'She said, 'You must be as tough as old boots not to fall for him. I've chucked over Preston Warren myself.'"

Dick said, "You've been looking sickeningly pleased with yourself ever since you came back from that little jaunt with Lead, and frankly it doesn't suit you."

"You mean, when we went to fetch Liane back from—"

I smiled. I knew better, of course.

The odious Edwards came in. I was so happy in secret I was unusually cordial to him. He raised his glass to me, "Ere's 'ow. You're looking on top of the world today."

I said wickedly, "Mr. Coles has just been telling me how well I look."

"I said your expression revolted me."

Nothing could quash my sense of prosperity. I thought of my room at Shap Hundred, it grew quite precious to me. I could not bear to think of anything which might cause that room to change. The stiff little black grate was a particular treasure. I had no need to dread the fire getting low in it any more. It was no longer a signal for Lead to go.

Edwards responded to my warmth. "I've been wanting to have a chat with you. You think I'm a bit of a basket, don't you? But I'm very fond of the major in my way. He's done a lot for me . . . I ate to see him mucking his life up. I mean to say, it's daft."

For the first time I understood that Edwards' campaign against Liane was nothing to do with personal resentment. It was a grotesque form of gratitude to Lead. He could see in her nothing but increasing disaster.

"I mean to say, we're all daft in a way, but we hide it up. Hers is the sort that you can't hide up, and then how's it going to turn out for 'im? She's a downright danger when she gets off in a car. He can't keep an eye on her for ever. I say she should be shut up."

I could not help wincing at such terrible words.

"He'll never agree to that, and I'd fight to stop him if he did."

"You keep out of it," Dick advised. "It's nothing to do with you."

Edwards was keeping his voice low. His loyalty was not at fault. "Look, we don't gab outside, but that's only because we're his friends—soon enough someone will gab all right. That sort of thing's bound to leak out—and once they know she gets these turns, they'll force him to do something about her, if she can't be let out on a road. She'll end up completely bats."

"She'll do no such thing," Dick argued. "Plenty of people are speed mad—she'll just turn into one of those eccentric old beauties and trail about in a garden hat and make pointed remarks. In old age she won't be thought odd at all—she'll be thought 'very much all there' and amusing. It works like that with age!"

Why didn't I listen to Dick? Instead of having nightmare after nightmare on Edwards' theme.

Edwards almost spat at him in his misshapen loyalty towards Lead. "Yes, but what's he going to go through in between?"

"I dare say he thinks it's worth it in between."

It was an odd little echo of Liane's own explanation.

I said, "Well, I must be off."

Dick called after me, "My offer's still on." When I shook my head at the door he said, "Well, you've only got yourself to thank. You're being a fool."

There was a shock when I got home. Lead was not due to return until the day after and Annie had been in charge of Liane. She met me in the chilly, white-washed hall. "Harriet, something rather unfortunate's happened." I was used to Annie's understatement.

"Oh, Annie, you haven't let her get—" She put a finger to her lips and then pointed with it. I followed its line to the door. When I opened it I could see nothing wrong in the draw-

ing-room. Liane in her slacks sat with her feet curled under her talking to a small, rather drained-looking man.

She jumped up when she saw me. "Hallo, Harriet! This is my father, Patrick Ferris."

I simply stood there and stared. He was one of the biggest disappointments of my life.

In an odd shabby way he was neat. What there was of his hair was trimly cut, and he had none of the average drunkard's dishevelment. But he was completely without personality. His face might have represented a small, round nought. He had not even the colorful concession to his weakness of a red nose. He was weedy and bleak.

I thought him decidedly bogus. Even his Irishness seemed assured, and I suspected him of deliberate whimsiness.

I remembered horribly that Liane was supposed to believe him dead, and wondered what effect his appearance would have on her. I also remembered that he was paid to stay away. I glanced quickly at Liane. She seemed quite composed. It was she who explained his visit. "Father's run out of money and he's come to get some more out of Lead."

"Ah, that's a bold way to put it," he murmured.

"It's the truth," she said.

Annie came in to support me but stood numbly by my side. I could only think of one thing to do. "Liane, dear, go up to your room." I was certainly maintaining my hold on her. She got up at once and obeyed.

Then I tackled Patrick Ferris. To this man whose pure understanding of words had made me feel above my own body, I said, "How dare you come back here! Major Stewart's been paying you to make yourself scarce."

His smile was sly. "The girl's quite right, I need cash."

I wanted to cry out, "Oh! Please not! Please say you're somebody else." I remembered that crystalline, eerie precision with which he could sum up a thought.

"And isn't it a natural enough thing now, for a man to want to see his own girl in a while?"

"Not when it's a question of money."

"That's not a nice thing to say at all." I still retained the unpleasant suspicion that his brogue was very largely put on. "Wasn't it a wonderful time that I gave her in youth?"

"You let her run wild like a ragamuffin, you practically let her starve."

"Starve! When she tasted such sweetness! Hadn't she the food of the world in her eyes? Did you ever see a sunset from Talla?"

"There's no sweetness in squalor, Mr. Ferris—and the fact remains that your neglect of her was so appalling she's not fit to look after herself."

His small burned-out eyes seemed to turn in his head. "There are some who should die as little children. God has no plans for them further than that." He said it with lowered voice and sickening piety, and easy tears fell out of his eyes. He held out a shaking palm to me.

I said, "Annie, would you fetch my cheque book, please. You'll find it on my desk." I really considered him unsafe to be left in the room with the silver. I had been saving up my salary and I made my cheque out for twenty-five pounds. He scrutinised it carefully, and left without thanking me for it.

I pelted up the stairs to Liane. She was knitting. She looked up at me. "You must see that you get your money back." Then she gave me a reassuring smile. "It's all right. I never believed that I'd killed him. There'd have been some thing in the papers about it."

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He was quite well known in his way."

I sat down beside her and took her hand. "Lead only wanted to spare you, my dear, from seeing how much he had gone downhill."

She put her small head back and laughed. "He went downhill all right on the day we left Talla."

She let her knitting drop into her lap and drew a picture in the air of a man turning head over heels. "You see, there's quite an easy approach to the start of the real climb—but it's slippery in winter. It's the stones, they just skip away under you feet — and poor Father," she was half laughing as she spoke, "turned into a Japanese tumbler. I shouldn't have laughed, but, you see, it was one of his melancholy days. Mostly we didn't go in for those—he was up in the air and full of plans, it depended on what he drank . . . but that morning, it 'took him sad.' He turned round to me at the top and said, 'My girl, this is a drop in our fortunes. We'll never rise again!' Then he just missed his footing and that was the last I saw of him until I picked him up at the bottom. I laughed so much I got a pain."

I said firmly, "I think you were lucky to exchange him for Lead."

"We shouldn't have left Talla, Harriet. It was almost an omen—that falling downhill."

"He'd have got worse at Talla just the same."

She shook her head. "Not like Dublin. He used to work when he was at Talla, but in Dublin he just used to drink. He got dirty—Oh! not so much to look at. He was always careful to be fairly well dressed, because people aren't keen to buy 'down and out' drinks, but he used to do dirty things. He used to be sick where you didn't expect it and you'd tread in it. Then he'd suddenly sell everything and say he was looking for a stamp when I caught him stealing out of my purse. He ate a pound of raw bacon once. He was terribly sick after that."

She sent me a rueful little grin. "Lead needn't have bothered to shield me from him. I knew him all right. You can't really imagine it if you haven't lived with a drunk, but everything's so secretive. He wasn't like that at Talla. It used to be exciting and blowy, but it wasn't creepy, and sort of cold. He used to take me by the throat and shake me at Talla if I hadn't got the meaning behind one of his lines."

I called to her, "It wasn't Lead's fault. It was your father who finished Talla for you. It had nothing to do with Lead."

"We were poor up there, but never dirty. He drank all right, he drank a lot, but he used to stop when he found it hurting his work, and we used to walk for miles till his head cleared."

Liane had her eyes closed. "I used to help him with his poetry, I often popped up with a missing word. It was important to him then. The trouble was," she frowned a little, like someone at the start of a headache, "we drank when we were depressed and we drank to celebrate. I didn't, of course. I mean he did. If neither of us could find the word—that was depression, and if one of us did, then he celebrated! But up there he certainly worked. Oh! the clear pictures he got into his words! He used to say the lamp oil bogged them. It wasn't that, of course. He just wanted an excuse to get out of the cottage and into the village and drink. But he never came back without the thought — not the

Continuing . . . The Dark Enchantment

[from page 54]

thought that sent him down there. Whatever else fell he balanced that and he brought it back unbroken. He came back and he wrote. But not when he went to Dublin, Harriet."

She paused for a moment, then went on. "He used to spout verses that weren't even his. That was terribly cheap. It was awful. He liked to catch Americans chiefly. They were thrilled to meet a 'real Irish poet' — you know, he needn't talk like he does, it's only for effect. He used to write a few slick little rhymes off and sign them and ask for a drink in return. He caught the English tourists, too. He caught them worse — but only because they got embarrassed. He'd launch into some verse at the top of his voice and they'd buy him a drink to keep him quiet."

She did not appear to be unduly upset. She returned to her knitting quite placidly.

But in the middle of the night she came in to me. Her voice made me jump in the dark. She wore nothing on top of her thin little nightdress. "Harriet, it was because we left Talla that Father's like that — we shouldn't have left and I want to go back."

I sat up in bed and said, "All right."

to love Talla. Do you know how difficult it is to reach?"

"Yes, in the winter you had to slide out of it."

I was thinking of Lead when he found my note. I could not make up my mind whether he'd trust me to carry out my experiment or if he'd come after us at once. I was soon to have the answer to that.

"Yes, you did after a storm. But you can't really think what it's like. There's nothing to hear but the silences — and the air tastes quite sweet on your lips. The winds used to blow right inside the cottage, we could never keep the candles alight. Sometimes you could hear the sea pounding, and on a fine day you could watch it. I always felt Talla was some kind of boat rocking about in the clouds. When you looked down on the village it was wrapped in cotton-wool. The mist used to sink right down on it and only our cottage stayed up in the sun!"

I was not perturbed when she talked like that. I was too occupied in thinking of Lead, but when she added, "My father will be so pleased to see us — it's sad for him up there alone," I had a nasty little flutter of doubt.

We were a day and a half

But most of his colleagues saw only the difficulties and their plans still lay in his enemy — emigration.

I couldn't understand Liane's longing to give up the slumbering peace of Shap Hundred for this jagged little spot with its dying hopes. Certainly the country behind it was awesome in beauty.

The mountains rose sheer and stately, brooding right over the town. I wondered upon which one of them Talla cottage was perched.

"You can't see it from here," said Liane.

I met no one who considered her in any way strange. Everyone recalled her with kindness and pride. "What a grand marriage she made!"

"Herself was a lovely young child."

"But hadn't she the great love for speed? The way it is, you'd only have to see her in Mulligan's van. He'd be after racing her round the countryside till you'd think they'd be breaking their necks."

She had been given shelter and food when she needed it in nearly every one of those crumbling cottages.

But, "Herself was a terrible one for the drink, and the talk of him! The way it is you'd think the angels were wagging his tongue."

Liane wanted to set off for Talla cottage at once, but it was dangerous to go up in the dusk. "Herself only got home for the devil carrying him."

One lanky lad stood up for him. "There's plenty that drinks as well as him, but there's not many so good at the talk!" I hoped they would never hear Patrick Ferris again. There was not much left now of the "talk."

The next day was granite-dry and squally. The wind rushed in from the sea and sang round the streets. The gulls had some trouble in coasting on it. I was glad no one called it "a fine soft morning."

The turning to the cottage was half a mile from the town. A smooth stretch of turf led off the road to the steep ascent and the heather was dark in its midwinter brown. The earth squelched underfoot quite alarmingly. Liane reassured me, "The bogs aren't bad here."

The big hills of Talla curved round like an arm with the village tucked into the elbow. They towered hugely above us, uninvitingly black, and the peaty ground sucked at one's shoes. "You couldn't have lived right up there," I protested.

"Oh, yes," she replied, "we do."

The climb was exceedingly stiff. The backs of my legs ached savagely, but Liane was several yards ahead. There were horrifying drops from the sides of the sheep track which made me feel sick to look down. But then I can feel ill at the top of a ladder.

The storm was rallying over the mountains, waiting to crash down on the village. I called to her once that I couldn't make it, but she was too far ahead to hear. Even she lost her balance once or twice. The loose stones underfoot were a menace. We must have climbed steadily for half an hour until we saw it. Lead had described it accurately, a lump of sugar perched up on a shelf.

My courage almost ran out when I saw that to get to it one had to cross the ledge. It was more like a tuck in the rock side, with just room to press along it — provided one did not turn round. When I balked at it, Liane took my hand. "Shut your eyes and keep your back pushed against the rock. Father never fell off and he was pickled."

"Yes, but the devil looks after drunks." I would have taken the devil's hand then all right if he'd been good enough to offer it to me. I felt faint when we reached the broad stretch of heather the other side.

She was right. There was nothing to hear but the silences. I watched her closely. I was frightened. Supposing the shock had a bad effect. How should I get her down?

THE wind was nagging the cottage pettishly, tugging at broken-down doors. She took in every line of it, then forced her way inside. There were only two downstairs rooms. In the first there was quite a high pile of stones. They must have rolled down from the mountainside and tumbled in through the open back door. There were oil-lamp stains on the ceiling, and at one end the room showed the skies. Adventurous summer visitors had left filth and tin cans on the floor.

There was still an old bedstead, rusty and narrow, next to a rain-soaked wall. The wind whisked the dirt on the floor.

Although Lead had prepared me for it, and warned me that it was derelict, even I felt disappointment when I saw the craggy squalor of this Talla I'd heard so much about. How much more of a shock it must be to Liane.

I had a few seconds of absolute panic as I waited to see how it would affect her. Supposing the disillusionment

proved disastrous, how would I face Lead Stewart? She might even become hysterical and throw herself down from the ledge. I pictured myself trying to restrain her, battling to pull her back.

My arms were raised, actually waiting to seize her.

But there was no expression on her face at all. She said simply, "This isn't Talla. We must've missed it somehow on the way up. Perhaps it's on the other side." Nothing I could say would convince her.

I felt exhausted and quietly despairing. Even that obvious relic had failed to make her acknowledge the past. My "shock treatment" had certainly failed. Liane would go on searching for Talla whenever she had the chance. And Lead would go on chasing her, hopelessly trying to bring her back to the realities of life. It was then that I knew I had made a decision at some point a long while ago.

I had done my best to free Liane from her curious obsession. My duty was due now to free Lead.

I was not certain how to achieve it. I suppose it would have been easy enough up on that ledge. But I was a cowardly murderer. I could not actively do her hurt; not one that I should have to witness.

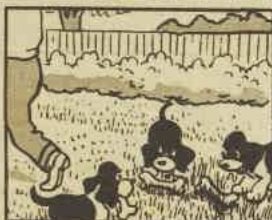
She was untired when we got back to the hotel, but I had to rest for two hours. At dinner she promised, "We'll find it tomorrow. I wonder whose that

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FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



I felt it was the only way to cure her. She must see that Talla was as lost as the father had become. She must be shown that the old life had gone as she knew it. Only by letting her see for herself, I felt, had we any hope of making her appreciate Lead and Shap Hundred.

On the other hand it was a frightening risk to take. The shock might have the reverse effect. It could unnerve her altogether and she might refuse to return home to Lead. I don't think that that possibility was a conscious hope with me at the time.

I said, "Yes, you shall go back to Talla. I'll take you there myself."

I telephoned and made reservations. I overpowered Annie's objections. We packed up and I wrote Lead a short note.

"I'm trying out an experiment. I can't do any harm and she'll be all right with me."

The irony of that note!

Considering the time of year, our crossing was surprisingly good. We spent one night in Dublin and I would have defied anyone in our hotel to have thought there was anything unusual about Liane. She showed me the most interesting parts of the town and we went to the Gate Theatre. She was noticed that night, but only because she was beautiful. She was animated, too. "You're going

en route. We put up at a seedy hotel in the main street. The village was as grey as the sea and decidedly bleak.

There was certainly no poetry left in the place, poverty had stained every corner of it. The houses huddled together as if for warmth. There was an air of dejection about it as though its spirit had grappled so long with decay that it had finally crumpled, admitting defeat.

The main street wound down to the shore like the withered root of a dying plant. The smell of the turf fires blew down from the chimneys and only the very old and the very young seemed in evidence. There were remarkably few in-betweens. The old were resigned and the children not yet bothered by their shoeless, ragged state. But most of the younger men and women had fled the place, and those who were left behind seemed convinced as well that emigration was their only solution.

In one sharp-faced farmer the fire was still alight. He was fiercely bitter against the great outward movement of Ireland's youth. He argued that prosperity could still be achieved with such "fine growing land," and that all that was needed was the labor to tend it. "There's nothing to stop us doing better than Denmark — I tell you that with this land that God gave us we could take the world markets, but you can't expect Him to come down and farm it himself!"



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NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address on page 48. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



Carmel

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RECIPES TO KEEP IN YOUR FILE

● On this page and overleaf are eight kitchen-tested recipes for your cookery index file. Each of these dishes features savory ingredients and would be pleasant served either as a meal or a snack at the fireside or in front of the TV. The recipes are printed back-to-back, with the ingredients and method on one side and the illustration on the other. Cut the recipes along the dotted line and each one is complete.

HAWAIIAN PRAWN CURRY



OYSTER TURNS

● Filling: Two bottles oysters, salt and pepper to taste, 2 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ pint milk, $\frac{1}{4}$ pint oyster liquid.

Pastry: Four ounces self-raising flour, 4oz. plain flour, pinch salt, 4oz. shortening, squeeze lemon juice, 4 tablespoons water, milk for glazing.

Melt butter in small saucepan; add flour, heat a few minutes without browning. Stir in milk, oyster liquid, salt and pepper; bring to the boil and cook 5 minutes. Let cool slightly; add strained oysters, stand aside covered. Sift dry ingredients; rub in shortening. Mix to a dry dough with lemon juice and water. Turn on to floured board, knead lightly, roll out to $\frac{1}{4}$ in. thickness. Cut into rounds approximately 3 in. in diameter. On half of each round place a spoonful of oyster filling; moisten edges, fold over, pinch frill, and glaze. Place on a greased slide. Bake in a moderate to hot oven 15 to 20 minutes. Serve hot with extra sauce.

HOT SAVORY PUFFS

● One and a half dozen savory puff cases (made with choux pastry), 1 jar softened cheese spread, 2 tablespoons finely chopped sautéed bacon, 1 teaspoon finely grated onion, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup green pepper (finely chopped), 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce.

Combine spread, bacon, onion, chopped green pepper, sauces, and seasonings in large bowl; mix well. Cut tops off savory puffs (remove any dough from inside) and fill with cheese mixture. Place on an oven slide and heat in a moderately hot oven 10 minutes or until filling is heated. If you have a chafing dish, serve the puffs piping hot from it, or else from a hot platter garnished with parsley. Makes 1½ dozen.

Baby bread rolls could be used in place of the choux pastry puffs if desired.

SNUGGLE PUPS



SOUP STICKS

● Scone dough: Two cups self-raising flour, 1 tablespoon butter, 4oz. processed cheese, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, approximately $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk. Coating: One and a half cups coarsely crushed rice cereal, 1½ dessertspoons caraway seeds, 1½ teaspoons salt.

Scone dough: Sift flour and salt together. Rub in butter and shredded cheese. Stir in the milk, adding a little more if mixture is too dry. Turn out on to a floured board and knead lightly. With floured hands form dough into pencil-thin sticks approximately 3 to 4 inches long. Brush with milk.

Coating: Combine cereal crumbs, seeds, and salt, roll sticks in mixture. Bake on a greased tray in a hot oven for 10 minutes or until lightly browned.

Serve with hot tomato soup. Top each serving of soup with whipped cream and chopped parsley. Makes 30 sticks.

CURRY PINWHEELS

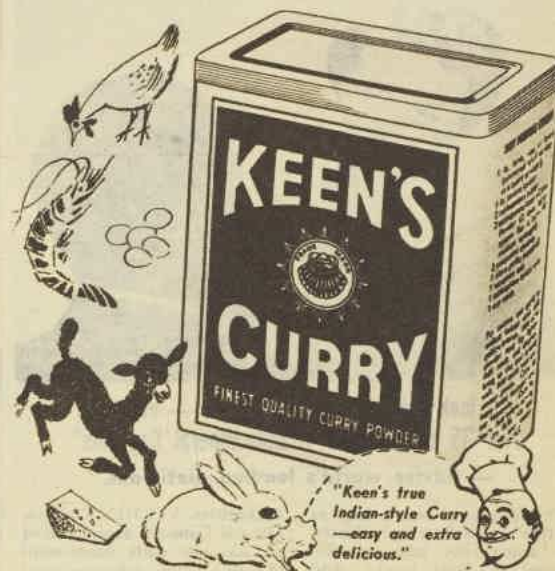


MUSHROOM TUNA PIE

● One quantity of shortcrust pastry (using 8oz. flour), 1 tin creme of mushroom soup, 1 cup milk, 1 tablespoon cornflour, 1 finely chopped onion, $\frac{1}{4}$ package frozen peas (cooked and drained), 2 cups shredded tuna, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped sautéed red pepper, salt and pepper to taste, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup grated cheese.

Roll out pastry and line a 9 in. tart plate, trim edge, prick base, and glaze. Bake in a hot oven 10 to 15 minutes. Combine soup and onion in a saucepan, heat slowly. Blend cornflour with milk and add to warmed soup. Bring to the boil, stirring constantly; simmer 3 minutes. Add peas, red pepper, tuna, and seasonings; mix well. Pour into cooked pastry-case and sprinkle with grated cheese. Place under grill and slightly melt cheese. Garnish with parsley. Serves six.

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CURRY WITH COLD MEAT

2 oz. butter or dripping; $\frac{1}{4}$ pt. stock or water; 1 chopped peeled onion; 1 tbspn. Holbrooks Chutney; 1 dtspn. Keen's Curry; 1 tbspn. flour; 1 apple or peeled tomato; $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. cold cooked meat; 2 tbspn. cream off top of milk; 1 tspn. lemon; salt to taste.

Melt butter, stir in onion and flour mixed with Keen's Curry. Add peeled and chopped apple or tomato, then stock with salt to taste. Stir till boiling and simmer 30 minutes. Add meat, stand for 30 minutes, then reheat and stir in cream and chutney. Add lemon juice just before serving with boiled rice.

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More recipes for savory winter fare



OYSTER
TURNS

SNUGGLE PUPS

• Eight small frankfurts, tomato sauce, 8oz. shortcrust pastry, egg-glazing, parsley.

Knead pastry lightly on a floured board. Roll out to 1/4 in. thickness; using a floured knife, cut into squares approximately 4 in. by 4 in. Brush each pastry square with a little tomato sauce. Place frankfurt diagonally on square, fold two corners over centre; moisten and seal. Glaze and place on a greased oven slide. Bake in a hot oven 15 minutes or until brown. When cooked, spoon a little extra tomato sauce over frankfurts. Serve hot garnished with parsley.

These savory suggestions would be ideal for buffet parties or TV snacks, accompanied by hot fish balls and mugs of coffee or soup. Small cocktail frankfurts could be used and the flavoring varied to chutney, mustard or cheese spread.



SOUP
STICKS

CURRY PINWHEELS

• Pastry: Twelve ounces self-raising flour, 4oz. plain flour, 1/2 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 4oz. shortening, 1 egg, 1 cup milk, melted shortening.

Filling: Two pounds minced steak, 1 tablespoon fat, 1 finely chopped onion, 3 teaspoons curry powder, salt and pepper to taste.

Melt fat in large pan and saute onion slightly. Add meat and cook, stirring constantly until meat changes color. Mix in seasonings and allow to cool. Sift flours, salt, and pepper into bowl. Rub in shortening, mix to a soft dough with beaten egg and milk. Turn out on a floured board and roll out to 1/4 in. thickness. Brush pastry with melted shortening and spread with prepared meat mixture. Roll up as for Swiss roll and cut into 1/2 in.-thick slices. Place on a greased oven slide and brush with melted shortening. Bake in a hot oven 10 to 15 minutes. Serve hot garnished with parsley.

• Below are the four recipes that complete this week's series featuring savory dishes, and are planned to add hearty and versatile food to your kitchen index file. Readers who do not own a file can order a ready-made one, measuring approximately 8 1/2 in. by 6 1/2 in., from any of our branch offices. See addresses on top of page 2. Tasmanian readers should write to our Sydney office. The price is 10/-, postage 2/- extra.

HAWAIIAN PRAWN CURRY

• One cup milk, 2 cups coconut milk, 2 teaspoons curry powder, 1/2 teaspoon powdered ginger, 2 tablespoons cornflour, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 tablespoon grated onion, 2 cups shelled prawns, 2 cups cooked rice.

Warm milk and coconut milk over low heat. Blend cornflour, salt, curry powder, and ginger with a little extra milk. Pour into warmed milk and bring to the boil, stirring constantly. Add prawns, lemon juice, and onion, simmer 3 minutes. Arrange a bed of hot rice in bottom of casserole dish. Pour over hot prawn curry. Serve hot garnished with extra whole prawns and parsley. Serves 6 persons.

To make coconut milk: Combine in saucepan 1 1/2 cups desiccated coconut with 2 cups milk. Simmer 10 minutes; cool and strain.

HOT SAVORY PUFFS



GIANT POCKET LOAF

• One Vienna loaf, melted butter or margarine, 1 tin creme of celery soup, 1 cup milk, 1 packet frozen peas or corn, 1 lb. luncheon sausage (cut in one piece), salt and pepper to taste, 1/2 cup grated cheese.

Slice Vienna loaf almost in halves crossways to represent a lid. Scoop out soft centre. Brush all over with melted butter or margarine and place on an oven slide. Heat thoroughly in a moderate oven. Meanwhile, chop meat into small cubes and combine with soup, milk, drained cooked peas, salt, and pepper. Stir over low heat 5 minutes. Spoon into hot loaf and sprinkle with grated cheese. Serve garnished with parsley. Serves 5 to 6 persons.

Other varieties of cooked meats could be used in place of the sausage. Use other soup flavors also if desired.

MUSHROOM TUNA PIE





AGAPANTHUS, or South African lily, is a large plant with long, strap-shaped leaves and 3ft. spikes that bear either blue or white flowers. It needs plenty of room.

Bulbs for summer

• If you did not plant daffodils, hyacinths, and other small bulbs last autumn and now regret it, you still have time to repair this omission. There are some bulbous and cormous plants that, if put in now, will give good flowers in spring and summer. One example is lily of the valley—a speedy grower that can be planted in August and will flower in September or very early October. There are also the flowers shown on this page. Others are the tuberous-rooted begonias, billbergias, chlidanthus, crinums, gloriosa superba (climbing lily), liliums of many types, moracas, pancratiums, schizostylis, tuberose, tigridias, vallotta lilies, zephyranthes, and hemerocallis.



CANNAS are gross growers, often reaching 6ft. They like rich soil and plenty of water, but will also grow in sandy soil.



BELLADONNAS (above) belong to the amaryllis family. Plant out from now to March in an open, sunny position. They like very old manure. The flower spikes appear after the foliage has died down.



HIPPEASTRUMS (above) need an open, sunny spot and rich soil. The newer hybrids are the best to buy. Their flowers are often 9in. or more across, and are in many lovely colors.



EUCOMIS COMOSA, or Pineapple lily (left), so called because the big spikes of pastel-colored blooms are topped by pineapple-like green leaves. A good pot plant.



ALOCASIA, or Spoon Lily (above), has green flowers, but some varieties are famed mainly for their colorful foliage. It needs very rich soil and protection.



the

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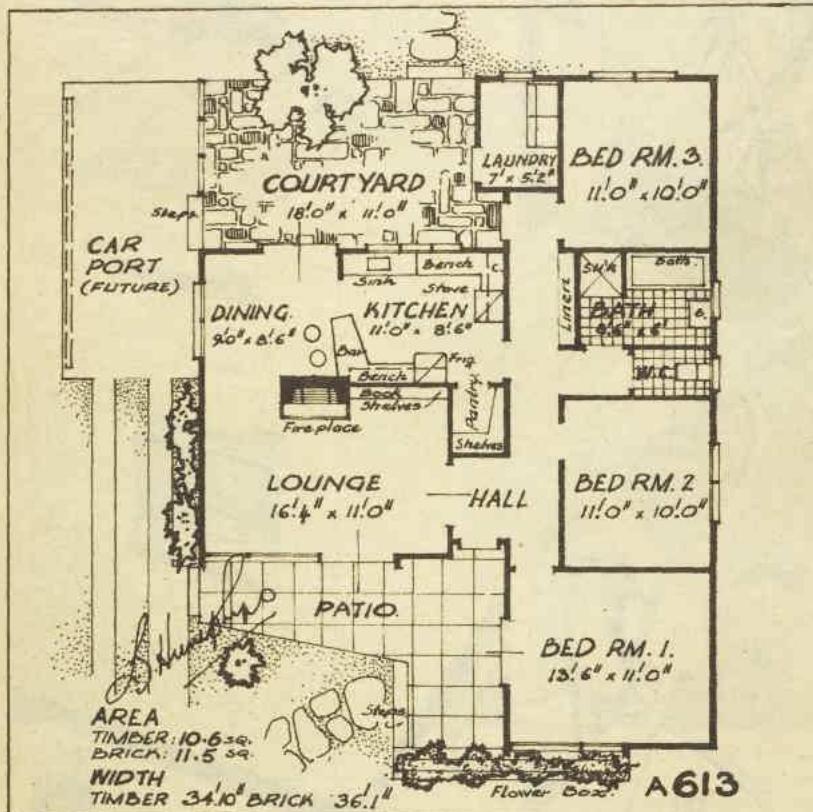
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B6154N

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OUR HOME PLAN No. A613 is a three-bedroom design with plenty of space for both indoor and outdoor living. There is room for a carport to be added later.



FLOOR PLAN of the home shows its well-planned layout. Front bedroom and lounge both have picture windows opening to the front patio. The kitchen is modern and efficient, with a meals bar that is a divider between kitchen and dining-room.

Home with two areas for outdoor living

Our "signature" home plan this week is a three-bedroom house with a good appearance, spacious living areas indoors, and two outdoor living areas—a rear courtyard and front patio.

THE plan, complete with specifications, costs £7/7/- and is available at our Home Planning Centres. See addresses in panel below.

Melbourne architect F. T. Humphrys designed the house.

The best aspect for this home would be facing north-west. Situated thus, the lounge and front patio would get the late-day sun in winter, and in summer the rear courtyard would be a cool and pleasant place for outdoor meals.

Double doors open from the dining-room to the courtyard, which is open to the sun but is protected on three sides to give maximum privacy.

The front of the house also has a spacious effect, because both the lounge and main bedroom open to the flagged patio.

A feature of special interest is the fireplace that is also a divider between the lounge and dining areas. The brick or stone fireplace provides an effective background for the meals bar.

There is an excellent built-in fitting for bookshelves in the lounge.

For kitchen storage there is a walk-in pantry, in addition to cupboards above and below the food-preparation counters.

Window treatment is interesting. The lounge and front bedroom have full-length picture windows to add to the spacious appearance of this practical design.

Estimated costs of building this house would be, approximately:

In Victoria: Brick, £4350; brick veneer, £3915; timber, £3175; asbestos, £2995.

In Queensland: Brick, £4835; timber, £3175; fibro, £3025.

In South Australia: Brick, £3475; timber, £3100; asbestos, £2995.

In New South Wales: Brick, £4875; timber, £3495; fibro, £3275.

In Canberra: Brick, £4950; timber, £3585; asbestos, £3365.

Home Planning Centres

OUR Home Planning Centres offer a comprehensive service to intending home-builders.

STANDARD PLANS are available in hundreds of designs suitable for all blocks of land. They are usually available from stock in any building material. Each set of plans contains five copies of plan and three copies of specifications. Fee, £7/7/-.

A new standard plan is published every week in The Australian Women's Weekly.

HOME PLAN LEAFLETS available at present are "22 Home Plans" and "21 Home Plans," price 2/6 each, plus 4d. postage. Call or write to your nearest Home Planning Centre.

PLANS ARE SPECIALLY PREPARED to any reader's individual requirements or design, or can be modified from any of our standard plans. Fee is £1/1/- per square.

FREE ADVISORY SERVICE on any aspect of planning, decorating, and furnishing your new home is given by our Centres.

MAIL ORDERS from readers who cannot call at our Home Planning Centres will receive prompt attention. When ordering standard plans by mail, readers should give the code number of the design, the building material to be used on house and roof, and the services available to the land (sewer, gas, electricity, water). Individually prepared plans can also be ordered by mail. Please enclose fee with all mail orders.

Our Home Planning Centres are established in the following stores:

CANBERRA: Anthony Horderns'.
MELBOURNE and GEELONG: The Myer Emporium.
ADELAIDE: John Martin's.
BRISBANE: McWhirter's.
SYDNEY: Anthony Horderns'. Also at the Master Builders' Bureau at Miranda.

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"The Australian Year"

"The Australian Year," a 64-page, all-color Australian picture book, will be on sale at the end of this month, price 7/6. You can have it sent anywhere post free.

CORNS

End corn pain with Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. They soothe, cushion, protect. Medicated discs included remove corns. 3/- at Chemists, Stores, Shoe Dealers, Scholl Depots.
Dr. Scholl's ZINO-PADS

Recipes win prizes



● A recipe for apricot doughnuts with cinnamon-sugar coating wins the main prize of £5 in this week's regular recipe contest.

A CONSOLATION
A prize of £1 is awarded to a recipe for savory tripe roll, a simple and economical dinner dish.
Spoon measurements are level.

APRICOT DOUGHNUTS

Five ounces cornflour, 11oz. plain flour, 1½oz. yeast, ½ pint lukewarm milk, 3oz. sugar, 4oz. softened butter or margarine, 2 eggs, grated rind of 1 lemon, apricot jam, cinnamon and sugar for coating.

Sift cornflour and flour into basin, make a well in centre, crumble in the yeast. Add milk and mix with sufficient of the flour to make a batter. Sprinkle sugar and pieces of butter on flour around the sides, cover, and allow to stand in a warm place until

yeast batter in centre of bowl doubles in bulk (approximately ½ hour). Add beaten eggs and lemon rind, turn on to floured board and knead until dough is smooth and elastic to the touch. Roll dough out to ¼ in. thickness. Cut into rounds, using a small pastry cutter. In the centre of half the rounds, place a teaspoonful of apricot jam, moisten edges with a little milk or water, cover with a second round, pressing edges firmly together. Place on board in a warm place and allow to stand until doubled in bulk. Fry in deep hot oil or fat until cooked and golden-brown. Drain and toss in sugar and cinnamon.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. L. Tamas, 74 Spence Street, Mount Isa, North Qld.

SAVORY TRIPE ROLL

Two pounds tripe, 2 onions, 1½ cups soft breadcrumbs, 1oz. melted butter, pinch herbs, salt, pepper, 3 pork sausages (parboiled and skinned), 1 egg, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 rasher bacon, chopped, flour, fat.

Wash tripe, scrape under-surface. Place in saucepan,

CRISP, golden sugar-coated doughnuts, filled with apricot jam, make a delightful supper treat. Serve them with mugs of piping-hot coffee. See recipe below.

cover with cold water, bring to boil, drain. Cover with fresh water, add 1 sliced onion, cook 2 to 2½ hours or until tender. Drain, trim edges. Combine breadcrumbs, bacon, herbs, parsley, sausage meat, remaining onion, finely chopped, and melted butter, bind with beaten egg, season. Place mixture over tripe, roll up, secure with string. Dust with flour, place in baking-dish with a little hot fat and bake in moderate oven 1 hour or until brown on all sides. Serve with apple sauce.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mr. M. Wills, Box 2450, G.P.O., Christchurch, Canterbury, N.Z.

Cash prizes are awarded weekly for favorite recipes sent in by readers. When entering this contest, please write clearly or type on one side of the paper, only, giving full name, address, and State.

FAMILY DISH

TOPSIDE steak, stuffed and baked in the oven, is delicious. This week's family dish, which costs approximately 9/- and serves five or six persons, features steak with an unusual stuffing.

PRUNE AND NUT STUFFED STEAK

Piece of topside steak (about 2lb.) cut in one piece, 1½ cups soft breadcrumbs, pinch herbs, 1 cup stoned dessert prunes, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 dessertspoon grated onion, ½ cup chopped, shelled peanuts, salt, pepper, 1 egg, fat.

Cut a pocket in steak. Mix breadcrumbs with herbs, finely chopped prunes, lemon rind, onion, peanuts, and salt and pepper. Add beaten egg and mix thoroughly. Press into pocket in steak, sew up opening with coarse thread or skewer together. Place in baking-dish with small quantity fat and bake in moderate oven until steak is tender (1½ to 2 hours, depending on thickness of steak). Remove steak, make gravy, using dripping from pan, and adding a little flour and stock. Flavor with a pinch of nutmeg.

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what a difference
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N50/58

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only true whiteness — whiteness with nothing to hide — can stand a really close look! That's the whiteness that Surf — and only Surf — can give your wash.

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How to home-nurse the sick child

● Sick children need good nursing and often specialised medical care, but don't think that you are not capable of looking after your own child when he is ill.

ALL doctors prefer to keep the sick child at home so long as the home conditions are good enough and the mother willing to nurse him patiently and thoroughly.

We prefer to avoid worrying or frightening a sick child and, for most of the fevers children get, we find they get better more quickly at home.

This means that every mother should know the essentials of home-nursing — how to wash a sick child, how to take a temperature, how to make him comfortable in bed, how to prepare simple food, and a few tricks about how to get medicine into him.

She should also know a few danger signals, but on the whole mothers are very alert to the changes in their child's condition and soon let the doctor know if they are worried.

It would be a good idea to join the Red Cross Voluntary Aid Detachment, and learn a few of these points in nursing care.

Then perhaps you will feel more confident that you are doing the right thing when you are looking after a sick child.

First a word of caution: let your doctor decide whether your child needs to go to hospital.

I have seen a mother take

a seriously ill child from hospital, because she insisted that the child needed her more than anything in the world, when what the doctor thought it needed most was some fluid in its veins at once.

She endangered the child's life, because she had an unbalanced outlook. She could have stayed and sat beside him, but that wasn't enough.

Important as mother's love and comfort are, they cannot replace expert nursing and medical care when they become necessary.

So please accept your doctor's decision.

For nursing your child at home, the room is of primary importance.

You must have him near you, so that you can hear his every call and yet get some of the housework done.

He must feel that you are vitally interested in his every need.

Hard mattress

Sick children get very upset if their call is not heard, or if they are kept waiting. Crying makes them very tired and blocks up their noses, so they feel even more unhappy.

You certainly mustn't go out of earshot of a very sick child. If this means putting him on a couch in the lounge, see that he is comfortable.

The mattress should be

HELP FOR HOUSEWIVES

By Clair Isbister,

Australian doctor and housewife. This, our sixth extract from her book, "What is Your Problem, Mother," is from a section which also deals with food and medicine for the sick child, the doctor and his visit, complications and convalescence and the medicine cupboard.

hard: horsehair or innerspring for preference, but a good firm kapok is all right, but don't have one he sinks into.

Children tend to sweat a lot, because their temperatures go up and down more readily than adults'. They will be very uncomfortable and get sweat rashes easily on a soft mattress.

Give him one smallish pillow for lying down or three to be propped up; it is hard to get comfortable on two.

For the under-threes put a mackintosh or a piece of plastic between the sheet and mattress. It's hot, but it is not so bad if you have a piece of blanket or an old cuddly to cover it, and it saves a lot of washing.

Little ones who have had perfect control of bowels and bladder when they were well have accidents when they are sick, particularly if their bowels are loose.

This is very distressing to the child; he hates to make a mess. So be sure to have the bottle or potty in easy reach for all ages.

Vomiting, too, is another difficulty you can anticipate. Most young children vomit with a fever, whatever the cause.

It's a messy, smelly, uncomfortable business that the child hates, and a towel over the side of his pillow in readiness saves a lot of washing.

He often has not time to reach the basin you have left close by, or even to lean over the side and be sick on newspaper as some people recommend, whereas he will grab the towel.

Cover the bed with a washable spread and see that the sheet is well turned down over the blanket.

The room should be airy but not draughty. Usually opening the window a few inches at the top attends to this, but see that the bed isn't between the door and the window.

Remove everything that harbors dust, and sweep and dust the room before you move the child into it, or preferably vacuum-clean it.

Dust is very irritating to a child with even a mild cough.

Children are funny little creatures. They don't complain about things like dust, or cold, or heavy bedclothes, or crumbs in the bed. You have to find out what might be uncomfortable for them.

It's no use putting thick, heavy bedding over little children; the weight tires them and they often push them off and get cold.

Put a cardigan over their pyjamas if necessary, and put socks on, then it doesn't matter if they push off the coverings.

You can always slip something over them when they get off to sleep. That is when they need covering most.

To make a bed without moving the child out of it, you get the bottom sheet tucked in, nice and smooth, on half the bed and roll the child gently on to it. Then you finish tucking in on the other side.

Of considerable importance is the decision to wash or not to wash the sick child.

Try to keep the bedding fresh and comfortable, but don't be too fussy about keeping the child spotlessly clean.

I think we wash people too much in hospital and at the most absurd hours. Washing can be very tiring for sick people, though it can be refreshing and pleasant.

The important thing is comfort.

If a child is sweating he needs a wash all over, but if he is sleepy, with a high temperature, washing his face and hands may be quite enough.

Never wake a sick child to wash him, and never wash him by force. If he resists, wait until a better time.

When you do wash him, do it bit by bit, keeping the rest of him covered.

Before you start, slip a towel under the arm or leg you are going to wash; then you can dry him quickly and gently, and you won't spill any water on the bed.

Be sure to dry him thoroughly—and, remember, powder is soothing and refreshing.

Don't forget teeth

If he's going to be in bed for more than a few days, methylated spirit rubbed on his back stops those little, pussy rashes and bed sores.

A sick child will often fall asleep after having his hands and face sponged, and sleep is so important.

You will often find that after breakfast you may just straighten the bed and sponge his face and off he goes to sleep, and you can leave him until afternoon for a more thorough wash.

But don't worry if you have to leave him unwashed for a whole day, or even two days or more, so long as you can keep the bedding and clothing clean.

And don't forget his teeth. Children get a dirty tongue and bad breath with most fevers, and their mouths will get dirty, particularly if they won't drink much.

Older children will wash out their mouths and brush their teeth, but it isn't always easy with the little ones, and you may have to help.

NEXT WEEK

Accidents in childhood and how to prevent them.

Don't take chances with your teeth!



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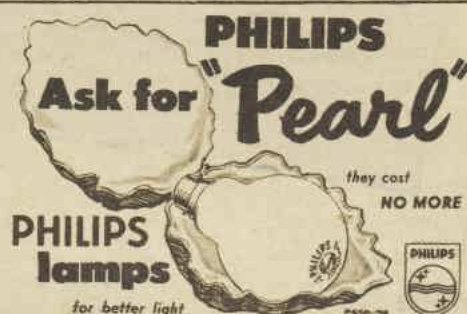
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Nature doesn't skimp the good qualities of milk . . . neither does Sunshine. Sunshine Full-Cream Powdered Milk is the **whole** goodness of rich, fresh dairy milk, homogenised for extra digestibility and pasteurised for absolute safety. Anything you can make with ordinary milk you can make with Sunshine. But Sunshine can be mixed dry in many recipes . . . stores safely for ages . . . is more economical; the 3 lb. tin makes 16 pints of full-cream milk, and there's no waste. So you've everything to gain by buying Nestle's Sunshine Powdered Milk.

Sunshine-Recipe for DRY MIX SCONES

Sift 8 oz. flour with pinch of salt. Add heaped tablespoon Sunshine full cream powdered milk. Rub in 1-2 oz. butter. Mix with enough water to make a soft dough. Place on lightly floured board. Roll or pat out lightly to $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick. Cut out — a knife is quicker — glaze with beaten egg and bake in a hot oven for 7-10 minutes.



one was? I didn't know we had neighbors before."

The waitress came up and whispered to me, "There's a gentleman waiting for you outside."

It was Lead. He had flown over from Dublin, and hired a car from there. He had driven himself and looked worn out.

He had no reproaches for me. He simply asked me, "Well?"

I shook my head. "No good. It failed. She refused to believe it was Talla! She wants to try to find it again."

There was a look of defeat in his eyes. "Well, watch her tonight and we'll get home tomorrow."

It was then that I confirmed my decision. I was not going to let him go back to that life. I would banish forever that look from his eyes; that look of concealed apprehension when he sat silently studying Liane. If his own stubbornness stood in his way, somebody else would have to help him. I was going to effect Edward's "merciful release."

I lay in bed thinking about it. The chance came with a knock on my door. She still wore the thin nylon dress she had put on for dinner. It had a low neck and tiny cap sleeves. "Harriet, may I go back and look for the cottage? I think I could find it now."

The storm had crashed down on the village. There wasn't a sign of the mountains — they were blackly concealed by the night. I could imagine what might happen to Liane if she went up to the cottage in weather like that; in small high-heeled shoes and without a coat. Even an experienced local would not have much chance.

If I said "Yes" she could kill herself. If I said "No" she would go back to bed. At that time she wouldn't have argued. She was keeping her promise to ask my permission.

The electric-light bulb hung down in a bakelite shade. Its effect was to put a soft halo round Liane's little bright head. I had a sickly shivering fit; I crept down in the bed to avoid my decision.

I knew as I lay there fighting against it that I was not going to save that girl. It was no less murderous than training a gun on her or putting arsenic in her food. She trusted me implicitly and she always obeyed people she liked. She was completely at my mercy. She would do exactly what I said, and if I said, "Yes, Liane, go up the treacherous mountain in the pitch dark, in this gale, and the ground like wet glass under your feet," she would go.

But had I the courage to say it to her? Had I the courage to put it in words? No, I had not, but I did much worse. I said nothing and hoped she would go. She did.

When she went out of the room I listened. She was just across the landing from me. We slept with our two doors open. My ears hurt from trying to hear. Yes! There were the footsteps I was expecting; the little creak of the stairs and somebody pulling a bolt back.

I panicked and threw off the bedclothes. I must follow her at once. But I sat on the side of the bed with my knees getting cold. I was trying to defend myself. I had simply not stopped her from going. That could not be intended murder, could it? Someone said definitely "Yes." But there was nobody else in the room.

I comforted myself. I was being hysterical. Liane was strangely nimble-footed. I had seen her run up that sheep track as I could not have run. Yes! And I'd seen her slip on it, not far from those horrible drops. How long I sat there I do not know, but it was long enough to have given her a very good start.

It was when it suddenly occurred to me that she might

Continuing . . . The Dark Enchantment

from page 55

hurt herself that I grabbed my clothes and struggled into them. Ridiculous, isn't it? I could lie in bed and plan her death, but I couldn't bear the thought of her being injured. I was in my petticoat and skirt when Lead came in. He, too, had heard the bolt. His ears were trained to hear that sort of thing. He looked sleepy, and somewhat bewildered. "Harriet, Liane—I don't want to disturb her if it's all right, but I thought . . ."

"It's not all right," I told him quickly, "she's gone back to the cottage again."

I hadn't the courage to tell him how long ago it was that she went.

"But didn't she come and ask you? Didn't she keep her promise?"

I am not quick as a liar. I can lie if I'm given time, but if I get no warning I stumble. "Well, I—she—I was only half-awake and I—"

He gave me a sudden, careful look. His sleepiness was gone. "Meet you at the garage," he said.

The hotelkeeper lent us a hurricane lamp. Lead and I climbed into his hired car. The rain struck the road so heavily that it seemed attached to the heavens by silver wires. Our headlights could barely pierce through them.

We skidded horribly when we drew up at the turn. There had been no sign of Liane on the road. Lead did not bother to shut the car door. He was stumbling over the turf to the sheep track. The wind swung the lantern in his hand.

I tried to follow by torchlight. He was calling out her name.

It came singing back to me, pushed down my throat with the force of the gale. I felt as if I was swallowing that name with every difficult breath I took. The treetops on the lower slopes were thrashing about and the sea beat hard against the shore. The sound of it seemed to be right in one's head. I could imagine it trying to get at me—flinging itself in furious efforts to leap off the cliff and roll me down to it, there to thrash me about on the shingle and punish me for Liane. The whole night seemed to buffet me, literally throwing me off my feet.

In my sick mixture of fear and remorse I could imagine that the spirits of Talla were also knocking me about; slapping my face and pummeling me for what I had done to Liane. I could not open my eyes against the rain. I had to run forward shielding my face. Those slippery stones were worse than ice, they were upright and sword-edged and jabbing at you.

Lead turned round and belatedly at me. "Stay where you are, you'll break your neck."

I was determined to get up as far as I could. I wanted to gather her up in my arms. I wanted to tell her how sorry I was. I wanted to promise to leave them alone and never to interfere again. I wanted to find her alive. Mercifully the rain slackened off. I did hear the faint sound of a car starting up, but I thought it must come from the village. I was more or less reduced to my hands and knees by the time I caught up with Lead.

He held out a hand and flung up the lantern. It climbed the grim steepness ahead of us in little darting shafts. "If she's gone any farther," he told me, "we might as well give up."

It was a few minutes later that we first saw the lights. Lead was crawling up the track, at intervals shouting her name. I sat on a boulder too frightened to cry. My attention was caught by the lights. Like a pair of ghostly glow-worms they were streaking round the

I believe that I thought, "What incredible speed on such a night." But I might not have thought it then at all, I might have thought it afterwards. All I know is that I scrambled up, and in the moment of doing so I knew that it was Liane. I hurt my throat yelling for Lead. He fell more than ran towards me. I broke his fall against my shoulder and screamed at him, "Look at those lights!"

The road followed the foot of the curve of the hills, it dipped into the village and came round again. Before we reached the soft ground of the turf again we saw those racing headlights twice. I remember praying wildly, "Please let it be quick and painless, please let it be quick with no pain."

I simply threw myself down after Lead. I had no idea what he intended to do, but I did realise what had happened. She had got no farther than the grassy incline. She had seen us and hidden herself. Then she took over the hired car.

We came splashing towards the road as the lights came careering round the bend. Panic solidified in me.

I was not aware of living except through my eyes. My whole being was suspended in

him alone. Go and get help, but leave him alone!"

Perhaps that's when she found out that she loved him. I was too numbed by the treacherous irony of it to move at first. I, who had tried to kill Liane, had struck down Lead. I felt helpless as she stared at me with the sudden maturity in her eyes; helpless, and certain she knew that I was responsible for what had happened to Lead.

Her next remark convinced me of it. She no longer shouted at me. She spoke persuasively, much as one might try to reason with an obstinate child when more direct methods have failed.

"You didn't want Lead to die, did you, Harriet, so why don't you go and get help?"

That startled me out of my mesmerised state, and I managed to put my feet into motion. She put her cheek against his forehead and I thought I heard her moaning to him, "You'd do better with Berry, or even poor Harriet." I did not hear what else she said. I was running back to the village with only one shoe.

They took him nine miles away to hospital. He recovered consciousness, I believe, in the ambulance. Liane refused to allow me to go with him. I was left alone in the draughty hotel with only the rattling of win-



them. I had no power left in the world but to stand there and watch him. He ran into that road and held his arms out. He stood there waving the hurricane lamp. He was mercilessly etched in the oncoming lights.

She swerved. How she did so I cannot conceive. But she had the sense to drive into the skid. She crashed over the turf and hit a boulder. But she had also hit Lead first. In the place where he stood in those oncoming lights there was nothing but a small line of flame crawling towards him, where the hurricane lamp had dropped.

I managed to get to the spot. I kicked the lamp into the ditch and it flared and went out. My torch was still working. I shone it on him. He lay slightly humped in the road. I shall not lightly forget how the rain pranced in that small lake of blood. In contrast it seemed to disappear when it struck into the old camel-hair coat. His arms were stretched out and his fingers looked white. The bleeding was coming from the head.

I heard her sharp heels come running towards me. She took him quite roughly out of my arms. She sat holding him, his blood on her cheek and her throat. Her eyes were alarmingly wide in my torchlight. I saw her grow up in those widened eyes. I saw her become a woman in them. Liane had never met suffering before.

She was whispering over him, cuddling his head. His blood joined the water that slid down her neck.

She was kissing his forehead, his hair, and his eyes. When I bent down to take him from her she ordered me fiercely, "Leave

cal pain through my head. He knew! He had guessed what I'd tried to do to her. There was that odd, probing look that he gave me in my bedroom, and Liane might have said something herself. "I expect there'll be a bit of a fuss over the car," she was telling me. "I hadn't a licence you see. Then, as if we'd simply rung up for a morning chat, she said, 'Good-bye, poor Harriet.'"

I did make a call at the hospital. But I couldn't get in to see Lead. He was "As well as could be expected," and they thought he might stay there ten days.

Annie arrived in the morning and took Liane to Sullivan's Hotel in the town. I called there, and Annie kissed me. But Liane refused to see me. "I've already said goodbye to Harriet," Annie reported Liane to have said.

Annie was cheering about Lead's condition but embarrassed and vague about me. One can't force one's way to an injured man's bedside, so I wired Fay and flew back to London. She was happy to have me back in "The Cave" again, and it was her ridiculous chatter that kept me alive. I couldn't have stood the uncertainty otherwise.

I existed from post to post. But there was no word from Lead or from Annie. Surely if Liane had benefited from the shock, one of them would have written to tell me, if only to say there was no further place for me in their lives. But my mind refused to accept such a possibility. Lead wouldn't be able to accept it, either. Our love had gone too deep for that. He would have some solution, he must have.

I battled against Liane in my head. If she were cured and she no longer needed me, then she no longer had her special claims upon Lead. She could do without his protection. He need not feel bound to her. I could fight her on level ground at last.

It was Fay who saw the piece in the paper.

"Major's Wife Found Dead on Mountain in Eire."

I could not look, so Fay read it aloud: She had left Sullivan's Hotel at two in the morning. Her aunt, who was sharing the room with her, failed to hear her go. They found her at the foot of a drop on the mountain not far from a shepherd's hut. She would have been twenty-one in June and the funeral was to take place in Ireland. That was all.

For about half an hour I just sat at the table and stared into the Cromwell Road. Fay made me coffee and forced me to drink it. She produced smelling salts, aspirin, and the dregs of some sherry. "Sweetie, it's most terribly sad, of course, and I know how terribly fond you'd become of her, but, after all, in a way perhaps it was all for the best. Harriet! Harriet!" she snapped her fingers in front of my eyes. "Look, I know what you're thinking — but don't be absurd. You took her back there for the best of motives. I mean, he can't possibly blame you for it, he must know you were doing your best."

I could not tell her, of course, why I blamed myself. But there was no doubt in my mind that I killed her.

Not at the time I tried to do it but at that dark frozen moment on the side of the road. I was so afraid that as she sat there, freed for a moment from Talla in that terrible lesson of shock, she might have made the same decision as I had. She might have thought it her duty to free him. She was no self-fooler, like Lead and the rest of the world and me. I remembered her telling me once, "I can't even promise not to play him up." And then I was sure I heard her whispering, "Oh!

You'd do better with Berry, or even poor Harriet."

Perhaps she knew in that quick leap to womanhood that it wasn't going to last. I tortured myself with the question, thrashing it out in my half sleep. If she had made that decision I was responsible for it. With her eerie intuition she must have got the idea from me. In that case, when she went back to the cottage, she went there knowing she wouldn't return.

In the mornings, in Fay's warm company, I tried to make fun of myself. It was pure imagination on my part that I thought I saw her grow up in her eyes. I was a prey to a dozen different fancies on that awful night. Nothing had changed her on that road. Or if it had, it lasted no more than those few seconds.

It was simply too much temptation for her not to give silly old Annie the slip. Her returning to Talla was inevitable. She was merely going off on one of her ordinary "trips" again. It was easy enough to lose one's footing on those desolate paths. That's when I closed my eyes.

But it made no difference with eyes opened or shut. A small voice was always at work in my head. "Are you sure you were hoping for Lead's freedom? Are you sure you weren't working for yours?"

I lived on numbly somehow, just waiting to hear from Lead.

I had a letter from Edwards and a postcard from Dick. But I had no word from Lead Stewart.

Edwards wrote, "Don't take it to heart. He'll be cut up at first, but he's bound to get over it. It's daft not to see it's a blessing. No one who loved her could wish her to live."

When I read that I began to wonder if that had been half Edwards' trouble. The letter went on: "I ask you, what hope had she got? She couldn't have got her Talla back, and that's what she wanted, wasn't it? If you ask me, the major's been spared quite a bit. She was bound to get off in a car again some day and do herself in or somebody else, and then he'd have paid for it properly. They'd have got him for not turning her in. Well, let's hope we'll be seeing you up here soon. I reckon you're just what he needs, and I dare say he'll turn to you thankfully again. Yours truly, V. J. Edwards."

Dick wrote: "Offer still on. Hope your fingers weren't too badly burned."

The next person I heard from was Annie. She enclosed two weeks' salary. She told me that Lead was still unfit to write. When he was better he was coming to London. He would visit me. I made every allowance for shock. I was suffering from it myself.

I did not get in touch with him. He would come to me in his own time, and when he did we would start afresh together, but never forgetting Liane. I supposed that that would be the worst part of my punishment, Lead turning "thankfully" to me, believing I had always done my best for Liane.

Fay was at home when he called on me. She tactfully made herself scarce, but before she did she gave me advice. She was in what she called her "house coat," a bottle-green affair dotted with egg.

"Now, sweetie," she said, "you mustn't take offence, but you know you're piling up for thirty, and a girl needs a man at that age. Don't look like that. Don't be stony. He's terribly, terribly attractive. He's just lost his wife and he's bound to be sad—but, well, why don't you try to like him?"

To page 66



SHE FELT WEAK, DEPRESSED . . .
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AVAILABLE ONLY FROM YOUR CHEMIST



Get Well, Stay Well with

Waterbury's Compound

Continuing . . . The Dark Enchantment

[from page 65]

You never know what might come out of that."

Then she went off to her bath.

I think I was expecting his looks to have altered, but he was very much the same. Except that he still wore his arm in a sling. I recognised one of Annie's scarves. I had brought in a bottle of sherry. He was avoiding my eyes as he had on that night I arrived at Shap Hundred.

He seemed awkward, uncertain of gestures. I did what I often do when I don't like the feel of a moment. I projected myself farther ahead. I thought, "All this will soon be over. We'll lose our embarrassment. We'll go out and sit in the sun somewhere and rest. We'll go to Beaulieu, or Villefranche or Cavalaire. Or perhaps even farther—Majorca. He ought to have a change. He ought to get away from Shap Hundred for a while. Then everything will be ordinary and cosy again, and we'll realise that however sad the miracle—it's happened. We're together. Together for always."

I was smiling when I looked across to him.

He lifted the red-brown eyes

ambulance." His voice dropped when he added, "She did love me and I played about."

"With me?"

"Well, and with—"

"Berry McEwan?"

I stood up. "You don't think I tried to kill her, do you?"

"Of course I don't."

He was fumbling in his pocket, clumsy and awkward again. "I'm sure you did your best for her. You were just tired out that night." And he brought his hand out of his pocket and gave me a hundred-pound cheque.

I left him holding it. My face was in my hands. When I removed them I went to him. I felt dead throughout my bones. I could do nothing but take a pinch of Annie's scarf and twist it round and round in my fingers. I thought, "He'll be gone in a minute and then I'll think of what I should have said." All I could say was, "But you told me you loved me, you know you did."

He had put the cheque down on the sofa back. "I told you no such thing." I've never seen such utter detachment in one pair of eyes before. I

Hilarious new serial is by P. G. Wodehouse

Our new serial which begins in next week's issue is "COCKTAIL TIME," latest novel by the world-famous humorist P. G. Wodehouse. "Cocktail Time" is an hilarious story, with the leading character, Uncle Fred, the fifth Earl of Ickenham, bringing all his wits to the solving of numerous knotty problems complicating the lives of his friends and relations.

"Cocktail Time" is the title of the novel which Sir Raymond "Beefy" Bastable writes as a slashing attack on the modern generation. Unfortunately, the novel causes a sensation and just about wrecks Sir Raymond's political life. But Uncle Fred comes up with the solution, and from then on everything is off at a crackling Wodehousian pace.

Don't forget we begin this delightful lighthearted novel in next week's issue.

to me and gave me a little clipped smile back. "I'm going out to Kenya. I've come to say goodbye."

I don't remember crossing the room, but I do remember being down on my knees before him, my fingers clutching his unbandaged wrist. "Lead, why wouldn't you see me when I came to the hospital?"

He didn't seem able to speak her name. "She—she got an idea that you wanted her to die."

I said quickly, "She thought that about Edwards once." I had time to think. "This is extraordinary. I'm fighting for my life." He got up then, sidestepping my held-out arms. "I'm going to take a look at the farming out there. If I like it I'll come back and sell."

I was stupefied. "Sell Shap Hundred! But it's been in the family for hundreds of years." "There isn't much point to it now."

I got up and followed him. "Lead, what about me?"

He lifted the red-brown eyes to me then. "If I'd realised she loved me I'd never have played about."

I think I have already mentioned that he was not the most sensitive of men. I sat very slowly down on the sofa. "Did you say, 'Played about'?"

He offered me the leather cigarette-case. I managed to shake my head. "I'd no idea that she loved me. I'd given up all hope." He scowled as he searched for his lighter. "It wasn't until I came to in that

might never have known him, never have touched him. He said, 'I was perfectly frank with you. I made no bones about it and you told me you understood. You knew perfectly well how I felt about her.'"

I snatched up the cheque and shredded it. "My name's Godden, not McEwan."

He picked up his gloves and walked out.

I try not to give myself much time to think, but when I fail, I ask myself, what my interference meant. Had I saved him from long years of heartbreak, or had I just emptied his heart? Should I have taken Dick's warning. "He's got what he wants, let him keep it. He finds it worth while in between."

Or was Edwards right?—"She was bound to get off in a car again, someday." Did I see her grow up in her eyes?

That's all I've got left of it, questions, questions! "How could I have been so merciless? How could I have been so blind?" But worst of all the torturers, "How could I have been so stupid?"

Of course he made it perfectly clear to me that January day when the lichens looked so colorful in the wall cracks. He was telling me when he kissed me how much he loved Liane.

Perhaps I shall never be done with self-fooling. My greatest treasure is that letter of Edwards'. I read those words repeatedly. "I dare say he'll turn to you thankfully again."

(Copyright)



● In winter and spring snow blankets large areas of the continent, including the Australian Alps, in New South Wales and Victoria, and high districts of Tasmania. Highest peaks in the Australian Alps are Mount Kosciuszko (7316ft.) and Mount Townsend (7249ft.), which are both in New South Wales. Mount Kosciuszko was named in 1840 by Polish explorer Paul Strzelecki after his



countryman, patriot Tadeusz Kosciuszko; Mount Townsend has the name of Thomas Townsend, who surveyed the area in 1846. With the first snow falls, the alpine slopes and valleys become a vast playground for enthusiastic skiers. John Wilson, of Sydney, took this picture of snow gums on the icy slopes of Mount Duncan, near the Perisher Valley (N.S.W.) area of the Australian Alps.

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FILM PREVIEW

Latest from Liz

• • • *Big Daddy, who is dying, must choose between his sons.*

THE STORY

THE question of who will inherit Big Daddy's wealth is the dramatic core of M.G.M.'s "Cat On a Hot Tin Roof." Paul Newman and Elizabeth Taylor are the unsatisfactory younger son and his wife, Jack Carson and Madeleine Sherwood are the worthy senior couple, and the third claimant is Big Daddy's despised wife, Judith Anderson.



PAUL NEWMAN, as Brick Pollitt, brooding younger son of a wealthy Southern household, and Elizabeth Taylor, as his high-spirited though unhappy wife, Maggie.



Noted Australian-born dramatic actress Judith Anderson plays a scene with her screen husband, Burl Ives, and screen son, comedian Jack Carson.

New romantic team of Newman and Taylor rehearse one of the high-voltage situations called for in the script of the Tennessee Williams play.

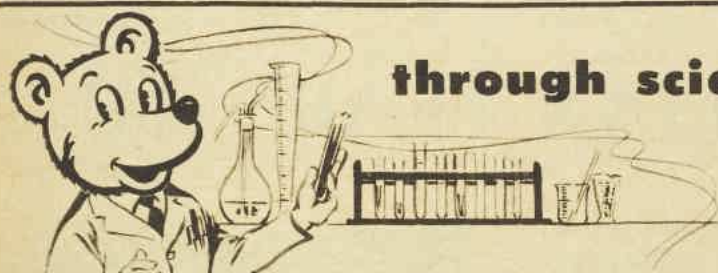
BURL IVES, as Big Daddy, the domineering head of the family.



Floral cat on a hot tin roof was director Richard Brooks' traditional first-day gift to Liz Taylor.



The still photographer catches Newman and Ives in a serious off-set moment. In the film Ives re-creates the role he played on Broadway.



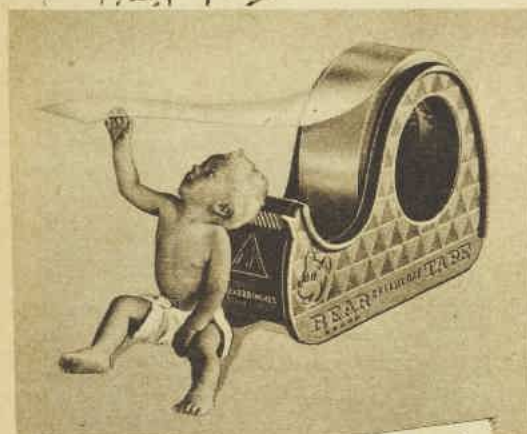
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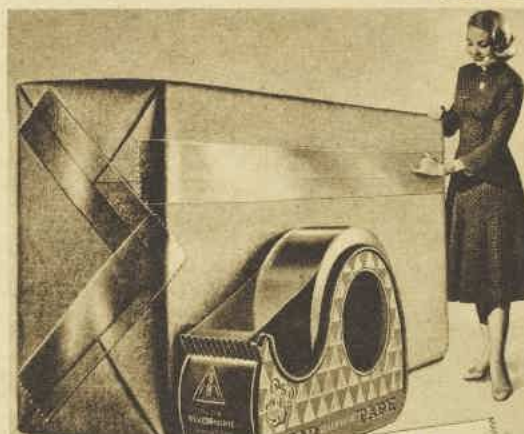
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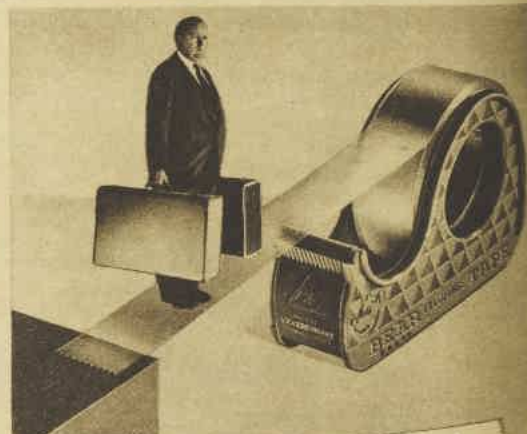
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—August 13, 1953

New Film Releases

LEGEND OF THE LOST

United Artists desert adventure, with Sophia Loren, Rossano Brazzi, John Wayne. In Technicolor. Plaza, Sydney.

A LOT of high-minded nonsense and sex is mixed up in this ridiculous story of two men and a woman in search of a mysterious lost treasure city in the Sahara.

Under pressure of events the two bad characters (Loren and Wayne) undergo a regeneration, while the erstwhile noble character (Brazzi) goes over to the side of flesh and the devil.

It's all very slow-moving and highly improbable, and Ben Hecht, who worked on the screenplay, should be thoroughly ashamed.

Some indication of the acting standard may be gathered from the fact that Brazzi and Loren make Wayne look positively good. Brazzi, a quaint little knickerbockered figure, is enough to break his fans' hearts.

In a word . . . **PATHOS.**

THE UNHOLY WIFE
R.K.O. drama, with Diana Dors, Rod Steiger. In Technicolor, R.K.O.-Scope. Esquire, Sydney.

DISASTROUS result of Dors' generally unfortunate trip to America, this gloomy and

heavy-handed piece casts her as the unfaithful wife of a Californian vigneron (Steiger), whom she frames when she fails to shoot him but kills his friend instead.

Unrelieved by a change of pace or a glimmer of humor, and made preposterous by the artificiality of Dors, the film boasts such melodramatic adjuncts as a gloomy family mansion, an ailing old mother-in-law, and a neglected small son by a former marriage.

Physically unattractive, but with the fat man's soft, unexpectedly vibrant voice, and a Method-trained actor's mannerisms, Steiger plays the vigneron with effect and understanding.

John Farrow's muddled direction weakens the whole balance of the Dors-Steiger relationship by failing to make clear Steiger's need of Dors' son by a former marriage and his consequent acceptance of Dors.

In a word . . . **SOMBRE.**

HENCEFORTH any romance in the screen life of Clark Gable is to be well seasoned with the light touch. The 57-year-old Gable decided this after watching a screening of his newly completed romantic comedy "Teacher's Pet." Pleased with his performance, Gable has said he will do "But Not For Me," with the same director, George Seaton. In it he will have the role of a Broadway play producer.

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars—below average

THE JAMES DEAN STORY

Warner biographical tribute, with James Dean. Palace, Sydney.

DEAN fans—the only people who conceivably would be seeing this commercially inspired "tribute" to the dead actor—will be sadly disappointed at the scrappy material that has gone into its making.

There are dozens of stills of Dean, interviews with members of his family and with associates, and a lot of not very convincing reconstructions, with a young man wearing a windbreaker jacket and with his back to the camera, representing Dean.

The morbid documentary material gathered on the promising young actor who was killed in a car crash in 1955 at the age of 24 after he had made only three films is held together by a commentary as nonsensical as it is pretentious.

The only real value the fans get for their money is a fairly long screen-test made for Dean's first film, "East Of Eden."

In a word . . . **PRETENTIOUS.**



CAST being entertained by Spencer Tracy on the set of "The Last Hurrah" are, from left, old-timers Ricardo Cortez, Ed Broth, James Gleason, Tracy, and Pat O'Brien.



SCREEN DAUGHTER for Lana? Sandra Dee, seen here with John Saxon, with whom she has co-starred, is spoken of as likely to play Lana Turner's daughter in "Imitation of Life."

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Kellogg's CORN FLAKES

"The way things are, with Mr. Strout and all, I mean did you ever think about—?" Johnny left the sentence uncompleted, but his eyes lifted unmistakably to Stanley's bald head.

Stanley, who could feel his lips tighten, thought wryly that he was as sensitive about his baldness as Cyrano had been about his nose. Even though he knew Johnny Wilson was moved by a genuine sympathy, he could not keep the resentment out of his tone as he demanded, "Think about what?"

Johnny met his unyielding gaze and said obliquely, "The big question is who's going to be the new assistant manager. What the heck, it won't be you or me, will it? That's for sure."

"For sure," Stanley said. He walked slowly to his cage. He knew what Johnny Wilson had been about to suggest. Get a toupee, Johnny wanted to say. Johnny saw nothing out of the ordinary in a toupee, but, then, Johnny wouldn't have to wear it. Johnny wouldn't have to walk into the bank and take off his hat while they all stared with their mouths open and started whispering and sniggering behind their hands. As it was, Stanley had his natural dignity, which a toupee would destroy, and pretence was not his nature.

"Good morning, Mr. Grover," Hortense Caldwell said cheerfully from her morning mist of perfume as he entered his cage next to hers.

"Morning," he replied, with a ducking motion of his head as he slid on to his stool. Thinking about a toupee had made him more conscious than ever of his baldness, and now that the morning duel of nerves with Mr. Strout was about to begin he felt his muscles tensing.

Every morning before the bank doors were unlocked at nine o'clock the assistant manager would cross the lobby, scanning the tellers' cages all the while, and each morning he would hesitate, his right heel suspended for a full beat before it made an impact with the marble floor, a pause that was as expressive as a word of impatience or disapproval.

It would happen when he was opposite Stanley's window — this small and pointed hesitation — then Mr. Strout would put up his hand and delicately pat his rich endowment of wavy black hair before he moved on again past the window that framed Hortense Caldwell's face; for Hortense he always had a smile and a cordial "good morning."

The daily routine seemed designed to call attention to Stanley's naked head in the row of half a dozen tellers, and each morning Stanley had the impulse to cry out, "What's eating you?" Some morning he would do it, some morning when his resentment flared to open anger. But he knew the answer to the question, he knew what was eating Mr. Strout. He knew Mr. Strout was thinking, The first thing I'll do as manager will be to get rid of that marblehead.

Heads would roll when Mr. Strout became manager, Stanley thought, particularly bald heads.

He could get another job, of course, but any threat of change upset him. His life was ordered. One advantage of working in this small branch of a large bank was that the same faces remained year after year; the same depositors came to his window. The bank branch had been a backwater of finance in which Stanley had stagnated quite comfortably until Mr. Strout had come from uptown.

Although he was only twenty-six, Stanley had become a man of habit and no particular ambition. The important thing, he reasoned, was to find a satisfactory life — not necessarily

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The Heady Career of Samuel Watkins

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successful, but satisfactory. A man could find adequate interests, such as reading, such as chess, for the meditative activities brought the fullest and richest rewards, at least for a man in his position.

After the early depositors had been disposed of and a quiet interlude had come, he heard Hortense Caldwell sigh gently. When he turned his head she smiled and said, "Isn't it wonderful weather, Mr. Grover? Next month, holiday. I can hardly wait. Where do you go on holidays?"

"Usually I just stay around home," Stanley said.

"You a family man — that it?"

He shook his head. "No, I live alone."

Her eyes rounded; they were a clear and guileless blue. "My goodness, Mr. Grover, what do you do with yourself for two whole weeks?"

"I play chess a lot," he said, knowing how dull it sounded. "I've a sort of bug about chess."

"Oh, chess," she said. "That's kind of a highbrow game, isn't it?"

He noticed with a sensitive eye how she caught herself up, how her glance lifted to his bald head, how she quickly turned her head away. He knew that he was blushing, and when he blushed his whole head turned salmon-pink, scalp and all. He was forever being embarrassed by his readiness to blush. That she pretended not to notice, busying herself at her till, did not help at all. To ease the situation, he forced himself to say, "Where do you go on your holidays, Miss Caldwell?"

"Peconic Bay," she said. "A lot of Brooklyn people go up there, you know."

"I come from Brooklyn myself," Stanley said.

"No kidding. What part?"

"I don't live there any more," he said, not caring to identify his old neighborhood where they probably still remembered Stanley Grover, that freak kid who lost his hair when he was seventeen, and one October day became the joke of Brooklyn. He added, "Now I live just a few blocks from here."

"Golly, that must be convenient," Hortense said. "Not that it's out of the way where I live, up on Brooklyn Heights. It's just a short subway ride, actually. I presume you know Brooklyn Heights?"

"Oh, sure," he said. "It's nice."

"You ought to come over there some time, just for the view of the river and downtown Manhattan," she said. "You mustn't forget old Brooklyn, you know."

He knew what she meant, or did he? He felt another blush mounting to his tingling scalp. But he was too shy to follow up the subtly delivered invitation. Maybe it was because she was a Brooklyn girl, he thought, and Brooklyn stirred unhappy memories. But probably she hadn't meant anything at all. Probably she hadn't meant anything remotely like, "Come over and see me."

He had learned years ago in Brooklyn not to risk rebuffs, and now he was so disgusted with himself for blushing that he subsided into miserable silence.

He had tried to remind himself that bald men were often successful with women, but young bald men were in another category, in the dustiest files of the human personality. He had tried to enumerate the movie stars who wore toupees; they did well enough off the set, even though they went around as bald as eggs, but

the point was that they were good-looking guys, not just average-looking like himself.

Take a girl like Miss Caldwell, he thought, a nice Brooklyn girl like Hortense Caldwell. When he mentioned chess, she had a vague idea it was some sort of highbrow game; she couldn't see what might be important about a game. The important thing was to get married and raise some nice kids over in Brooklyn. The important thing was a fellow with good prospects and a handsome head of hair, and Stanley could not qualify on either score.

He was at a dead end, but until Hortense Caldwell had come along he had not really minded. He had taken this job in the bank and had withdrawn into a shell, but there was no shell that could really enclose the emotions and keep all strangers out.

While he sat with eyes half-closed, his troubled mind took refuge in a fantasy. He had favorite recurrent fantasies; he often put himself to sleep with

at his feet. As far as women were concerned, he was already invisible.

But this latest fantasy was something new; it alarmed him. Its theme, abandoning moral values, was more aggressive than usual. A banker shouldn't think such thoughts. Perhaps it showed that his moral fibre was weak, he thought; on the other hand, perhaps it only showed that he wanted something for nothing, and that was human enough.

He wasn't invisible; only his hair was. An odd thing that he had never taken conscious note of before was that in his fantasies he always wore his hat.

It was time for lunch now, and he put up the sign that said "next window" and stepped out of his cage. He sighed deeply as he put on his hat, and as he caught his reflection in a plate-glass window on the street he thought that with his hat on he wasn't such a bad-looking guy. If he could just keep his hat on, if he just — No, he thought, he wouldn't have the nerve to wear a toupee.

He ate his lunch at the drugstore across the street, and be-

go out with a freak? When dates had become hard to get, Stanley had understood. He had become an expert on nuances in inflections of the feminine voice on a telephone; too often he had seen the change of expression when he had cut in at a dance.

The way to avoid such humiliations was to get out of town, so the day after he had graduated from high school he had left Brooklyn behind him.

Stanley had made a new life for himself, but would he ever purge the memory of the day he had lost his headgear in a high-school football game? He had broken through the line for ten good yards, and the safety man had tackled him high, pulling off the helmet as they went down together. His ridiculous-looking head exposed in the bright October sun, Stanley had heard the delighted, swelling howl of 5000 people in the stands.

A bald kid in a high-school game—even the referee had laughed. Stanley hadn't been much good to the team the rest of the game; he hadn't been much good to himself ever since. He had taken it lying down; that was the truth of it. He had been the joke of Brooklyn, and he had taken it lying down.

His mood was desperate now. As he paid the cashier his eye fell on the rack of directories beside the telephone booth. After he pocketed his change he walked to the rack, jerked the classified directory out, and flipped the yellow pages. At least 50 wigmakers seemed to be listed. Thousands of people must wear toupees. "Hollywood toupees," one advertisement said, "need not be removed for sleeping." And "undetectable" and "safe even in a hurricane."

The profusion of names and the confident guarantees of the advertisements were the door to a new world. Here in New York City literally thousands probably went to the wigmakers. Not actors, but ordinary people like himself. "Gentlemen's Hollywood toupees," the advertisement said, "private consultations."

The telephone number of the firm was printed in large type. Stepping purposefully into the telephone booth, Stanley felt his nervous heartbeat as he dialled the number and his voice sounded high and strange when he asked, "Is this Ruggerman and Company?"

"Yes, this is Mr. Ruggerman talking."

Stanley sucked in a deep breath and stammered out, "I'd like to get some information about a toupee."

The wigmaker was accustomed to hesitant, embarrassed calls such as this one, and he did most of the talking, using a businesslike but soothing voice. He had a staff of highly trained experts on hand, he said; his products were absolutely undetectable; he would be happy to make an appointment; and what did you say your name was, sir?

"Watkins," Stanley said. He had not intended to give any name at all. He had not really intended to make an appointment. But the telephone exchange was Watkins and the name was printed in large letters on the dial of the instrument, so he blurted out, "Watkins—Samuel Watkins." The name came easily to his lips.

"When will it be convenient for you to come in, Mr. Watkins?"

"I'm from out of town," Stanley said, backtracking now. "I'm just visiting New York on business and I'm catching a train for Toledo tonight."

"How about five-thirty this afternoon?" Mr. Ruggerman

persisted. "Would that give you time to pop in here before you go to the train?"

"I think so," Stanley said weakly. "Five-thirty it will be," Mr. Ruggerman said. "I can promise you'll be more than satisfied, Mr. Watkins. I wear a toupee myself and I guarantee no one will ever know."

No one would ever know? Stanley grimaced as he hung up the receiver. Why, everybody would know, the moment they laid eyes on him. Strangers might not know, but he had little contact with strangers. Sure, if he went to Patagonia or some faraway place no one would know, but here at home there'd be no doubt about it. He might fool strangers on the street, but on the street he always wore his hat.

He knew very well he wouldn't have the nerve to put on a toupee and walk into the bank one morning, not when he was a guy at the window of a teller's cage with a line of people coming up to him all day long. They'd stare at him; they'd make cracks. "I see you've got ear-to-ear carpeting," Mr. Grover, they'd say. Or, "How's the new rug?" Or, "Watch out the cat don't get it."

Of course, he didn't have to keep the appointment. He had given a false name. Sam Watkins was a fiction, a subterfuge; there was no more substance in him than a word spoken in the wind. The fellow with the oily voice could sit and wait and comb his toupee at half past five this afternoon. Sam Watkins would never show up. Stanley went back to work thinking that was the end of it.

But Sam Watkins did show up. During the afternoon Stanley worked on a new idea. Why not apply to Mr. Roberts for transfer to another branch in a new neighborhood; he could wear the toupee from the first day and nobody would be the wiser. It was worth thinking about; it was worth sending Sam Watkins uptown.

Stanley had planned to plead that because he had only a few minutes before catching his train he only wanted information, that on his next trip to New York he would stop in to be fitted. But from the moment Mr. Ruggerman greeted him and relieved him of his hat, he found himself in the hands of an expert in human psychology.

Mr. Watkins had his attention called to the signed photographs of prominent and grateful customers on the walls. Mr. Watkins was shown Mr. Ruggerman's ample, greying locks — the product of the wigmaker's art. Mr. Watkins was told that better than 50,000 men wore toupees. Mr. Watkins was assured that the price was reasonable—only 150 dollars—and that he had a fine head for fitting.

Then Mr. Watkins found himself being measured ear to ear and brow to nape of neck and heard the click of scissors as a sample of his side hair was snipped for matching purposes.

Before Stanley had even begun to make up his mind he found that Mr. Watkins had ordered a toupee, which would be ready in four weeks, and that it would be necessary to make a small deposit. No revealing mail would be sent to Toledo; he could call the next time he was in the city.

Stanley left the wigmaker's office in a daze. On the street he told the two of them, himself and Sam Watkins, "What a stupid fool thing to do, throwing away a fifty-buck deposit like that." He'd surely never wear the toupee. But still he felt a reckless excitement that was new to him. He remembered all those photographs on the wall assuring him that he was not alone, that more than 50,000 men wore



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toupees—not actors, but ordinary men like Sam Watkins or Stanley Grover.

Even if he never wore the thing he could always leave it handy just in case. Knowing it was there would be like money in the bank, and he could put it on and wear it any time he chose, even though that time would never come. It was another substance of fantasy, to come right down to it.

A month was a long time to wait. Stanley was a patient man; anyone who played correspondence chess had to be, but a month was a long time to wait for the fulfilment of what he considered only a whim. In a month a man's anticipation could be unbearably whetted or he could forget all about his whim.

In Stanley's case came forgetfulness. After two weeks he hardly remembered the name of the wigmaker, and if he hadn't made a 50-dollar deposit it would no doubt have slipped his mind altogether; he might even have forgotten Sam Watkins.

A month was four weeks of inhaling Miss Caldwell's perfume, four weeks of morning inspections by Mr. Strout, four weeks of wistful fantasy. In the month of waiting the situation at the bank had not changed.

Mr. Roberts had not yet set a date for his move downtown, and Stanley remained in his accustomed routine, with nothing out of the way except an occasional error, such as the one that kept them all late one evening tracking down a 54-cent shortage. When it was finally traced to Miss Caldwell's cage, she looked so distressed that Stanley wanted to put his arm around her and comfort her.

"These things happen to all of us, Miss Caldwell," he said reassuringly. "After all, the depositor made the error. He reversed the figures when he made out his slip—wrote eighty-two cents instead of twenty-eight. It was his error."

"You're sweet to say so, Mr. Grover," Miss Caldwell said. "But I should have noticed the error." She turned contritely to Mr. Strout. "I feel awful about it, Tommy."

"Don't give it another thought, Hortense," Mr. Strout said grandly.

So it was Hortense and Tommy, Stanley noted. He sat in the next cage, and he was still Mr. Grover—just the bald fellow in the adjoining cage.

When Mr. Strout went back to lock up his desk, Miss Caldwell murmured, "Golly, I've made everybody late for dinner. Maybe you had a date to go dancing or something tonight, Mr. Grover."

"No. I'm not much for dancing," Stanley said.

"You're the serious type, I know," she said. "You'd rather think deep thoughts or play chess than dance, I think. You probably think I'm just frivolous."

"Why, no, I never thought anything like that," Stanley said, earnestly. "You're a girl."

Hortense showed a beguiling smile. "Why, I'm so glad you noticed, Mr. Grover," she said. "Yes, indeed, I'm a girl."

The other tellers had ducked out the moment the shortage had been cleared up; only Stanley and Miss Caldwell and Mr. Strout remained in the bank with Charlie, the old guard. Since it was probably too late for Miss Caldwell to get home in time for dinner, Stanley thought that this was the moment, this was the opportunity. He cleared his throat and began, "Miss Caldwell—"

"For goodness sake, why don't you call me Hortense, like everyone else?" she cried. "Or Horty."

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The Hedy Career of Samuel Watkins

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"Thank you," he said, "—Hortense."

She smiled drolly as she said, "You're so serious-minded, Stanley. You ought to 'unlax' a little. You know what they say—it's later than you think. You ought to get out of yourself—live it up a little."

Taken aback, he said awkwardly, "I have a pretty satisfactory life." Words of masculine aggressiveness were in his mind. All right, let's live it up. Let's have dinner tonight. Let's go dancing. He wanted to say them; and he even cleared his throat, telling himself that he must say them, and that this was his chance. She was smiling receptively, it seemed to him—a small, one-sided, tantalising smile.

"Miss Caldwell," he began. "I mean Hortense. I—"

But Mr. Strout, who had returned with quick, decisive steps, was saying in a tone of casual assurance, "Horty, about having a bite to eat?"

"All right," she said. "Fine."

"I have some news to tell you," Mr. Strout said, and his amiable grin included Stanley. "I guess it's no secret. I'll let you in on it, too, Stanley. Mr. Roberts is going to take his holidays the first of next month, and when he comes back, he'll clear out his desk and move down to Wall Street."

"Tommy!" Hortense cried. "Does that mean—?"

"It does," said Mr. Strout.

Hortense suddenly stood on tiptoe and kissed Mr. Strout firmly on the cheek, while, looking pink and pleased, he patted his thick black hair. She turned to Stanley, her eyes shining. "Isn't it wonderful?" she cried. "Here he is manager of the bank, and he isn't thirty yet. He's only twenty-nine."

Stanley reached for Mr. Strout's hand, and, putting as much sincerity into the handshake as was possible for a man with a sinking heart, said, "Congratulations, Mr. Strout."

When Hortense went to get her hat, Mr. Strout let his hand rest lightly on Stanley's shoulder and said expansively, "I think it's a real opportunity. I think we can do great things here, if we all pitch in. I've had my eye on you, Stanley. You're a topnotch teller. You don't make mistakes." He lowered his voice to a confidential tone. "That's why I'd like to make a suggestion, for your own good and the good of the bank. I'm sure you'll take it in the spirit in which it's offered."

His eyes rose significantly to Stanley's bald head. It was fortunate that Hortense returned just then. If Mr. Strout had said one word about his baldness, he would have pasted him, Stanley thought fiercely. The smug, superior extrovert, so proud of all that thick black hair—if he'd said one word about a wig, Stanley would have pasted him. The depth of his hostility surprised him. He knew that it was unreasonable, and that it had nothing to do with wigs.

He had wanted to ask Hortense to dinner, but had balked miserably. Mr. Strout had simply walked off with her, carrying her lipstick on his cheek to boot.

"Suppose we discuss it another time, Stanley," Mr. Strout said.

"I'd rather not," Stanley said in a low, hard voice. "I can't see that it concerns you in any way, Mr. Strout."

Hortense looked anxiously at him, and Mr. Strout flushed and said, "I'm sorry, Stanley. I didn't mean to offend you."

"Then let's forget it," Stanley said.

"Well, of course," Mr. Strout's tone was apologetic.

Angry with himself, Stanley walked slowly to his flat. He

had quit again; he was taking it lying down. Maybe Hortense would actually have accepted his invitation, if he had managed to get it out before Mr. Strout took over. He had behaved in a petty, childish manner, but he could not help it. You ought to live it up a little, Hortense had said. If only she knew how much he would like to be a free and easy member of a group, sharing the laughter and the fun, dancing like a faun. It was something he could never explain to her. Better she thought him a stodgy fellow, who preferred chess to girls, than that she knew the abyss of his loneliness.

That night, when fantasy drifted on the borderline of dream, the president of the bank dropped in at the branch, and lo, he was as bald as Eisenhower. In fact, he was President Eisenhower. The thing he liked about this branch of his great bank, said President Eisenhower, was its friendly homy quality. This branch was efficient,

Stanley Grover, not Sam Watkins. It troubled him that even in a dream he had left President Eisenhower in doubt about his identity. He was Stanley Grover. He should have made that clear to the President.

He let his head fall back on the pillow, smiling at the absurdity of the dream until he understood its meaning. The time lock of his mind, which had been set for one month, had opened in his dreams, and there was Sam Watkins reminding him in an oblique, and ridiculous, way that the toupee would be ready tomorrow. Stanley chuckled and went back to sleep.

At lunch-hour next day he called Ruggerman & Company from the booth where the name of Sam Watkins first came to his lips.

"So you're back in town, Mr. Watkins," Mr. Ruggerman said heartily. "Fine. Your toupee is ready. Stop in any time that's convenient."

"Late this afternoon, then," Stanley said, and hung up.

He felt an unusual exhilara-

but he'd never know himself as Stanley Grover. He looked younger, immeasurably more alert, more vigorous—virile. What a head of hair could do for a man!

"It looks natural," he breathed. "It really does look natural." He stared with fascination at his reflection in the mirror. "It's a regular disguise," he said. "A man on the run, you know, put on one of these things and—"

"That's quite true," Mr. Ruggerman said. "As a matter of fact, if we ever suspect anything like that, we report it to the police."

"I should think so," Stanley said, and wondered why he had brought up that point. What had put such an idea into his head? He felt a twinge of odd, unreasonable guilt.

"When you're not wearing it, you keep it on this plastic form," the wigmaker said. "Once a week you clean it with cleaning fluid. You—"

"Okay," Stanley broke in. "Wrap it up."

"Wrap it up?" Mr. Ruggerman said in a shocked voice.

"Aren't you going to wear it?" "I thought maybe I'd get used to the idea first," Stanley said apologetically.

"Let me give you my advice, Mr. Watkins," Mr. Ruggerman said firmly. "Wear it now. Don't put it off. Here—"

He put the cranium-shaped form in a box and shoved it under Stanley's arm. "Get right out on the street with it, that's my advice. Go on; try it out. If anybody notices you're wearing a toupee, you come back here and I'll refund your money. How about that? Is that a proposition? Does that show the confidence we feel in our hair goods? Mr. Watkins, I give you my word, if I hadn't made that toupee myself I'd swear it was your natural hair."

So it was not Stanley Grover who walked out of the wigmaker's; it was this other fellow, Sam Watkins, this fellow with thick brown hair on his head. Sam Watkins went out to the street with the box under his arm, but Stanley Grover's hand put the hat on his head and Stanley's hand pulled the brim down so that the toupee was completely hidden from sight.

He walked for a block towards Times Square. As he waited for a traffic light to change, Sam Watkins' hand reached up impulsively and removed the hat, while Stanley Grover cringed. Sam seemed to be more confident than Stanley, for he looked about him almost belligerently, daring anyone to notice. But no one gave him a second glance.

Between Sixth Avenue and Times Square a fetching girl, who was approaching, glanced at him and, when they were almost abreast, gave him a closer look. No, Sam Watkins assured Stanley, she hadn't been noticing the toupee; she had been giving him the once-over, because he was a young and virile-looking fellow with a fine head of hair.

Why had he put this off so long? Why hadn't he bought a toupee years ago? He hadn't realised it could make so much difference. He paused to examine his reflection in a street mirror, staring at the stranger. He wasn't a bad-looking fellow, this Sam Watkins. Maybe he wasn't handsome—no movie-star type—but he did have a good strong-looking jaw and a bold nose that went well with a flourishing crop of hair.

He walked on across Times Square, and because one arm was encumbered with the box he put on his hat to free the other hand to smoke a cigarette. He was lighting the ciga-

rette on the corner near Times Building when a voice called, "Hi, there."

When he turned and Hortense Caldwell smiling him, moving towards him in a crowd, he instinctively took his hat. Hortense stopped short. "Oh, excuse me," she said. "I thought you were someone else."

Stanley had completely forgotten the toupee. Grover, with his new glory, he stood before her and saw the doubt in her eyes, the flustered decision. Suddenly he jammed the hat on his head, turned away, and bolted for the subway.

His heart pounded. But he hadn't known him, he reassured himself. She believed he had made a mistake. Day after day they worked side by side but when they had met on the street she actually hadn't known him. He was a character named Sam Watkins, and he had never seen him before.

He walked with quick steps to his apartment, breathing more easily now. When he was secure, with the door closed behind him, he took off his hat and stood for a long time in front of the mirror, studying his appearance, using a hand mirror to see his profile. It was a different man. He was Sam Watkins.

A brain accustomed to the opium of fantasy reeled from the heady fumes of actual possibility. He was Sam Watkins. The substance of daydream for Stanley Grover could be reality for Sam Watkins. Things that were not possible for Stanley Grover were sure open to Sam Watkins—self-confidence, adventure, romance.

This was the moment, as his eyes were glued to the mirror as his heart beat fast, and he felt an urgent need to fill his lungs to the limit of the capacity—this was the moment that the plan began to take shape. Perhaps it was consciously formulated in Stanley's mind, but he had created Sam Watkins and he was responsible for whatever Sam Watkins might do, even if he robbed a bank.

Stanley wore his toupee to bed that first night. When he awakened the next morning when he rose drowsily to go to the bathroom, his jaw froze as he caught sight of the wide-eyed stranger in the mirror.

It was a moment before his head cleared—a moment of shock that he remembered long afterward—then he began to laugh, leaning weakly against the washbowl. But since there was nothing essentially ludicrous in the situation, after a time he stopped and looked seriously at the face of the touple-haired stranger in the mirror, a stranger with queer, hungry eyes. That laughter had been almost hysterical, he thought, but still it was disconcerting to see all that hair where not a strand had sprouted yesterday. It was disconcerting, but it was wonderfully exciting.

It was a bright, sunny Saturday in early June. He got out of this apartment, he thought. He'd go somewhere for the weekend. But since he didn't even have a comb, he first made a trip to a drug store, with his hat pulled down on his head.

Back in his apartment he carefully combed the toupee as the wigmaker had taught him. As he stood before the mirror, a smile kept turning up the corners of his lips. He could not remember when he had ever had such a sense of well-being. Yes, he'd been somewhere for the weekend, out of the neighborhood, out of the city—a place where no one would know him.

His first consideration was Atlantic City, but deciding that a man trying new wigs



ent, businesslike, with no chromium-plated folderol.

"Glad to have you on the team, Mr. Watkins," said President Eisenhower when Mr. Roberts introduced Stanley. "Fine head of skin you've got there, son. You ought to be downtown with me. We bald fellows ought to stick together. Trouble with the world is that it sets too much store by hair. Why, ever since the apes, man has been trying to get rid of hair. A good, solid bald head is a mark of distinction. You'd never mistake a bald man for an ape, now, would you, Mr. Watkins?"

"Not unless he wore a toupee, Mr. President," Stanley said.

"Well said, my boy," said President Eisenhower, who then scratched his chest with ten clawed fingers and leaped lightly to the chandelier suspended high in the lobby of the bank. He clung there, swinging rhythmically back and forth, while everyone craned his neck to see, and Miss Caldwell murmured admiringly, "Is that really President Eisenhower? I had no idea he was so athletic."

"You'd be surprised about bald men," Stanley said.

Then he found himself sitting bolt upright in bed, wide awake, but still confused by the dream. For a moment he could not put his finger on what troubled him; then he knew—he had not explained to the President that his name was

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The Heady Career of Samuel Watkins

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that morning Mr. Strout paused for an extra beat before his window, and Stanley caught Miss Caldwell looking thoughtfully at his head. During a lull she asked, "Were you up around Times Square Friday afternoon, Stanley?"

"No," he said. "I went away for the weekend."

"A funny thing happened," she said. "I thought I saw you in Times Square. I was uptown shopping and I saw this fellow. Oh, I know it wasn't you, but I guess maybe you've got a double. I thought it was you until—" She broke off with a quick laugh.

The laugh was very pointed, Stanley thought. She could not know he understood its meaning, which gave him an inkling of the jokes that were undoubtedly passed about his baldness at the bank. And after the bank doors were closed that afternoon he felt himself bristle when Johnny Wilson asked, "Go to the beach over the weekend, Stanley? Next time better take off your hat."

ON the way home after work Stanley bought a sun lamp, which he set up so that its rays were focused on the chair by the chessboard. He sat down under the lamp to work out the next moves in his current game of correspondence chess, but he could not concentrate. He tried to forget about the closet, where Sam Watkins waited, but there was an overpowering fascination about that head in the cupboard.

It was like Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, he thought, with a wry smile. Sam Watkins was waiting for him there in the cupboard the way Mr. Hyde had waited for Dr. Jekyll in a chemical retort.

He couldn't get his mind off Sam Watkins. In Sam there was refuge. He was a man without a past, without friends or enemies. Sam Watkins stood alone and the world was his oyster.

Next weekend he'd stay away from the seashore, Stanley decided. He had enough money in the savings bank—why not get a car? Then he could start off for the weekend with no definite destination in mind. Foot-loose and free, he could put up where he chose. He ought to pick out a town and go there and—well, you never knew.

He opened an atlas and studied place names within a radius of a hundred miles of Manhattan. Any one of these towns, he thought. One was as good as another. Just drive into town and take a room in the hotel, say he was a salesman or something, and look around, get acquainted. Any kind of adventure was possible for Sam Watkins.

Nothing had ever absorbed his thoughts so much—not even chess. Only his instinct for routine kept him from making mistakes in his work at the bank. On Wednesday of that week he went to the savings bank at lunch hour and drew out 1000 dollars of his savings, and after work he chose a two-door sedan that cost him 600 dollars. When the salesman at the used-car lot asked his name for the registration papers, without hesitation he said, "Samuel Watkins," and he gave an uptown address, the numbers taken at random.

"Off to the beach again this weekend, Stanley?" Hortense asked on Friday.

"I don't know for sure," he said. "Maybe."

"I'll bet you're an expert swimmer," she said. "Where do you usually go, Stanley?"

"I'm not going to the beach this weekend," he said.

The smile faded from her

lips, the light of interest died in her eyes, and she turned her head away. Stanley had not meant to be abrupt, but he couldn't tell her where he had been last weekend; he couldn't give any possible clues to the existence of Sam Watkins. That was a secret thing, not to be shared with anyone.

He called for the car Saturday morning, carrying a suitcase and wearing the toupee under his hat. He was Sam Watkins now. When he drove out of the used-car lot he followed the West Side Highway up town and turned off towards the Merritt Parkway on the way to Connecticut, his destination this weekend; he didn't care where in Connecticut. He might go to New Haven or Hartford. Maybe a small city, maybe a small town. He had looked at many names on the map in the atlas, but he had chosen no specific town.

But the odd thing was that Sam Watkins seemed to know what he was doing. Sam Watkins seemed to know which exit to take off the parkway and which side road to follow. Sam Watkins turned off at a roadhouse restaurant, parked the car in a crowded parking area, and walked unerringly to the bar, where he ordered a beer. Sam Watkins behaved like a man who knew his way around, and Stanley marvelled at it.

In the restaurant section of the roadhouse a luncheon party was in progress—a group of noisy men in sober business suits. Easily opening a conversation with the bartender, Sam Watkins asked, "What's the occasion?"

"Chamber of Commerce luncheon," the barman said. "They meet here every other week."

"Substantial-looking group of men," Sam Watkins said. "How about pouring me another, friend?"

Two beers were the limit for Stanley Grover, but Sam Watkins behaved as if they were only a starter. He kept on chatting with the bartender. On Saturday night this joint really jumped, the barman said. There was a Dixieland orchestra that came from New Haven Saturday nights, he said. "Come in tonight if you're looking for some fun; bring your girl and have a good time."

"I don't know any local girls yet," Sam Watkins said. "I'm a stranger in town. Just looking it over, as a matter of fact. I've been thinking I might go into business herabouts."

Sam's voice seemed extra loud, and a man who had come in from the restaurant area gave him a second glance.

The barman said, "This area is growing, with the new turnpike coming through and all that. Things are going to boom here in Greentown, I shouldn't wonder. Right, Mr. Purvis?"

"Right," said the man at the end of the bar.

"Mr. Purvis is the secretary of our Chamber of Commerce," the barman said. "Purvis Realty Company."

Sam Watkins said, "Hi. Watkins is my name."

Mr. Purvis was a stocky man of medium height with thinning hair and a tendency to peer over the top of his glasses; he'd look years younger with a hair-piece, Stanley thought, as Mr. Purvis cordially said, "I heard you telling Joe you might be going into business here in Greentown. You couldn't pick a more progressive little town. What's your line, Mr. Watkins?"

"Right now I'm selling," Sam said. "But I'm getting weary of the road, Mr. Purvis. I'm not planning to hurry into anything, of course, but I'm ready for a change. First I thought I'd look around, find

a nice little house somewhere. I've got some capital to invest. Nothing big, you understand, but enough to set me up in business. I'm looking for the right opportunity, and I've got all the time in the world—no hurry about it."

It was quite a speech. It startled Stanley; it took his breath away.

"How many in your family, Mr. Watkins?" Mr. Purvis asked.

"I'm alone," Sam Watkins said. "Still a bachelor."

"I'm interested in real estate and I think I could put you on to a nice home, if you're interested," Mr. Purvis said. "Why don't you drop into my office and look over our listings?"

"I'll do just that," Sam Watkins said. "Soon as I've had some lunch."

Over his lamb chops Stanley was a little ashamed of Sam Watkins. He was a blowhard. What business did he have wasting Mr. Purvis' time with that story of looking for a house? This Sam Watkins was a frivolous, blowhard impostor; you couldn't really trust him. But at least Sam Watkins knew how to live. He was on the ball. He brought a little excitement into life. Stanley was having a wonderful time.

When he left the restaurant, he drove slowly through the town, turning off to inspect side streets. He liked the place. It was part old New England, with colonial houses set close to the road, part Victorian wooden lace and gables, part new ranch-type and modified salt boxes—a town with architecture to suit varied periods and tastes, a typical hybrid community.

When Stanley stopped his car at the curb outside Mr. Purvis' office, Mr. Purvis himself met him at the door and said with a glance at the license plates, "See you're from New York."

"I used to work in New York, but I was transferred to the New England territory a couple of months ago," Sam Watkins said glibly. "Haven't got around to changing my plates yet."

"What line are you selling, Mr. Watkins?"

"Rugs," Sam Watkins said, and his hand went up to pat his toupee. "Carpeting."

"This is my daughter, Adele," Mr. Purvis said. "She'll help you on that house."

SHE was an attractive girl, Stanley thought, with large brown eyes and a soft, slightly pouting mouth.

"Well, this will indeed be a pleasure," said Sam Watkins heartily.

Stanley half expected the girl to take offence, but she just laughed softly and opened a book of photographs of houses listed for sale. "Dad says you're looking for bachelor quarters," she said.

"For the time being, yes," Sam Watkins said. "But allow a fellow a little room to expand, will you?"

Her smile was receptive. "Maybe you had in mind an old house—a place with atmosphere. I have a pretty nice one on the list."

"Why don't we get in the car and look it over?" Sam Watkins suggested.

This fellow Sam Watkins made himself at home, Stanley thought, as he settled himself beside the girl in her car, and he kept a conversation going.

He was tired of city life, Sam said. He'd been staying in Hartford the past couple of months when he wasn't on the road, but he wanted a place of his own. He liked to tinker, was thinking about getting a set

of power tools. He wouldn't mind an old house; it would give him something to do. On the other hand, he didn't want to be too isolated; he liked neighbors; he liked a little life going on around him.

If a fellow talked enough, a girl responded; this was a new fact for Stanley to assimilate. And if a fellow talked a lot about himself, a girl would begin to talk about herself, too. Adele couldn't understand why Sam Watkins wanted to leave Hartford. There wasn't much life around here; she envied him, really. It was pretty dull in Greentown, and a girl could get insufferably bored. Of course the married ones had plenty to keep them busy, and she thanked heaven she had her job with her father. Selling real estate, you got to meet all kinds of people.

The house was on a brook, with five acres of land and two houses just across the road. It was an old salt-box house, remodelled only a decade before. The water supply was ample and the plumbing good. There were two bedrooms and quite a large kitchen—in case he liked to cook, Adele pointed out.

"I'm pretty handy in the kitchen," Sam Watkins said, and added broadly, "Matter of fact, I'm pretty handy anywhere in the house."

The coarse overtones of the remark shocked Stanley, but

Adele Purvis laughed lightly and said, "They're asking fifteen thousand. I think it's a buy at fifteen thousand."

"I'll take it," Sam Watkins said.

"You'll take it?" she asked, startled. "You don't want to see anything else?"

"Tell you what," Sam Watkins said. "Maybe you can fix it so that I can rent it with a six months' option to buy. I don't want to rush into anything."

"I'll give it a try," Adele said. "I'll have to make some telephone calls."

It was late afternoon before she reached the owner in New Haven, but then the agreement was quickly arranged—a six months' option to buy, a rental of 100 dollars a month, and, after a little earnest bargaining by Adele, the aggregate rent to be applied to the purchase price.

Sam Watkins whisked two 50-dollar bills out of his wallet. "Here's the rent for the first month. I'll move in next Saturday. Okay?"

"Why, yes," the girl said. "I'll have the papers ready for you to sign by then."

"Out where I come from we like to close a deal with a little token of good cheer," Sam said.

"Just where do you come from, Mr. Watkins?"

"Toledo," Sam said, and gave her a street name and number that Stanley knew well; he had sent postcards to it regularly in his games of correspondence chess.

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NEW! COOL! MINT-FRESH!

Continuing . . .

The Heady Career of Samuel Watkins

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"Now how about a drink?" Sam Watkins asked.

They crossed the street to the cocktail lounge of the hotel, and Stanley found himself drinking beers—three of them. Stanley, who felt his head becoming fuzzy, heard Sam's voice, loud and confident, saying, "I hear there's a good Dixieland band at that place just outside town. How about it? Feel like dancing tonight?"

Adele was usually busy on Saturday nights, but it just so happened that she was free tonight and she would love to go dancing. She had to go home and change first, but if he would follow her car and wait she'd be ready in no time at all. It was all so easy, Stanley thought hazily. He had had no idea how amenable girls could be. He had had no idea what a difference a head of hair made.

At the roadhouse that night the bandleader smiled and bowed to Adele, and Adele introduced several couples, who stopped at their table to say hello, to Sam Watkins. He was made to feel welcome. His hand was shaken cordially, and Adele Purvis presided at his initiation as a new resident with an engaging air of sponsorship. She was a lovely girl, Stanley thought. She was outgoing and cheerful, and her brown eyes sparkled. She laughed a lot; she beat time to the music; at last she said with prodding impatience, "Sam, aren't we going to dance?"

Stanley could not remember when it had become Sam and Adele instead of Mr. Watkins and Miss Purvis, but it seemed the most natural thing in the world. And his dancing wasn't so bad. Because the dance floor was crowded, there was scarcely room to move, and he found when a band played Dixieland all you had to do was shuffle your feet a little and hold your girl pretty close. It was the most natural thing in the world.

"Oh, I'm having a lovely time," Adele said at their table.

Curfew came at one o'clock and there were goodbyes at the door. Several jovial men shook his hand and called him "Sam," and there were cheery calls of good night as he escorted Adele to his car. She flopped down on the seat beside him, sighed deeply, and said, "It was a wonderful evening. Welcome to Greentown, Mr. Watkins."

Stanley didn't know whether she made the move or Sam Watkins made it, but suddenly she was in his arms and he was kissing the warm, pouting lips that had been waiting all evening to be kissed. There was a dangerous moment when she let her hand glide along his head, smoothing his hair, but the toupee did not budge.

"You're sweet," Adele said.

"Want to take me home now?"

He had a little trouble keeping the car on the road; he had a little trouble focusing his thoughts. When he stopped in front of Adele's house, she kissed him lightly on the cheek and murmured, "See you next Saturday. Right?"

"It's a date," Sam Watkins said.

"I mean you're coming in to sign the papers Saturday."

"Sure, but how about Saturday night?"

"Okay, Saturday night," she said.

She slipped away and ran up the steps of her house. After the door closed behind her, Stanley sat for a long time at the wheel of his car, frowning, trying to organise his

thoughts. What was he up to, anyhow? Why had he rented a house and thrown away a hundred bucks like that? This was carrying make-believe pretty far. He wasn't a salesman. He had no capital to invest.

Once he put that toupee of his head, his thoughts took wing—anything seemed possible. Everything he did seemed normal and almost inevitable. But who was in charge here, anyhow—Stanley Grover or Sam Watkins?

He spent the night in a motel; his sleep was a heavy, drugged insensibility, and the next morning he had a headache. After breakfast he drove back to New York, where he found space for the car in a parking lot and walked slowly to his apartment. The check-board waited, with the pieces set up for the game with the fellow in Toledo; remembering how Sam Watkins had appropriated the fellow's address gave him a sense of guilt.

His head ached terribly. He swallowed two tablets and looked at himself in the mirror. His face was drawn, and his eyes seemed hollow and impressively weary. He took off the toupee and put it on the form, which he tucked out of sight in the closet; then he set up the sun lamp to focus on his pillow, and collapsing on the bed he massaged his temples and the familiar bald expanse of his head where the ache was so pronounced.

The heck with Sam Watkins, Stanley thought; he wanted no more of Sam Watkins.

Monday morning Stanley felt embarrassed when he took his seat in the cage next to Hortense Caldwell's. He certainly wouldn't have behaved with Hortense the way he had with Adele. That is, not even Sam Watkins would. Hortense wasn't the sort of girl you'd snatch an easy kiss from, he thought, but maybe she'd act differently with Sam Watkins.

He studied Hortense with new eyes. No, she wouldn't have danced in the intimate way Adele had. Hortense caught him watching her and asked, "What have you been up to, Stanley?"

He began counting out the money to cash a 50-dollar cheque. Somehow he felt guilty and kept his eyes lowered as he murmured, "What do you mean?"

"I mean you've got such a strange look in your eyes," she said. "I'll bet you've been up to something." She followed her comment with a little, teasing laugh that showed she wouldn't have bet even a nickel, at any sort of odds.

"Well, I lead a double life, you know," he said. He was pleased with the light rejoinder that came easily to his lips and pleased by Hortense's appreciative giggle.

"I'll bet you really do," she said. "And you always seem like such a steady, dignified fellow. I'll bet you're not, actually."

"You'd be surprised about me," Stanley said, with a heady boldness.

"Would I?" she said. "I wonder?" Her smile invited more. "How would I be surprised about you?"

"Just you wait and see," he said, and he knew that the light in his eyes had surely kindled anew; he could surprise her, all right, he thought. He even surprised himself.

He had a great sense of

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relaxation that day. Everything seemed to be going as slick as paint, and he did not take offence when Johnny Wilson commented, "I see you remembered to take off your hat this weekend." The sun lamp had done its work.

"Where did you go?" Johnny asked. "Coney? Jones Beach? Where?"

"Don't tell anybody, Johnny," Stanley said, with a wicked grin. "It was Atlantic City."

He felt pleased with himself that day, but as he walked home after work he was restless. On an enchanting June night like this Sam Watkins wouldn't settle down in front of a chessboard with an incorporeal opponent, he thought. Sam Watkins would be out on the town, having fun. But Sam Watkins' actions were a drain on his resources.

After all, Stanley Grover had to foot the bills; Sam Watkins seemed to think that money grew on trees, that the supply was inexhaustible.

He studied chess moves for a while. He read for a while. But he could not get his mind altogether off the head in the closet; finally he took it out, put the toupee on, and stood before the mirror. Why didn't he leave the thing on tomorrow morning and walk boldly into the bank? he asked himself. Why didn't he merge dashing Sam Watkins and plodding Stanley Grover?

If he had the nerve to do the things Sam Watkins did, why didn't he have the nerve to wear the toupee into the bank?

His sleep was heavy that night, and when he awakened his head felt full. He was still drowsy as he shaved. After he had dressed, knotted his necktie, and put on his coat, he found himself at the door of the cupboard, reaching for his other head. He put on the toupee, adjusting it carefully with the strips of sticking plaster, combing it to merge with his side hair. But he had no intention of wearing the toupee to work. Instead he picked up the telephone.

He hadn't really thought this out; his head still seemed a little fuzzy. But he found himself dialling the number of the bank and saying to old Charlie, the guard, who answered the call, "This is Mr. Grover, Charlie. When Mr. Roberts comes in, will you give him a message? Something I ate last night gave me food poisoning. I've been up all night, and the doctor says I'd better stay in bed today. Will you tell Mr. Roberts that?"

"Sure thing," Charlie said. "Sorry to hear it, Mr. Grover. You take it easy. Stay in bed."

As soon as he was hung up, Stanley snatched his hat and went out. He walked straight to his savings bank and drew out 2000 dollars; and left a balance of less than a thousand. With the money in his pocket, he went to the parking lot and claimed his car.

First stop, New Haven. At the local office of the Department of Motor Vehicles he had his car inspected and obtained Connecticut licence plates in the name of Samuel Watkins, Greentown, Connecticut. He found a screwdriver in the trunk of the car and changed the plates; then he drove to the downtown section of New Haven, parked the car, and dropped his coin in the meter. Before the arrow had clicked away sixty minutes, he was back again. He had bought two suits of clothes, which would be ready on Saturday, half a dozen shirts, and some underwear, socks, and handkerchiefs. He was newly outfitted with linen that had no laundry marks, with suits that would bear the labels of a Connecticut tailor. Oh yes—a hat. At a hat store on the corner, he bought a new hat—a quarter size larger than he

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The Heady Career of Samuel Watkins

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usually wore because the toupee made his old size a trifle too snug.

Next stop, Greentown. In the cashier's office at the bank he set forth the facts needed for the occasion: His name was Samuel Watkins; he had just moved to town; he had arranged to buy a house on Meadowbrook Road from the Purvis Realty Company; he'd like to open an account in the Greentown National Bank.

As he was filling out the signature cards, the cashier asked, "How much were you planning to deposit, Mr. Watkins?"

"I think about fifteen hundred to start," Sam Watkins said, and took the fat wallet from his pocket.

"In cash?" the cashier asked, with an air of surprise.

"I always like to carry a lot of cash," Sam said off-handedly, as he counted out the money. "While I'm about it, maybe I'd better get a safe-deposit box."

"We have two sizes," the cashier began. "One is—"

"I'll take the large size," Sam Watkins said.

With his bankbook in his pocket and the safe-deposit key on the key ring with the keys to his car, Sam Watkins stepped out on to the main street of Greentown. From a telephone booth in the drugstore he arranged for the electricity to be turned on in the house on Meadowbrook Road. He bought a bottle of hair tonic at the drug counter and introduced himself as a newcomer to town.

"Haven't I seen you before?" the druggist asked.

"Ever been in Toledo?" Sam Watkins asked.

"No, I had an idea I'd seen you here in Greentown, here in the store."

"No," Sam Watkins said. "Not me."

"A man running a drugstore sees a lot of people," the druggist said. "I get the feeling lots of times that I've seen a fellow somewhere before."

Stanley felt a prickling sensation along his spine, a disturbing presentiment of evil, of danger, of some strange and formless fear. He went to the bar of the hotel on Main Street and eased his alarm and the pit of his stomach with a beer. Oh, sure, he thought, the druggist probably belonged to the Chamber of Commerce; he had probably caught sight of Sam Watkins at the roadhouse last Saturday.

Feeling relieved, he let it be known in the bar that he was Mr. Watkins, a newcomer settling in Greentown. While he was about it, he went to the office of the weekly newspaper and paid for a subscription to be mailed to the house on Meadowbrook Road. As he had anticipated, the editor made notes for an insertion in the personals column of the next issue. Everything was going smoothly.

Sam Watkins, who had been born in the head of Stanley Grover in a telephone booth, was establishing his identity. He was clinging to the life Stanley had given him, enlarging on it, exerting himself to make it enduring. Stanley had a curious sensation of watching something happen, of having no part in it at all.

He was not surprised that the next call was at the office of the Purvis Realty Company. He was not surprised when Sam Watkins walked in with a grin and said in a low, meaningful voice, "I couldn't wait until next Saturday, Adele. I had to make a business call in New Haven, so I took a little detour. I came in to say hello."

"That's nice," Adele said. "That's very sweet, Sam."

"And I thought I'd pick up the keys to the house."

"Of course, Here they are. Are you planning to be in town long?"

"I'm just passing through, honey," Sam said. "But I'll be here on Saturday. And don't you forget Saturday night."

She laughed happily. "I won't forget."

"Put your dancing shoes on."

"With wings," she said.

Then he drove to the house on Meadowbrook Road and carried his bundles inside. He set aside one shirt, one pair of shorts, one handkerchief, and one pair of socks; the rest he placed in the drawers of a bureau in the bedroom, except for the bottle of hair tonic, which he set prominently on the bureau top.

The articles he had set aside he wrapped again, and as he carried the package back to the

When Stanley Grover disappeared without a trace, Sam Watkins must be well-established, well-liked, above suspicion. Then there was the matter of a gun! He'd need a gun.

The sweat on his forehead was profuse, he stared almost in horror at the road ahead. What had happened to him? Had he lost himself altogether in the character of Sam Watkins? Was he Sam Watkins or was he Stanley Grover? Who was he?

He followed the West Side Highway downtown and turned off at the 19th Street exit. He chose a different parking lot this time because of the Connecticut plates on his car, and when he walked home his knees felt weak. Slowly he climbed the three flights to his apartment.

After he had closed the door behind him, he looked about the room as if he had never seen it before. His eyes

human hair, that's all I can say. It matches, doesn't it?"

"Oh, sure," Stanley said. "It matches fine. Thank you."

He let the receiver fall on its cradle; then he snatched the toupee from his head, not heeding the raw pull of the adhesive, and threw it from him; it fell on the floor near the wing chair. Slowly he approached the mirror over the mantel.

The pale, sweaty face reflected was the face of Stanley Grover and the haunted eyes were his; this was himself, the man he knew. He felt a great flood of relief and backed numbly to the wing chair and dropped into it heavily.

After a time his eyes were drawn to the toupee on the floor at his feet. He ought to destroy it, he thought. He ought to burn it in the fireplace. But what good would that do? Sam Watkins would pick up the telephone and order another. There was no stopping Sam Watkins. He knew it with an awful certainty, knew it because his heart was beating wildly, and he was excited and sweating again, knew it because he had picked up the toupee and was smoothing the hairs gently with his palm.

Night stole in to join the company of furtive shadows in the room where Stanley sat facing the full meaning of everything Sam Watkins had done, admitting to himself that he had lost control.

Sam Watkins had taken over, and Sam was the stronger of the two. Sam had courage, dash, and an aggressive confidence that the world was his. Sam could make the pulse jump and the heart beat faster. Sam could captivate women. Sam could make life vital and exciting. Sam Watkins was the master here.

He saw it all. It would be bold—no bones about it. No sneaky embezzlement, but a bold and daring coup, a glorious adventure. A gun, a clipped voice, a set jaw. When the bank doors were closed and locked at three o'clock, submissive, bald Stanley, a gun in his hand, would burst from his cage like an animal on the loose.

First he would disarm Charlie, the bank guard, whom he would force to tie the others up one by one. Yes, even Hortense. He wanted Hortense to see him desperate and reckless with a gun in his hand. There would be a different look in her eyes when she saw Sam Watkins.

It would be a Friday; the bank would be closed until Monday morning. He'd have all the time in the world. He'd fill a suitcase with money and negotiable bonds and let himself out the side door. He'd be wearing his New Haven suit and a shirt and shorts and socks free of betraying laundry marks, and his car would be waiting in the parking lot with its Connecticut plates.

Everything that belonged to Stanley Grover would be left in his apartment, the tomb of his former self. He'd find a secluded place to put on his toupee; then, hatless, Sam Watkins would take the road out of town. Sam Watkins would drive to Greentown, where his house and his new clothes were waiting, where his new identity was custom-tailored to fit him like a glove, where a safe-deposit box—large size—was waiting to hold the loot.

It would be the end of Stanley Grover. They'd never find him—a man who had never had his photograph taken in adult life, who had even shied away from snapshots. He saw the headline in the papers: POLICE SEEK BALD BANDIT. He saw pictures of the captive and an opening sentence: "The worm turned yes-

terday and there was a gun in his hand . . ." He heard them talking in the bank: "Heavens, would you believe it of Stanley Grover? Why, the man was a tiger and we never knew . . ." He saw Hortense's shocked but admiring eyes, heard her awed voice saying, "And I used to joke about him. I thought he was just a freak, actually." Oh, he'd get away with it. He was the invisible man.

There wouldn't be any Stanley Grover any more, but a fellow named Sam Watkins with a fine head of brown hair who had been living for over a month now in a town called Greentown, who belonged to the volunteer fire department and the Chamber of Commerce and owned a salt-box house out on Meadowbrook Road and was pretty well fixed, by all accounts, who had come to Greentown—oh, quite a while ago—to invest his money and start a business. A fellow from Toledo, Ohio, originally. Mr. Purvis could vouch for Sam Watkins; the fellow was practically engaged to his daughter Adele. The cashier of the bank could vouch for Sam Watkins.

All that night Stanley never left the wing chair. Now and again he dozed, only to awaken with a start and stare into the darkness. The dawn found him sitting rigidly still in the wing chair; the dawn fell on the pale, strained face of a man who had wrestled with strange and evil forces in the shadows of the night; the dawn light fell on the toupee in his lap, and, brightening, found a focus in the lustrous glints of the rich brown hair that lay on his knee like a living thing awakening to the day.

In the cold dawn Stanley gathered the shreds of his shattered personality. He stumbled into the bathroom and threw cold water on his face. He went into the shower and let the water beat down on his bald head. He was a shaken man, but he was himself.

For a little while he was himself, and if he had the courage, if he had the will, he could stop Sam Watkins. He knew how he could do it. He knew he must do it. The tiger in Sam Watkins was also in Stanley Grover, wasn't it? The tiger that could rob a bank was also the tiger that could change its stripes and stop Sam Watkins, and he knew how to do it. He knew he must do it. If he procrastinated, if he reconsidered, it would be too late. He must stop Sam Watkins.

When he shaved, his hand was shaky, and he nicked himself in two places. When he dressed, he had difficulty fastening the buttons of his shirt. It was early; there was lots of time. He cooked his breakfast and ate it at the table by the window. His eyes kept returning to the toupee on the mantel. He finished eating and washed the dishes, drying them with elaborate care. It was getting late now! Soon it would be time to start for the bank.

His feet took him to the door; a hand without volition grasped the knob. He held himself back with an effort of will. He felt spineless and shaken by the inner conflict between this conscience that was Stanley Grover and this reckless, urgent, grasping creature that was Sam Watkins. He knew this was his last chance. If he failed he would never stop Sam Watkins. He would rob the bank, and Stanley Grover would be gone forever—

He sucked in his breath; he clenched his teeth. He felt a strengthening resolution, felt stirring of the tiger. It was a question of will. It was a question not only of overcoming Sam Watkins but also of overcoming all the diffidence, ex-cruciating self-consciousness, and shy withdrawal that all the years since the crippling days

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car he thought: What had got into him? Why didn't he stop all this? He knew what Sam Watkins had in mind. Why didn't he put a stop to it?

This new identity had captured his imagination, he thought, as he drove away. He was sick of his old self and his old life. This was the most exciting thing that had ever happened to him. He was ready to be Sam Watkins, willing to abandon Stanley Grover forever. Or was he? Was he really? He was being carried away by the possibilities of this thing.

On the drive back to New York his hands were clenched on the steering wheel, his eyes fixed hypnotically on the long ribbon of the parkway. He felt sweat on his forehead, felt his scalp moist and itching under the toupee. He kept making odd mental notes. He couldn't risk going to a barber's shop; he'd have to buy a pair of barber's clippers to trim the hair around his ears.

He'd see if there was a chance of joining the volunteer fire department, of belonging to the Chamber of Commerce or to the Rotary Club. He'd cement the identity of Sam Watkins as a salesman who had to be on the road during the week and could come home to Greentown only for weekends. Saturday he'd pick up the two new suits in New Haven and take one of them back to New York; that would be the last detail. He would wait a month to get everything in the groove and let a little time elapse; then on his vacation he'd let it out that he had quit his selling job and was going into business in Greentown.

fell on the chessboard, and he thought that he must never play chess again, he must give up the game. He stared at his reflection in the mirror above the mantel and felt that he did not know that man at all; staring back at him was a complete stranger.

The sweat on his face was the clammy sweat of fear. A dreadful thing had happened, upsetting all the chemistry of his being. He wasn't Stanley Grover any more. He had become Sam Watkins. And who was Sam Watkins? Staring at the face in the mirror, he felt his heart pumping laboriously, felt a chill pass through him. He turned to the telephone, stumbling, knocking against the wing chair, and snatched up the receiver. When he heard the wigmaker's soothing professional voice, he burst out, "Mr. Ruggerman, this is Sam Watkins."

"Oh, hello, Mr. Watkins," Mr. Ruggerman said. "Any trouble with the toupee?"

"All kinds of trouble," Stanley said hoarsely. "Mr. Ruggerman, tell me one thing. Whose hair did you use?"

"I beg your pardon," Mr. Ruggerman said. "When you made the toupee, I mean—Whose hair did you use? Whose head did it grow on?"

"We buy our hair on the market," Mr. Ruggerman said. "I wouldn't know whose hair it was, Mr. Watkins."

"Then it could be just anybody's hair?" Stanley cried. "You know, a dead man, a criminal, a bank robber?"

"I never gave much thought to that aspect, Mr. Watkins," the wigmaker said with an uncertain chuckle. "It's certified

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SHINOLEUM
FLOOR POLISH

Continuing...

The Heady Career of Samuel Watkins

[from page 75]

of his teens had been building up in him. He turned and walked to the mantelpiece.

His hands were practised, but now they trembled as he put the toupee in place and fastened it with sticking plaster. They still trembled as he combed the hairs of the wig neatly into place. The face that looked at him out of the mirror was haunted and unsure, but there was a burning light in the eyes; it was the face of Sam Watkins asserting his personality, demanding his identity.

Stanley turned suddenly, bolted across the room, threw the door open, and went running down the stairs and out to the street. He had not put on his hat, and the morning sunlight fell on the rich brown hair of his toupee as, half-running, half-trotting, he started towards the bank.

He passed the cleaner's shop on the corner. Joe, the tailor, who pressed his suits, was looking out through the plateglass as Sam Watkins passed. Stanley waved and ran on again. He passed the news-stand where he usually bought his paper, and the news-vendor stared at him. He came to the corner opposite the bank and crossed against the light. There at the side door old Charlie, the guard, stood ready. Charlie looked at him through the glass without recognising him. "It's me, Charlie — Mr. Grover," Stanley shouted. "Open up."

It was all right now. Sam Watkins was exposed. Sam Watkins was Stanley Grover with a wig on his head. The disguise had been torn away. He couldn't rob a bank now. The police wouldn't look for a bald man; they'd look for a man with a toupee. He had stopped Sam Watkins. He had ripped away that bandit's mask.

Hortense Caldwell, who had already arrived and was taking off her hat, turned and stared at him.

"Good morning, Horty?" Stanley said. "How's every little trick?"

Good Lord, he thought, that was Sam Watkins talking.

"How are you feeling, Stanley?" Hortense asked.

"Okay," he said. "Fine."

"I went around to your apartment yesterday," she said. "When I couldn't get you on the telephone I went around and knocked on your door at lunch-hour."

"You did?" he said. "What did you want?"

"I was worried about you, naturally," she said, her eyes even now showing a shadow of concern. "It was the first day you'd missed in three years, they said, and I was afraid it might be something terribly serious when you didn't answer the telephone and all."

"In a way it was serious," Stanley said. "In a way I was out of my head for a while."

"You feeling okay now?"

"The delirium is over," Stanley said.

"It gave me sort of a scare when you didn't answer my knock," she said. "Knowing you lived alone and all, I was terribly worried until the lady downstairs told me she saw you go out."

It was a wonderful, unbelievable thing to Stanley. She had been worried. She had telephoned. She had gone around and knocked on his door. She had made inquiries of the neighbors.

"Hev, there," Johnny Wilson's voice called in amazement. "Is that you, Stan, or am I seeing things? It looks good, boy. It looks great."

Stanley had completely forgotten the toupee; he put up his hand to touch it. Although he felt self-conscious he was

not blushing. He only grinned as Johnny pumped his hand.

"It looks wonderful," Hortense said. "Of course, I knew you had one. It was you I saw up in Times Square that time, wasn't it, Stanley?"

"As a matter of fact, it was," Stanley said.

"I was pretty sure of it," she said. "Because of that sun-burn and all."

That brought him up short. That would have fixed Sam Watkins' waggon, he thought. They'd have caught Sam Watkins. They'd have rooted him out in Greentown on Hortense's tip after they had checked the wig-makers and turned up Mr. Sam Watkins from Toledo. He breathed a deep sigh of relief and contentment and freedom.

"I suppose you got it to wear during working hours, is that it?" Hortense asked.

"Why not all the time?" he said.

"But you look so nice without it," she said. "So dignified, like a banker ought to look."

Stanley stared at her. At first he did not know whether he was pleased or shaken. He asked rather plaintively, "You don't think I look dignified this way?"

"Of course you do," Hortense said quickly. "You look fine, but just like any other fellow, if you see what I mean. You just don't seem like you, I mean, but I suppose it's something a person has to get used to."

He reached out and caught her hand; he clung to it. "Horty, tell me something," he said. "Is it all fixed up with you and Mr. Strout? Is that the way it is?"

"All fixed up?" she said with a puzzled smile. "Now whatever gave you that idea? I think he's nice, but it's not fixed up, whatever that means. It's just that I've known him since I was a kid over in Brooklyn Heights and he went to school with my brother."

Stanley sucked in his breath. He felt a surge of confidence, but it was not the Sam Watkins brand of confidence. It was more humble, keyed by a different emotion. It was sure, but it was not aggressive; it reached out to her tenderly, like the hand of a lover.

"Horty, are you doing anything tonight?" he whispered. "Why don't we have dinner together and see a show?"

"That would be nice, Stanley," Hortense said in a low, changed voice, and her eyes looked into his. "I'm glad you finally asked me."

She smiled and moved on towards her cage. As he was about to follow, Stanley saw Mr. Strout crossing the marble tiles of the lobby. He saw Mr. Strout's astonished eyes, saw him pause for a full beat, a second beat, then he came forward holding out his hand, and said heartily, "Good work, Stanley."

Stanley had never seen Mr. Strout smile so cheerfully. He shook Stanley's hand and said in a low, comradely voice, "I tried to suggest that you get a toupee, Stanley, but you were so standoffish I could see you weren't taking it in the spirit I intended."

"Sorry about that," Stanley said.

Mr. Strout examined Stanley's head critically, pursing his lips. "It's an excellent hair-piece," he said. "Who made it for you?"

Stanley looked blank, then said, "Ruggerman."

Mr. Strout nodded approvingly. "I think he's just about the best."

Stanley blinked. His mouth opened, but for a moment he was too astonished to speak.

He remembered the little pats Mr. Strout often gave his rich black hair; how revealing they were now that he had used the same gesture to assure himself that all was well. He asked in a hoarse whisper, "You mean you wear one of these things yourself?"

"You didn't know?" said Mr. Strout.

Stanley shook his head. "I never even suspected."

"That goes to show you," Mr. Strout said. "I went to Ruggerman, too."

In a daze Stanley walked to his cage. What a difference a toupee made, he thought. He wouldn't mind now when the first depositor stepped up to his window; he was prepared for any sort of crack. He could laugh it off. Sure, he could even come back with a crack of his own, Sam Watkins style.

He wasn't worried about Sam Watkins any more. He knew who the fellow was. He was a product of all the disappointments and rebuffs, real or fancied, that Stanley had ever suffered. He was the aggressive, confident fellow that Stanley might have been, that in some part Stanley was going to be—with control, that is, with a little more sober sense of responsibility. He needn't worry about Sam Watkins. He wasn't a man with two heads any more.

But as he was attending to his first customer, his thoughts

strayed to the house on Meadowbrook Road, in Greentown, and his date for Saturday night—Sam Watkins' date, that is. He'd have to go up in Greentown and clean up his affairs, draw his money out of the bank, pick up his new clothes and all that. And how about that date Sam Watkins had with Adele? He'd have to keep it, wouldn't he? He'd have to bow out gracefully.

He felt an unabashed grin that he could not repress coming over his face. Up in Greentown he was still Sam Watkins. He could go on being Sam Watkins if he chose. What his position was unique. He was a man who could choose his identity, even chance it to suit his mood. Of course, he wouldn't, but it was always a possibility, wasn't it?

"Honey, you've got it again," Hortense said softly.

He turned his head. "Gre-

what?"

"That strange light in your eye," she said. "Like you had the other day."

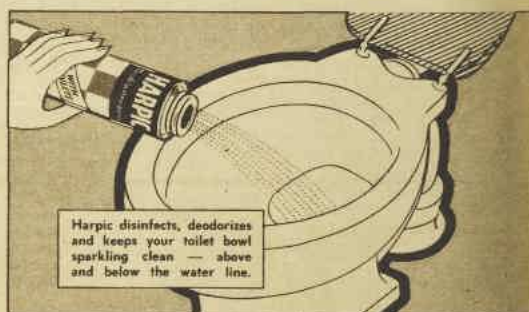
He started guiltily. "Have I?"

"I wonder about you," she said, archly, "the way you talk about a double life, and all that." She smiled tenderly, and said, "I think I'd better keep an eye on you."

She couldn't have been more right, Sam Watkins thought, and reached up to pat the hair on his head.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 13, 1958

AS I READ the STARS By EVE HILLIARD For week beginning August 11



ARIES
The Ram

MARCH 21-APRIL 20

★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Lucky color for love, mauve.
★ Gambling colors, mauve, rose.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.
★ Luck in the evening.



TAURUS
The Bull

APRIL 21-MAY 20

★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Lucky color for love, pastel.
★ Gambling colors, tricolors.
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday.
★ Luck under your hand.



GEMINI
The Twins

MAY 21-JUNE 21

★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Lucky color for love, grey.
★ Gambling colors, grey, mauve.
★ Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday.
★ Luck in an out-of-the-way place.



CANCER
The Crab

JUNE 22-JULY 22

★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Lucky color for love, white.
★ Gambling colors, white, black.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Saturday.
★ Luck in completing a task.



LEO
The Lion

JULY 23-AUGUST 22

★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Lucky color for love, white.
★ Gambling colors, yellow, grey.
★ Lucky days, Wednesday, Sat.
★ Luck in action.



VIRGO
The Virgin

AUGUST 23-SEPTEMBER 22

★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Lucky color for love, rose.
★ Gambling colors, rose, black.
★ Lucky days, Thursday, Sat.
★ Luck in a quiet corner.



LIBRA
The Balance

SEPTEMBER 23-OCTOBER 22

★ Lucky number this week, 4.
★ Lucky color for love, orange.
★ Gambling colors, orange, brown.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Saturday.
★ Luck through personal influence.



SCORPIO
The Scorpion

OCTOBER 23-NOVEMBER 22

★ Lucky number this week, 8.
★ Lucky color for love, red.
★ Gambling colors, red, grey.
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday.
★ Luck in social circles.



SAGITTARIUS
The Archer

NOVEMBER 23-DECEMBER 22

★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Lucky color for love, silver.
★ Gambling colors, silver, gold.
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday.
★ Luck in know-how.



CAPRICORN
The Goat

DECEMBER 23-JANUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 6.
★ Lucky color for love, black.
★ Gambling colors, black, violet.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Sunday.
★ Luck in sticking to plans.



AQUARIUS
The Waterbearer

JANUARY 20-FEBRUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 6.
★ Lucky color for love, blue.
★ Gambling colors, blue, silver.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Wed.
★ Luck in romance.



PISCES
The Fish

FEBRUARY 20-MARCH 20

★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Lucky color for love, green.
★ Gambling colors, green, gold.
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday.
★ Luck in steady effort.

★ There's a sparkle in the air. Follow a hunch and you'll cash in. Bring any matter close to your heart to a climax. Play your cards boldly now and you can put either your personal relationships or your bank balance on a sound basis. Be sure to look your best on every occasion, since you may be the centre of observation or comment.

★ Be cautious in money matters. Examine accounts carefully, start a little private fund for some special purpose; watch it grow as your goal comes nearer. If in love, ask the boy home to tea. Do not be irritated if the family teases you about him. If a homemaker you may be called upon to give up, temporarily, outside activities.

★ The unexpected will play a large part in travel projects, news from distant places. You may have to throw some of your pet theories overboard in order to maintain harmonious relations with people important to you. Discard methods and interests which have outlived their usefulness. Consider educational courses, creative pursuits, hobbies.

★ Clear the slate by finishing odds and ends. A discreet approach to domestic, family, and financial problems will solve them now, leaving you free to consider new enterprises, but extravagance or gambles could put a dent in your reserves. Initiative will help you to make or save money, although too tough a schedule might depress you.

★ Don't beat around the bush; make a quick decision and stick to it. Carry out your plans with enthusiasm, if necessary, against opposition. If in love, some of the happiest days of your life are here. If heart whole you meet someone who will play a big part in your future. Certain changes in connection with your job will turn out well.

★ Take time out to think; be logical in your approach to people and events. Emotionality can lead you into unfortunate moves you will regret later. If you seem to be marking time in your job, or if you fail to hold your interest, develop a new pastime to brighten your leisure. Shortly you will push open the gate to a new world.

★ Influential people will help you. The voluntary worker may ask favors of those in authority; the paid worker may get a job because she has contacts in the right quarter. Some of you steer a group of people away from a scheme doomed to failure. You must work with and through others. Love affairs blossom forth among the middle-aged.

★ Find your stride but be content with modest success. Any attempt to pit your strength against those holding the winning card would be disastrous. Advance your pretensions carefully; do nothing to antagonize those whose esteem you wish to retain. People keen for a dubious enterprise should be avoided. Romance could glid an occasion.

★ Creative work occupies your time and attention. This will take the form of cooking exciting new dishes, doing dressmaking with an original touch, or turning out well-made products at an arts and crafts class. Some of you take a new interest in the hobby of your beloved. Teenagers seriously consider their future careers by trying out aptitudes.

★ There is a danger of being swayed by the opinions of others. Turn a deaf ear to back-seat drivers. Guard health; nerves can take toll of physical fitness. Watch your belongings in public places; even minor losses can be most inconvenient, and take extra care where accidents are possible. In traffic or at home, Love affairs remain on an even keel.

★ Cling to your illusions and you sail to success. Give people credit for the best of intentions, even when they backfire. Caring criticism can wreck the most solid partnership. Try to look and act up to your ideal self and these your love will make an effort to do the same. If you provide a touch of glamor you can glide through any crisis.

★ You'll earn all you receive this week, but you experience the joy of accomplishment. Buy things that are practical rather than luxurious or ornamental. Keep your finances on a sound basis, watch details on the job to avoid annoying errors, postpone important decisions or drastic changes. Contacts with neighbors should prove pleasant.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]



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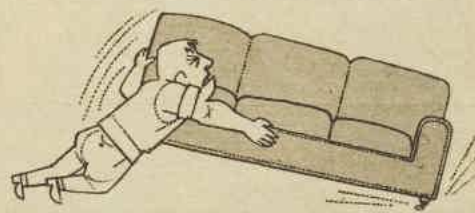
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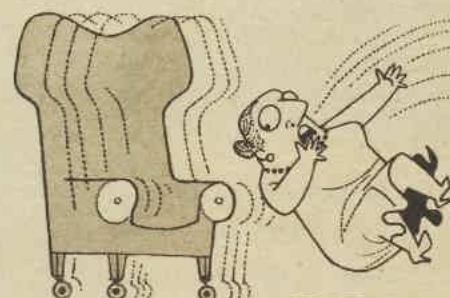


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IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD



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TEENA by Lilla Terry



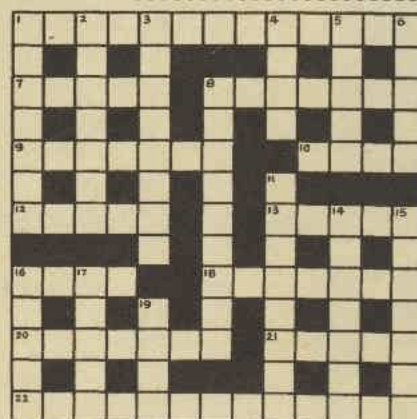
THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. It may be a place of bliss, but not a sensible one (5, 8).
7. Such stew is in the air, I should think so (5).
8. Moorhen (Anagr. 7).
9. He who does it is one of the toilers, yet he is certainly not a toiler (7).
10. Encourage a wager (4).
12. A dullard who is outwardly a Mussolini (5).
13. Extend one letter to each (5).
16. Heavenly moisture from Iran (4).
18. Should a train go in Gibraltar to find an entrance (7).
20. Change ale into stimulation (7).
21. Woman's name, very fitting to the head of a newspaper (5).
22. Description of an undersized Venus (5, 3, 5).



Solution of last week's crossword.



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

1. Ruffled Fred inside is sick (7).
2. Such conviction falls short of positive knowledge (7).
3. Romantic German poet well known for his Shakespeare translations (8).
4. Affected manner (4).
5. Ensnare with an alternative in a broken bin (5).
6. Turn inside out always before tea (5).
8. Edward Gibbon earned this title (9).
11. Medicine obtains coarse woollen fabrics (8).
14. A moral transgression starts something stupid (7).
15. This "chimney-pot" indicates affected superiority (4, 3).
16. Dances for anglers (5).
17. I consider him a go-getter for hiding a fully developed insect (5).
19. Noise with tea for a blow (4).

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ASPIRIN



Pain Relief Without Stomach Upset

Yes, science has provided a new answer to how pain can be relieved **faster**, without stomach upset. It's Nyal DOLAMIN, a **genuinely new analgesic** which is naturally accepted by the body—chemically ready to work instantly, without stomach irritation. Nyal DOLAMIN Tablets give rapid relief from the pain of headaches, backaches, colds, neuralgia, sinusitis, sciatica and rheumatism. 36 tablets only **4/6**

Nyal DOLAMIN

NO aspirin • NO phenacetin • NO caffeine

Protect Lips from Wintry Winds Stop Painful "Cracking"

Cold, biting winds are harsh on unprotected lips. For real protection, and to stop painful cracking, use NYAL White Lip Salve. This specially medicated formula **protects** your lips while it **soothes** them. Forms an "invisible film" which "seals in" the skin's natural moisture—keeps out drying winds. So use it regularly to keep your lips relaxed, refreshed and supple. Handy plastic tube. **3/-**

Nyal WHITE LIP SALVE

Invisible Lip Protection
for all the Family



Quicker Relief from SORE THROAT

End the nagging pain of sore, inflamed throats—**fast!** Take a NYAL Medicated Throat Lozenge, the modern throat lozenge compounded to bring 3-way relief. The **sedative, anti-septic, anaesthetic** action of NYAL Medicated Throat Lozenges **checks infection . . . suppresses coughing . . . stops soreness**. Take just one NYAL Medicated Throat Lozenge: feel your sore throat going . . . going . . . gone! 24 Lozenges, **4/-**; 50, **6/9**

Nyal MEDICATED THROAT LOZENGES



Have WHITER TEETH in 10 days

Bring that longed-for whiteness and brightness to your smile. Use "activated" NYAL Toothpaste. An **instant-foaming**, tasteless **dental detergent**, it helps remove all food particles from between the teeth. **Dulling film and cigarette stains disappear, too!** Children, as well as adults, enjoy the lingering "mint" flavour of NYAL Toothpaste. Try it! **3/1, 4/1**

Nyal TOOTHPASTE